



LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
RIVERSIDE

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

<http://www.archive.org/details/dramaitshistoryl12lond>

OF THE
Victorian Edition

Bound in Half-Morocco

*There are but five hundred sets made for the world
of which this is*

No. 41



The Drama

История о Т

ИСТОРИЯ О ТОМ, КАК
ПОДИГРЕВАЛИ
КОТАШЕВЫ

История о том,
как подигревали
коташевы

История о том,
как подигревали
коташевы

VICTORIAN EDITION

The Drama

ITS HISTORY, LITERATURE
AND INFLUENCE ON
CIVILIZATION

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
ALFRED BATES, M.A.
CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND.

London
The Athenian Society
MCMIII



B35
v. 12

THE FATHERLAND'S CALL TO ARMS

After an original painting by A. Kampf

*Let our last hour come in the midst of the fight !
O welcome the death of a soldier brave !*

THE FATHERLAND'S CALL TO ARMS.—KORNER.





German Drama

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

ALFRED BATES

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

JAMES P. BOYD, A.M., L.H.
LAFAYETTE COLLEGE

PROF. JOHN P. LAMBERTON
UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA



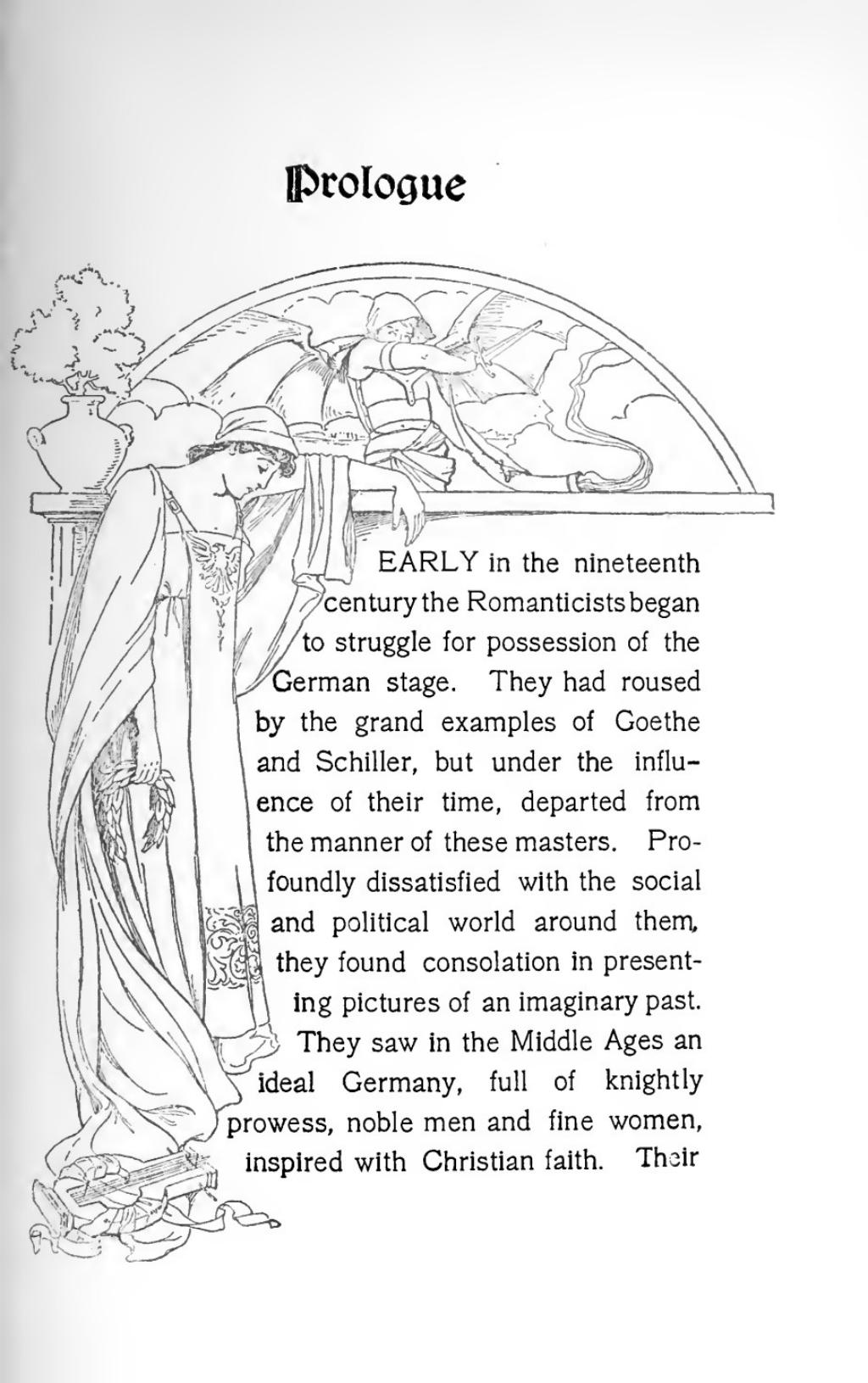
VOLUME XII

London—New York
Publishers: Smart and Stanley

Copyright, 1903, by ALFRED BATES.

Entered at Stationers' Hall,
London, England.

Prologue



EARLY in the nineteenth century the Romanticists began to struggle for possession of the German stage. They had roused by the grand examples of Goethe and Schiller, but under the influence of their time, departed from the manner of these masters. Profoundly dissatisfied with the social and political world around them, they found consolation in presenting pictures of an imaginary past. They saw in the Middle Ages an ideal Germany, full of knightly prowess, noble men and fine women, inspired with Christian faith. Their

PROLOGUE

most prominent representative, Ludwig Tieck, dramatized ancient popular tales, reflecting the romance of mediæval poesy, tinged with religious mysticism. Tieck also joined with August W. Schlegel, the historian of the drama, in giving to Germans an adequate translation of Shakespeare, which has gone far to render that people as thoroughly devoted to the English dramatist as those who speak his own language.

From the Romantic drama sprang the sombre offshoot of the Fate-tragedy, originated by Zacharias Werner, and propagated by the Austrian Grillparzer and other imitators. Strange to say, it has long been popular. The Romanticists had amused themselves by satirizing the comedies of Kotzebue, but were themselves destined to be held up to ridicule by another Austrian, Count von Platen-Hallermünde.

Most successful among the historical dramatists were Gustav Freytag, Karl Gutzkow and Paul Heyse, who attained still wider popularity as novelists. Gutzkow's *Uriel Acosta* is perhaps the best dramatic presentation of the modern Jew.

Towards the close of the past century Realism appeared on the German stage. Almost simul-

PROLOGUE

taneously were presented in the Berlin theatre Suderman's *Heimat* (Home, but called in its English version *Magda*, from its principal character) and Hauptmann's *Die Weber* (The Weavers). The former is one of those thrilling domestic dramas which the genius of Ibsen has rendered familiar to the whole world. The latter is a life-like portrayal of a workmen's strike, ending in bloodshed and ruin. These great dramatists have since achieved other triumphs, Hauptmann rising to lofty idealism, while Suderman adheres strictly to realistic scenes.

Several German cities vie with each other as centres of dramatic exhibition. This happy rivalry tends to promote a catholic taste in the drama, to maintain a high standard of excellence in acting, and to afford the foreign visitor a picturesque entertainment. We give a brief sketch of the theatre at Dresden as an instructive example.

This volume closes with a brief summary of the kindred drama of Holland, giving deserved prominence to Joost van den Vondel, who in his *Lucifer* furnished the model for Milton's Satan. Vondel wrote also a patriotic play, which, after a

PROLOGUE

lapse of nearly three centuries, is still annually performed at Amsterdam. Other Dutch dramatists flourished at the same time, but, strange to say, after this promising start there has been no permanently national drama among that worthy, liberty-loving people.

Contents.

	PAGE
SECTION I.—Ludwig Tieck— Birth and Education	1
Tieck's First Works	2
<i>The Volksmährchen</i>	3
<i>Puss in Boots</i>	4
Tieck's Literary Friends	5
A Literary Revolution	6
Tieck's Later Works	10
Translation of Shakespeare—Tieck	11
Qualities of Tieck's Writings	13
Karl Gutzkow, Dramas of	15
Karl Theodor Körner, Works of	18
<i>Dagobert, King of the Franks.</i> Complete Translation	195
SECTION II.—Werner, the Fate Dramatist	23
Werner's Characteristics	24
Werner's Nativity and Marriage	26
Werner's Early Career	27
<i>The Templars of Cyprus</i> , Analysis of	29
<i>Sons of the Valley</i> , Analysis and Quotations	29, 42
<i>Sons of the Valley</i> , Interpretation of	48
Religious Views of Werner	52
Werner's Wife and Mother	56
Werner's Intercourse with Hoffmann	57
Warsaw in 1805	58
<i>Gross on the Baltic</i> , Review of	59
<i>Martin Luther</i> , Analysis of	62
Werner's Dissipation	66
Werner's Divorce and Travels	67, 68
Werner's Hatred of Protestantism	69
Vol. XII. Part III.	I

	PAGE
Werner's Conversion to Catholicism	70
Werner's Last Works and Days	71, 72
Merits of Werner's Writings	73
SECTION III.—The School of Fate Dramatists	75
Grillparzer's Popularity	75
<i>Abnfrau</i> , Analysis of	76
<i>King Ottokar</i> , Review and Quotations	78
<i>Sappho</i> and the <i>Golden Fleece</i> , Reviews of	81
Klingemann as a Playwright	82
<i>Ahasuer</i> , Analysis of	83
Klingemann's <i>Faust</i> , Analysis and Quotations	85
Müllner, Dramatic Works of	92
<i>The Fair Albanese</i> , Review of	93
<i>The Twenty-fourth of February</i> , Analysis of	95
Müllner's Imitation of Werner	97
<i>König Yngard</i> , Review of	98
Müllner's Fate-Scheme	99
Müllner as Journalist	100
Foreign Criticism of German Drama	102
<i>Stella</i> , by Goethe, Complete Translation	289
SECTION IV.—The Suabian School	103
Uhland, Dramas of	104
Uhland's Successors	108
Chamisso, Dramatic Works of	109
Arndt, Dramatic Style of	113
SECTION V.—Heinrich Heine	117
Heine's Birth and Boyhood	119
Solomon Heine, Bounty of	122
Heine's Love Affair	123
University Career	124
Heine's Early Poems	125
Heine's Tragedies and Apostasy	126
Raillery of Heine	129
Vol. XII. Part III.	

CONTENTS.

III

PAGE

Heine's Life in Paris	132
Heine's Appearance, Sickness and Death	134
<i>Pilgrimage to Kevlaar</i> , Translation of	136
Heine's Prose Writings	139
Heine's Admiration for Napoleon	141
Heine's Wit, Humor and Scorn	144
Heine's Resemblance to Sterne and Swift	150
Heine to His Wife	152
Heine's Last Days	155
SECTION VI.—German Theatre and Recent Drama	157
A Leipsic Theatre	158
Leipsic Audiences	159
German Actors	160
The Classic Drama	162
Wagner's Influence	163
Performance of <i>Faust</i>	165
German Authors, Treatment of	166
Characteristics of the German Stage	167
Raupach and Grabbe, Styles of	168
Immermann, Plays of	169
Later Drama of Nineteenth Century	170
Gerhart Hauptmann, Dramas of	171
<i>Hannele</i> , by Hauptmann, Complete Translation	251
Hermann Sudermann, Plays of	177
German Drama, Conclusion	180
SECTION VII.—The Drama in Holland	183
Hooft and Brederoo, Dramatic Styles of	187
Vondel, Life and Plays of	188
Vondel's Successors	191
Bilderdijk, Style of Writings	192
<i>Questioning the Irrevocable</i> , by Schnitzler, Complete Trans	329-344

Illustrations.

	FACING PAGE
EMBLEMATIC PAGE	<i>Title Page</i>
After an original drawing by A. D. Rahn	
THE CALL TO ARMS	<i>Frontispiece</i>
After an original painting by A. Kampf	
THE SCHOOL OF FATE DRAMATISTS	<i>Prologue</i>
After an original drawing by M. Jamison	
AHAUSER SAVES LADY HEINYN	83
After an original painting by Carl Marr	
THE PILGRIMAGE TO KEVLAAR	136
After an original painting by C. Voss	
LORELEI	153
After an original painting by Max Ring	
CAVE SCENE IN TANNHAUSER	166
After an original painting by W. de Leftwich Dodge	

German Drama.

PART III.

I.

Tieck, Gutzkow and Körner.

Tieck.

Ludwig Tieck, the most conspicuous figure of the German Romantic school of literature, was born at Berlin on the 31st of May, 1773. His father, a rope-maker, was dry, sarcastic and matter-of-fact; his mother, gentle and pious, with a leaning to mysticism. Tieck partook of both characteristics, so that half his work and half his genius seem a skeptical commentary on the other half. He emancipated himself from the prosaic influence of his father's house by a passionate study of Shakespeare. After a brilliant career in school he repaired, in 1792, to the university at Halle, and, returning to Berlin in 1794, devoted himself to authorship, in which he had already made experiments. Of his further history the critics and news-hunters of the day complain that they have little information, a deficiency

which may partly arise from the fact that, although from the first admired by the patricians of his native literature, he stood in no high favor among the reading plebs. Moreover, as he never followed any profession except that of authorship, it is altogether probable that of his walk and conversation there was little to be said. He married the daughter of Pastor Alberti, and though nothing is alleged against his wife, his household does not seem to have been entirely comfortable, due, in part, to straitness of means. During his later years he was subject to rheumatic gout, whereby his literary activity was greatly impeded.

First Works.

The Romantic school of Germany, which may be compared with the Lake school of England, was now extremely popular, and Tieck was deeply sensitive to its influence. He was strongly fascinated by two of its aspects in particular—the reaction in favor of German mediaeval art and the revived interest in fairy tales and folk-lore in general. His literary life began at Berlin, in his twenty-second year, with the publication of three novels, following each other in quick succession—*Abdallah*, *William Lovell* and *Peter Leberrech*. These works found small patronage at their first appearance, and are still regarded as immature products of his genius, the opening of a cloudy as well as a fervid dawn, betokening a day of strong heat, and, perhaps, at last, of serene brightness. A gloomy tragic spirit reigns through all of them, the image of a high, passionate

mind, scorning the base and false, rather than accomplishing the good and true, in rapt earnestness interrogating fate, and receiving no answer but the echo of its own questions reverberated from the dead walls of its vast and lone imprisonment.

The Volksmährchen.

In this stage of spiritual progress, where so many otherwise gifted minds at length painfully content themselves to take up their permanent abode, where hapless Byron perished at the instant when his deliverance seemed at hand, it was not Tieck's ill fortune to continue too long. His popular tales, published in 1797 as an appendage to his last novel, under the title of *Peter Leberechts Volksmährchen*, already indicate that he had worked his way through these baleful shades into a calmer and sunnier elevation, from which, and happily without looking at the world through a painted glass of any sort, he had begun to see that there were things to be believed, as well as things to be denied, things to be loved and forwarded, as well as things to be hated and trodden under foot. The active and positive of goodness was displacing the barren and tormenting negative; and worthy feelings were now to be translated into their only proper language, worthy actions. In Tieck's mind, all goodness, all that was noble or excellent in nature, seems to have combined itself under the image of poetic beauty, to the service and defense of which he ever afterward unweariedly devoted his gifts and his time. The Volksmährchen are of the most

varied nature, sombre, pathetic, fantastic, satirical, but all pervaded with a warm, genial soul, which accommodates itself with equal aptitude to the gravest or gayest form. A soft abundance, a simple and kindly but often solemn majesty is in them; wondrous shapes, full of meaning, move over the scene, true modern denizens of the old Fairyland; low tones of plaintiveness or awe flit around us; or a starry splendor twinkles down from the immeasurable depths of night.

Puss in Boots.

It is by this work, as revised and perfected long afterward, that Tieck was introduced to the notice of his countrymen. The *Volksmährchen* was reviewed by August Wilhelm Schlegel, and its author, for the first time, brought under the eye of the world as a man of rich endowments, and in a fair way of turning them to proper account. To the body of the world, however, this piece of news was surprising rather than delightful; for Tieck's merits were not of the kind to split the ears of the groundlings, and his manner of showing them was ill calculated to conciliate a kindly hearing. Schiller and Goethe were at this time silent, or occupied with history and philosophy; Tieck belonged not to the existing poetic guild; and, far from soliciting admission, he had not scrupled, though in the most pleasant fashion, to inform the craftsmen that their great Diana was a dumb idol and their silver shrines an unprofitable thing. Among these *Volksmährchen*, one of the most prominent is a dramatized version of *Puss in*

Boots, under the grotesque mask of which he had laughed with his whole heart, in a true Aristophanic vein, at the actual aspect of literature, and without mingling his satire with personalities or any other false ingredient, he rained like a quiet shower of volcanic ashes on the cant of illumination, the cant of sensibility, the cant of criticism, and the many other cantos of that shallow time, till the gum-flower products of the poetic garden hung draggled and black under their unkindly coating. In other countries and at other times the drama of *Puss in Boots* may not have excited much attention; yet even to a stranger there is not wanting a feast of broad, joyous humor in this strange phantas-magoria, where pit and stage, and man and animal, and earth and air, are jumbled in confusion worse confounded, and the copious, kindly, ruddy light of true mirth overshines and warms the whole.

Literary Friends.

This *Puss in Boots* was, indeed, the keynote which for several years determined the tone of Tieck's literary enterprises. The same spirit lives in his *World Turned Topsy-turvy*, a drama of similar structure, which accompanied the former; in his tale of *Zerbino*, or the *Tour in Search of Taste*, which soon followed it; and in numerous parodies and lighter pieces which he gave to the world in his *Poetic Journal*, the second volume of which contains his *Letters on Shakespeare*, inculcating the same doctrine, in a graver shape. About this time, after a short residence in Hamburg, where

he had married, he removed his abode to Jena, a change which confirmed him in his literary tendencies and facilitated the attainment of their object. It was here that he became acquainted with the two Schlegels, and, at the same time, with their friend Novalis, whose posthumous works it was, ere long, the melancholy task of Tieck and the younger Schlegel to publish under their superintendence. With Wackenroder of Berlin, a person of kindred mind with Novalis, and kindred fortune, too, having died very early, Tieck was already acquainted and united; for they had coöperated in an elegant and impressive work on pictorial art.

A Literary Revolution.

These young men sympathized completely in their critical ideas with Tieck, and each was laboring in his own sphere to disseminate them and reduce them to practice. Their endeavors, it would seem, were prosperous; for in colloquial literary history, this gifted cinquefoil—often it is only the trefoil of Tieck and the two Schlegels—have the credit, or at first the blame, of founding a new school of poetry, by which the old school, first fired upon in *Puss in Boots*, and ever afterward assailed without intermission, by eloquence and ridicule, argument and entreaty, was at length displaced and hunted out of being; or, like Partridge the astrologer, reduced to a life which could be proved to be no life.

Of this new school, which was the subject of much unwise talk, and of much not very wise writing, no suit-

able description can here be offered, far less any just estimate. One thing may be remarked, that the epithet school seems to describe the case with little propriety. That after the beginning of the nineteenth century a great change took place in German literature is plain enough without commentators; but that it was effected by three young men living in the little town of Jena is not by any means so plain. The critical principles of Tieck and the Schlegels had already been set forth, in the form both of precept and prohibition, and with all the aids of philosophic depths and epigrammatic emphasis, by the united minds of Schiller and Goethe, in the *Horen* and *Xenien*. The development and practical application of the doctrine is all that pertains to these reputed founders of the sect. But neither can the change be said to have originated with Schiller and Goethe, for it is a change originating not in individuals, but in universal circumstances, and belongs not to Germany, but to Europe. In England, for instance, who had not raised his voice with a double vigor in praise of Shakespeare and nature, and in vituperation of French taste and French philosophy? Who had not heard of the glories of the old English literature; the wealth of Queen Elizabeth's age; the penury of Queen Anne's, and the inquiry whether Pope was really a poet? A similar temper was breaking out even in France itself, hermetically sealed as that country seemed to be against all foreign influences; and doubts were beginning to be entertained, and even expressed, about Corneille and the three unities.

It seems to be substantially the same thing which

occurred in Germany, and was attributed to Tieck and his associates; only that the revolution which in England was proceeding, and in France commencing, appeared in Germany to be completed. Its results were there embodied in elaborate laws, and profound systems were promulgated and accepted; whereas in England the outcome was a literary anarchy; for the pandects of Blair and Bossuet were obsolete or abrogated, but no new code supplied their place, and author and critic each sang or said that which was right in his own eyes. For the principles of German poetics, the reader may be referred to the treatises of Kant, Schiller, Richter, the Schlegels and their many copyists and expositors; with the promise that his labor will be hard, but rewarded by a plenteous harvest of results, which, whether they be doubted, denied or believed, he will find no trivial subject for his contemplation.

The doctrines of taste, which Tieck embraced every opportunity of enforcing as a critic, he did not fail diligently to exemplify in practice; as a long and rapid series of poetical performances lies before the world to attest. * Of these, *Genoveva*, a play founded on the legend of that saint, appears to be regarded as his masterpiece by the best judges, though *Franz Sternebalds Wanderungen*, the fictitious history of a student of painting, was more relished by others; and, as one critic declared, equalled *Wilhelm Meister*; the peaceful clearness of which, however, it nowise attained, but only, with visible effort, strove to imitate. In this last work he was assisted by Wackenroder. At an earlier period he had come forth as a translator, with a new

version of *Don Quixote*, which was certainly a masterpiece, as also were his renditions of Ben Jonson's *Volpone* and *Silent Woman*. He now appeared as a commentator, with a work entitled *Minstrelsy of the Suabian Era*, published at Berlin in 1803, with an able preface, explaining the relation of these poets to Petrarcha and the Troubadours. In 1804 he sent out his *Kaiser Octavianus*, a story which, though not very successful, was praised by his countrymen in no very intelligible terms, as a fair revival of the old Märchen. In this, however, the poet moves freely, and has completed the cycle of the romance.

Tieck's frequent change of abode bespeaks less tranquillity in his domestic than happily existed in his intellectual affairs. From Jena he seems to have again removed to Berlin; then to a country residence near Frankfort on the Oder, which, in its turn, he quitted for a journey into Italy. In this classic country he found new facilities for two of his favorite pursuits; he employed himself, it is said, to good purpose in the study of ancient and modern art, to which, while in Rome, he added the examination of many old German manuscripts preserved in the Vatican library. From his labors in this latter department and elsewhere, his countrymen obtained, in addition to the *Minstrelsy*, an *Old German Theatre*, in two volumes, with the promise of more.

The effect of Italian scenery, plastic art and new impressions in general was to wean Tieck from much of the mysticism in which he had hitherto indulged, and to direct him to the criticisms of life. The transition

to his new manner is indicated by the additions to his former tales and dramas, which, after several years spent in sickness and wandering, he published in 1812. *The Elves* and *The Goblet* and *The Philtre* are tales distinguished by brilliant coloring and elaborate art. *Fortunatus*, a drama in two parts, added in 1816, wants the spirit of its predecessors, but is pervaded by a quiet, sarcastic humor exceedingly enjoyable. Plays and stories were set in a framework of æsthetic conversation, and the entire collection was entitled *Phantasus*. By this publication Tieck settled accounts with the Romantic school, and could no more be regarded as its leader.

Later Works.

Tieck returned to Germany in 1806, and for several years his power of original composition seems to have failed him. He devoted himself especially to antiquarian and dramatic studies. In pursuance of the latter he visited England, saw Kemble and Kean on the stage, and renewed acquaintance with Coleridge, whom he had known in Italy. The period of reflection gradually worked itself into a period of productiveness, beginning with his charming novelette of *The Pictures*, translated by Thirwall. It was followed by a series of similar works, extending over nearly twenty years, very unequal in value, but in their best examples belonging to a high class of art. Their great peculiarity is the blending of the narrative with disquisition and comment, so thoughtful and ingenious that, interesting as the action commonly is, the interruption is not resented.

They have usually a strongly-marked ironical element, as though the writer were only half in earnest, a self-criticism of which a great creative genius would have been incapable, but which bestows unusual piquancy on productions of the second order. *The Pictures* is a fine instance of the masterly conduct of a story, and contains a very original figure, the shrewd, sottish, graceless old painter Eulenbock, who, with talent enough to make a name and a fortune, gains a precarious livelihood by forging old masters. *The Betrothal*, also translated by Thirwall, is a severe satire on hypocritical pietism. Among the best of the other novelettes in this style may be mentioned *The Travellers*, one of the most perfect specimens of the author's irony; *Luck Brings Brains*, a fine story of the power of a weak character to rise to its opportunities when elevated by a sense of responsibility; and *The Superfluities of Life*, an anecdote delightfully told. Worthy of mention, also, are *The Scarecrow*, the motive of which was borrowed by Hawthorne in *Mother Rigby's Pipe*; *A Poet's Life* and *A Poet's Death*, of which Shakespeare and Camoens are respectively the heroes; and, above all, the *Witches' Sabbath*, a tale unparalleled in literature for its delineation of heart-breaking, hopeless misery.

Translation of Shakespeare.

These novels were all written at Dresden, where Tieck had settled in 1819. He enjoyed special favor at court, took an active part in the direction of the royal theatre, and gained a new description of celebrity by

his semi-public readings from dramatic poets in the court circle. According to the unanimous testimony of his hearers, he was the finest dramatic reader of his age. His daughter, Dorothea, who united her father's literary talent to her grandmother's mystic piety, was of great assistance to him in the translation of Shakespeare, which passes under his name. Schlegel had translated seventeen plays; Tieck had undertaken to translate the remainder, and it has been generally supposed that he had done so; but as a fact the translation was almost entirely executed by Dorothea and Count Wolf Baudissin, Tieck contributing hardly anything but his advice and his name. The truth slips out quite innocently in the pages of his biographer Köpke, and is also told by Gustav Freytag. Rudolf Köpke may be considered as the standard authority on the biography of Tieck, and his work is the more valuable in that it is chiefly the result of personal intercourse, and gives the views of Tieck on a number of subjects.

During his residence at Dresden Tieck collected his critical writings, produced his excellent translation of the English dramatists anterior to Shakespeare, and edited the works of Novalis, Kleist, Lenz and other contemporaries. In 1842 he accepted the invitation of Frederick William IV to settle in Berlin, where he had previously conducted the representation of the *Antigone* with Mendelssohn's music. He found himself but little in his element in the city of his birth, and the dramatic representations directed by him, including revivals of some of his own plays, were rarely successful. In 1851 his health failed him entirely, and he

widrew altogether from the world. He died in April, 1853.

. Qualities.

Though not a writer of the highest rank, Tieck is nevertheless a most original genius, very unjustly neglected by his countrymen. The best of his compositions in the style of the Romantic school are absolute masterpieces, and in his later productions, if imperfect, occupy a unique position in literature. He may be compared to Wieland, whom he decidedly surpasses, and to Ariosto, whom he would have more than rivalled if he had been capable of a great, sustained effort. His susceptibility and self-distrust checked his genius, but at the same time gave it that peculiar ironic flavor which constitutes its special distinction. His work is like an exquisite side-dish, not sufficiently substantial for a full meal. The attempts to extract a moral significance from the stories in *Phantasus* seem entirely thrown away; but the purpose of his later writings, when there is any, is always definite. Perhaps the soundest criticism upon him is Heine's, in his *Romantic School*, though written at a time when it was his cue to show the works of that school as little favor as possible.

In his literary life Tieck essayed many provinces, both of the imaginative and the intellectual world, but his own peculiar province seems to be that of the Mährchen, a word which, for want of a proper synonym, we may translate by the imperfect periphrase of Popular Traditionary Tale. Here, by the consent of all his critics, including even the collector of Mährchen,

he reigns without any rival. The true tone of that ancient time when man was in his childhood, when the universe within was divided by no wall of adamant from the universe without, and the forms of the Spirit mingled and dwelt in trustful sisterhood with the forms of the Sense, was not easy to seize and adapt with any fitness of application to the feelings of modern minds. It was to penetrate into the inmost shrines of Imagination, where human passion and action are reflected in dim and fitful, but deeply significant, resemblances, and to copy these with the guileless humble graces which alone can become them. Such tales ought to be poetical, because they spring from the very fountains of natural feeling; they ought to be moral, not as exemplifying some current apothegm, but as imaging forth in shadowy emblems the universal tendencies and destinies of man. That Tieck had succeeded so completely in his tales is not asserted by his warmest admirers; but only that he now and then approaches such success, and throughout approaches it more closely than any of his rivals.

Such is the judgment of Tieck's admirers, but as to how far it is correct the reader must judge for himself. The merits of these tales are not of a kind to force themselves on the reader, and to search for merits few are inclined. The ordinary lovers of witch and fairy stories will remark a deficiency of spectres and enchantments, and complain that the whole is rather dull. Cultivated freethinkers, again, well knowing that no ghosts or elves exist, will smile at him as a crack-brained dreamer, with his spelling-book prose and doggerel

verse, and dismiss him good-naturedly as a German Lake-poet.

Others readers there are, however, who will come to him in a truer and meeker spirit, and these will surely be rewarded with touches of genuine poetry. In foreign versions he, of course, appears under many disadvantages. In the process of translation he has necessarily lost, and perhaps in more than the usual proportion. The childlike character of his style was apt to diverge into the childish; the nakedness of his rhymes, perhaps at first only wavering between simplicity and stillness, must too frequently have shifted nearer the latter. Above all, such work as his comes on us unprepared; unprovided with any model by which to estimate them, or any category under which to arrange them. Nevertheless, the English specimens of Tieck do exhibit some features of his mind, and these its rarest and highest features. To the unprejudiced reader, who will make due allowances, the *Runenberg*, the *Trusty Eckhart* and their associates, as rendered by Carlyle, may be commended with confidence.

Gutzkow.

Karl Gutzkow, one of the most distinguished of modern German novelists and dramatists, was also a native of Berlin, where at the date of his birth, in 1811, his father held a clerkship in the war office. After completing his school education at the Friedrichswerder gymnasium, Karl entered upon the study of theology and philosophy at the university of his native town,

where, his attention being directed to the political and social questions of the time by the French revolution of 1830, while still a student, he began his literary career by the publication of a periodical entitled *Forum der Journalliteratur*. For several years he continued to engage in journalism, with varying success, for a time in conjunction with Wolfgang Menzel, one of the leading critics of the age, by whom he was invited to Stuttgart. Meanwhile he continued his university studies, first at Jena, then at Heidelberg, and latterly at Munich, though at none of these seats of learning did he seem to benefit greatly.

In 1832 Gutzkow published his first work anonymously at Hamburg, and this was followed by a fantastic and satirical romance intended to ridicule the current conceptions of the divine. In 1835, on account of a difference with Menzel, he removed to Frankfort, where he became collaborator with Duller on the *Phönix*, and also founded the *Deutsche Revue*. In the same year appeared *Wally, die Weiflerin*, from the publication of which may be said to date the school of writers who, from their opposition not only to Romanticism, but to all the time-honored literary, social and religious traditions, received the name of "Young Germany." The work was especially bitter against the institution of marriage and the belief in revelation; and whatever attention it might have attracted from its own merits was tenfold increased by the action of the government, which, besides condemning its author to three months' imprisonment, decreed the suppression of all he had written or might yet write, and prohibited him

from exercising the functions of editor within the states of the Bund.

During the term of his imprisonment Gutzkow employed himself in the composition of a treatise on philosophy, in which he opposed the Hegelian theory as to the nature and ends of history. On obtaining his freedom he returned to Frankfort, where, shortly afterward, he was married, writing several volumes on various subjects which he published chiefly at Hamburg, where he later made his abode, to escape the prohibitions of the Prussian government.

At Hamburg Gutzkow entered upon a new field of literature by bringing out his tragedy of *Richard Savage*, which immediately made the round of all the German theatres, and first decidedly won the ear of Germany for the modern drama. Of his numerous other plays the majority are now neglected, but a few obtained an established place in the repertory of the German theatre, especially the tragedy of *Uriel Acosta*, the deep tragic interest of which, its fine dramatic situations and terse and pregnant diction entitle it to rank among the best dramas of modern times. In 1847 we find Gutzkow in Dresden, where he succeeded Tieck as manager of the Court theatre.

About this time began that period of literary activity to which belongs the series of remarkable works of fiction intended to depict the action and the tendency of the principal intellectual, social and religious forces in modern society. The chief of them are *Die Ritter vom Geiste* and *Der Zauberger vom Rom*, each in nine volumes, published at Leipsic between 1850 and 1861.

The latter is a study of Roman Catholic life in southern Germany, and is generally regarded as his masterpiece. Its vigorous and trenchant delineations of character are not more notable than its keen analysis of the motives underlying religious professions, and its subtle penetration into the characteristics and tendencies of the various forms of religious opinion. In regard, however, to both works, it may be objected that their great length, their somewhat tedious dallying over unimportant details, the intricate nature of their plots, and the hampering influence of their controversial purpose lessen considerably the legitimate effect of their many striking and original character portraits, their skillfully arranged dialogues, their powerfully dramatic scenes, and the cunning manner in which their incidents are blended into one whole. The success of *Die Ritter vom Geiste* suggested to Gutzkow the establishment of a journal on the model of Dickens' *Household Words*, which first appeared in 1852, and was continued until 1862.

In 1864 Gutzkow had an attack of insanity, during which he made an attempt upon his life, and although after his recovery he began to write as voluminously as before, his productions henceforth showed decided traces of failing powers.

Körner.

Karl Theodor Körner, poet and patriot, was one of the most gifted among the thousands who sacrificed their lives for the Fatherland during the German strug-

gle for liberty. That he did not attain to a higher position in the literature of his country was due to the fact that his works were only first fruits—for he died at the age of twenty-one—full of the fairest blossoms of promise, but not as yet matured by study and experience. In truth, Körner was much better known as a patriot than as a poet.

Theodor was born at Dresden on the 23d of September, 1791. His father, a prosperous lawyer, made his home a centre of literary, musical and artistic society, and was an intimate friend of Schiller; his mother, a daughter of a Leipsic engraver, named Stock, enjoyed Goethe's friendship through life, and in her later years claimed it for her son. He was at first so delicate a child that his parents made the paternal vineyard—the same in which Schiller sat and wrote *Don Carlos* a few years before—his summer school-room, and for lessons prescribed gymnastics, riding, swimming, fencing and the like, till the sickly lad grew into a young athlete, with a joyous, affectionate disposition, which won the hearts of all who knew him. He then studied languages, history and mathematics, chiefly with private tutors at home; became an adept at various kinds of fine wood-turning, could sketch and play the guitar; but his happiest hours were spent over the volumes of Goethe and Schiller—his household gods. Under their influence he began to write verses which his parents forebore to praise, but which already displayed the facility and grace of his later poems. His education was completed at the school of mines in Freiberg and at the university of Leipsic, the poems which he wrote

during this time being collected and published under the title of *Knospen*.

At Leipsic Körner founded a poetical association and became a member of the "Macaria" and of more than one student club; but he was unfortunately drawn into the hostilities then rife between two factions in the university, and, after fighting several duels, was forced to leave the town in order to escape the consequences of a street fray in which he took part. From Leipsic he went to Berlin, and then to Vienna, with letters to his father's old friends, the Prussian ambassador Von Humboldt and Friedrich Schlegel. Two little pieces which he wrote for the stage were acted at the Vienna Court theatre in July, 1812, with great success; and, with the consent of his parents, he gave up all his former plans, in the hope of being able to make a living by literature alone. Other works followed with astonishing rapidity; in fifteen months appeared about a dozen dramatic pieces and the librettos of several operas, besides many short poems. One after another all his plays were received at the Vienna theatre with applause. *Zriny*, founded on an heroic incident in Hungarian history, was the favorite with the public; but Goethe preferred *Die Braut*, *Der Grüne Domino* and *Die Sühne*. At the age of one-and-twenty Körner was appointed poet to the court theatre in Vienna. With the composition of the libretto of an opera for Beethoven, and the writing, printing and stage preparation of his plays, the young poet's hands were full; very busy and very happy he describes himself in his letters. His betrothal to a young Viennese lady, now known only as the Toni of

his correspondence, was another source of happiness; but his bright career was suddenly to end.

In the early spring of 1813 there was published the *Fatherland's Call to Arms in the Struggle for Liberation*, and Körner was one of the first to answer the summons, joining at Breslau the Prussian free-corps then forming under the command of Lützow. When the corps was consecrated in the village church at Rogau, a few days later, the service was opened with a chorale, set to Körner's words, and immediately afterward the young poet was sent with a mission to Dresden, to try to unite the Saxons in the common cause, publishing, on this occasion, his spirited prose *Address to the People of Saxony*. Here he saw his parents and friends for the last time, and after being elected lieutenant by a vote of his comrades, was appointed adjutant to Lützow. At Kitzen, near Leipsic, during the three weeks' armistice which followed the battle of Bautzen, he was severely wounded through the treachery of the enemy, but after several adventures escaped to Karlsbad, where he remained till he was well enough to resume his former post. Lutzow's corps was in almost daily action when the young adjutant was welcomed back. His cheerful zeal and self-denying helpfulness had endeared him to all his companions, and his wild war songs, sung by many voices to old national melodies round the camp-fires at night, helped to create the fervor which made the corps especially terrible to the enemy. The poems written at this time were published under the title of *Lyre and Sword*, and include the lines composed during the night when he lay wounded in the woods near

Kitzen. Among them are the following, addressed to those who stayed at home:

Let our last hour come in the midst of the fight!
O welcome the death of a soldier brave!
While you, 'neath your coverlet silken and bright,
Cower, like a dog, in your fear of the grave.

The letters written by Körner to his parents at this time are tender and thoughtful—often aflame with patriotic fervor, but now and then with a ring of intense sadness which forebodes the end. This was very near. His last poem was scribbled in his pocket-book at dawn on the 26th of August, when the corps was prepared for action; and he was reading it to a friend when the order to attack was given. It is the wildest of all his war songs, a love-rhapsody to his sword, and it was this that suggested the refrain of Mrs. Hemans' beautiful verses to his memory. In the engagement that followed, on the high-road between Gadebusch and Schwerin, Körner, as adjutant, fought at Lützow's side. The French were in great force, but were overcome and fled. Among the hottest in pursuit was Körner, who was mortally wounded as he rode through a wood by a shot from one of the fugitive tirailleurs hidden there. He was buried with full military honors under an old oak in the village of Wöbbelin, where there is a monument to his memory.

II.

Werner, the Fate Dramatist.

Allied to the Romantic school, but not directly connected with it, were the so-called Fate dramatists, the first of whom was Friedrich Ludwig Zacharias Werner, in whose career, already slightly but not sufficiently sketched, is indicated much of the history of his time. It was the unhappy fortune of this man to stand for a long period incessantly before the world, in a far stronger light than naturally belonged to him, or could exhibit him to advantage. From being a man of considerable note, he degenerated into notoriety. The mystic dramatist, the skeptical enthusiast, was known and esteemed by all students of poetry; even Madame de Staël was among his admirers, giving him an entire chapter in her *Allemagne*. It was a much coarser curiosity and in a much wider circle that Werner created by successive acts of indecorum, till at last the convert to Popery, the preaching zealot, came to figure in all newspapers, and some description of him was required at every coffee-house and aesthetic tea. By the majority the picture was perverted into a strange bugbear, and the original decisively enough condemned;

but even the few who saw him in his true shape felt too well that nothing loud could be said in his behalf; that with so many mournful blemishes, if extenuation could not avail, no complete defense was to be attempted. As the founder of the Fate school, Werner is deserving of special mention, but less for himself than for the effect which his doctrines exercised on the age.

Werner's Characteristics.

It is not a pleasing story, neither is it the story of a mere literary profligate that we have here to do with. Of men whom fine talents cannot teach the humblest prudence, whose high feelings, unexpressed in noble action, must lie smoldering with baser admixtures in their own bosom, till their existence, assaulted from within and without, becomes a burned and blackened ruin, to be sighed over by the few, and stared at or trampled on by the many, there is unhappily no want in any country; nor can the unnatural union of genius with depravity and degradation have such charms that men should go abroad in quest of it, or in any case dwell on it otherwise than with reluctance. But Werner is something more than this, a gifted spirit struggling earnestly amid the new, complex, tumultuous influences of his time and country, but without force to body himself forth among them; a keen, adventurous swimmer, aiming toward high and distant land-marks, but too weakly in so rough a sea; for the current drives him far astray, and he sinks at last in the waves, attaining little for himself and leaving little, save the memory

of his failure, to others. Yet a glance over his history will not be unprofitable; if the man himself can less interest us, the ocean of German, of European, opinion still rolls in wild eddies to and fro; and with its movements and refluxes, indicated in the history of such men, everyone is more or less concerned.

Materials for such a survey are deficient, not so much in quantity as quality. The *Life Sketch of Werner's*, published by Hitzig of Berlin, in 1823, seems a very honest, unpresuming performance; but it is much too fragmentary and discursive for our wants; the features of the man are nowhere united into a portrait, but left for the reader to unite as he may, a task which, to most readers, will not be acceptable; for the work, short in compass, is more than proportionally short in detail of facts; and Werner's career, much as this intimate friend must have known of it, still lies before us, in great part, dark and unintelligible. For what he has done we should doubtless thank our author; yet it seems a pity that in this instance he has not done more and better. We could certainly have wished for more facts, though it had been with fewer consequences drawn from them; were the somewhat chaotic expositions of Werner's character exchanged for simple particulars of his walk and conversation, the result would be much surer, and especially to foreigners, much more complete and luminous. As it is, from the perusal of this biography we fail to gather any very clear notion of the man; nor even after a careful study of his writings does his manner of existence stand out to us with that distinct cohesion which puts an end to doubt. The few facts given below

are taken in part from Carlyle's account, as also are the criticisms of his plays, which latter are somewhat severe, though just in the main.

Nativity and Parentage.

Werner was born at Königsberg, in East Prussia, on the 18th of November, 1768. His father was professor of History and Rhetoric in the university of that city; and further, in virtue of this office, dramatic censor, which latter circumstance procured young Werner almost daily opportunity of visiting the theatre, and so gave him, as he says, a greater acquaintance with the mechanism of the stage than most players are possessed of. A strong taste for the drama it doubtless gave him; but his skill in stage-mechanism may be questioned; for often in his own plays no such skill, but, rather, the want of it, is evinced.

The professor and censor, of whom we hear nothing in praise or blame, died when his son was in his fourteenth year, and the boy now fell to the sole charge of his mother, a woman whom he seemed to have loved warmly, but whose guardianship could hardly have been for his welfare. Werner himself speaks of her as a pure, high-minded and heavily-afflicted person; Hoffmann, however, adds that she was hypochondriacal and often delirious, imagining herself to be the Virgin Mary, and her son to be the promised Shiloh! Hoffmann had opportunity enough of knowing, for these two personages were brought up under the same roof, though by reason of their difference of age, Werner being

ten years older, there was little or no companionship. What a nervous and melancholic parent was, Hoffmann, by another unhappy coincidence, had also full occasion to know, for his own mother, parted from her husband, lay helpless and broken-hearted for the last seventeen years of her life and the first seventeen of his; a source of painful influence, which he used to trace through the whole of his own character; as to a like cause he imputed the perversion of Werner's.

Early Career.

Of Werner's early years the biographer says little or nothing. We learn only that, about the usual age, he matriculated in the Königsberg university, intending to qualify himself for the business of a lawyer; and with his professional studies united, or attempted to unite, the study of philosophy under Kant. His college life is characterized by a single but expressive sentence: "It is said," observed Hitzig, "to have been very dissolute." His progress in all branches of learning might thus be expected to be small. Nevertheless, he contrived, in his twenty-first year, to publish a little volume of poems, apparently in very tolerable magazine metre; and after some roamings over Germany, having loitered for a while at Berlin and longer at Dresden, he betook himself to more serious business; applied for admittance and promotion as a man of the law; the employment which young jurists looked for in that country being chiefly in the hands of the government, and consisting of appointments in the various judicial or adminis-

trative boards by which the provinces are managed. Accordingly, Werner was made Exchequer secretary, a subaltern office, which he held successively in several stations, and last and longest in Warsaw, where Hitzig, a young man following the same profession, first became acquainted with him.

Werner's early publications had sunk, after a brief provincial life, into merited oblivion; in fact, he had thus far only been a rhymster, and was now, for the first time, beginning to be a poet. We have one of these youthful pieces transcribed in Hitzig's work, and certainly it exhibits a curious contrast with his subsequent writings, both in form and spirit; in form because it is cold and correct, while his later works, without exception, are fervid, extravagant and full of blemishes; in spirit no less, because treating of his favorite theme, religion, it speaks of it harshly and skeptically, being, indeed, little more than a metrical version of common utilitarian free-thinking, as it might be found, without the metre, in most taverns and debating societies. Werner's secret history between these periods might form a strange chapter in psychology; for now, it is clear, his French skepticism had become overlaid with wondrous theosophic garniture; his mind was full of visions and cloudy glories, and no occupation pleased him better than to controvert, in generous, inquiring minds, that very unbelief which he appears to have once entertained in his own.

Some leagues from Warsaw, says his biographer, enchantingly embosomed in a thick wood, close by the high banks of the Vistula, lies the Cameldulensian

abbey of Bielany, inhabited by a class of monks who in strictness of discipline yielded only to the Trappists. To this cloistral solitude Werner was wont to repair with his friend, every fine Saturday of the summer of 1800, as soon as their occupations in the city were over. In defect of any regular inn, the two used to bivouac in the forest, or at best to sleep under a tent. The Sunday was then passed in the open air; in roving over the woods, sailing on the river, and the like, till late night recalled them to the city. On such occasions the younger of the two had ample room to unfold his whole heart before his more mature and settled companion; to advance his doubts and objections against many theories which Werner was already cherishing; and so, by exciting him with contradiction, to cause him to make them clearer to himself.

The Templars of Cyprus.

Week after week these discussions were resumed from the point where they had been left; indeed, to Werner, it would seem, this controversy had unusual attractions, for he was now busy composing a dramatic poem, intended principally to convince the world of those very truths which he was striving to impress on his friend; and to which the world was likely to give a similar reception. The character, or at least the way of thought, attributed to Robert d'Heredon, the Scottish Templar, in the *Sons of the Valley*, was borrowed, it appears, as if by regular instalments, from these conferences with Hitzig; the result of the one Sunday be-

ing entered in dramatic form during the week; then audited on the following Sunday, and so forming the text for further disquisition. "Blissful days," adds Hitzig, "pure and innocent, which doubtless Werner also held in pleased remembrance!"

The *Söhne des Thals*, or *Sons of the Valley*, composed in this rather questionable fashion, was in due time forthcoming; the first part in 1801 and the second about a year afterward. It is a drama, or rather two dramas, unrivalled at least in one particular, and that is in length; each part being a play of six acts, and the whole amounting to somewhat more than eight hundred octavo pages. It is, as might be anticipated, a loose and formless structure, expanding on all sides into vague generalization, and, on the whole, resembling not so much a drama as the rude materials of one. The subject is the destruction of the Templar order; an event which had been dramatized more than once, but on which, notwithstanding, Werner may boast of being entirely original. The fate of Jacques Molay and his brethren acts here but like a little leaven, for it cannot leaven the lump lying buried under such a mass of mystical theology, Masonic mummery, cabalistic tradition and Rosicrucian philosophy as no power could work into dramatic union. The incidents are few and of little interest, interrupted continually by flaring lights and long-winded speculations; for Werner's besetting sin, that of loquacity, is here in decided action, and so we wander in endless windings, through scene after scene of gorgeous splendor or gloom, till at last the whole rises before us like a wild phantasmagoria; cloud heaped

on cloud, painted here and there with prismatic hues, but representing little except the views of the author.

To explain with any minuteness the articles of Werner's creed, as it was now fashioned, and is here exhibited, would be a task as unprofitable as it would be difficult; but there are passages in which, under dark symbolical figures, he has himself shadowed forth a vague likeness of it. A few of these may now be translated with such expositions as may be gathered from the context, or as readers, from the usual tone of speculation in Germany, are enabled to supply. This may, at the same time, convey a fair notion of the work itself, with its tawdry splendors and tumid grandiloquence, and play-house thunder and lightning.

The reader should fancy himself on the island of Cyprus, where the order of the Templars still subsisted, though the heads of it were already summoned before the French king and Pope Clement; which summons they are now, not without dreary enough forebodings, preparing to obey. The purport of this first part, so far as it has any dramatic purport, is to paint the situation, outward and inward, of that once pious and heroic, and still magnificent and powerful body. It is entitled *The Templars of Cyprus*; but why it should also be called the *Sons of the Valley* does not so well appear; for the brotherhood of the Valley has yet scarcely come into activity, and only hovers before us in glimpses of so enigmatic a sort that we know not fully whether these its Sons are of flesh and blood like ourselves or of some spiritual nature, or of something intermediate, and also nondescript. For the rest, it is a series of spectacles

and dissertations, and the action cannot so much be said to advance as to revolve. On this occasion the Templars are admitting two new members; the acolytes have already passed their preliminary trials; this is the chief and final one:

ACT FIFTH. SCENE FIRST.

Midnight. Interior of the Temple Church. Backwards, a deep perspective of altars and Gothic pillars. On the right hand of the foreground, a little chapel; and in this a little altar with the figure of St. Sebastian. The scene is lighted very dimly by a single lamp which hangs before the altar.

Adalbert.—(Dressed in white, without mantle or doublet; groping his way in the dark.) Was it not at the Altar of Sebastian

That I was bidden wait for the Unknown?

Here should it be; but darkness with her veil

Inwraps the figures. (Advancing to the altar.)

Here is the fifth pillar!

Yes, this is he, the Sainted—How the glimmer

Of that faint lamp falls on his fading eye!—

Ah, it is not the spears o' the Saracens,

It is the pangs of hopeless love that burning

Transfix thy heart, poor Comrade!—O, my Agnes,

May not thy spirit, in this earnest hour,

Be looking on? Art hovering in that moonbeam

Which struggles through the painted window, and dies

Amid the cloister's gloom? Or linger'st thou

Behind these pillars, which ominous and black,

Look down on me, like horrors of the past

Upon the present; and hidest thy gentle form,

Lest with thy paleness thou too much affright me?

Hide not thyself, pale shadow of my Agnes,

Thou affrightest not thy lover.—Hush!

Hark! Was there not a rustling?—Father! You?

Philip.—(Rushing in with wild looks.) Yes, Adalbert! But
time is precious!—Come,
My son, my one sole Adalbert, come with me!

Adal.—What would you, father, in this solemn hour?

Phil.—This hour, or never. (Leading Adalbert to the altar.)
Hither!—knowest thou him?

Adal.—’Tis Saint Sebastian.

Phil.—Because he would not

Renounce his faith, a tyrant had him murdered. (Points to his head.)

These furrows, too, the rage of tyrants ploughed
In thy old father’s face. My son, my first-born child,
In this great hour I do conjure thee! Wilt thou,
Wilt thou obey me?

Adal.—Be it just, I will.

Phil.—Then swear, in this great hour, in this dread presence,
Here by thy father’s head made early gray,
By the remembrance of thy mother’s agony,
And by the ravished blossom of thy Agnes,
Against the tyranny which sacrificed us,
Inexpiable, bloody, everlasting hate!

Adal.—Ha! This the All-avenger spoke through thee!—
Yes, bloody shall my fatal death torch burn
In Philip’s heart; I swear it!

Phil.—(With increasing vehemence.) And if thou break
This oath, and if thou reconcile thee to him,
Or let his golden chains, his gifts, his prayers,
His dying moan itself avert thy dagger
When th’ hour of vengeance comes—shall this gray head,
Thy mother’s wail, the last sigh of thy Agnes,
Accuse thee at the bar of the Eternal?

Adal.—So be it, if I break my oath.

Phil.—Then man thee!—(Looking up, then shrinking together, as with dazzled eyes.)
Ha! was not that his lightning?—Fare thee well!
I hear the footsteps of the Dreaded!—Firm—
Remember me, remember this stern midnight! (Retires hastily.)

Adal.—(Alone.) Yes, grayhead, whom the beckoning of the Lord
Sent thither to awake me out of craven sleep,
I will remember thee and this stern midnight,
And my Agnes’ spirit shall have vengeance!—

Enter an armed man. He is mailed from head to foot in black harness; his visor is closed.

Armed Man.—Bare thyself!— Pray! (Adalbert kneels.)

(He strips him to the girdle, and raises him.)

Look on the ground and follow!

(He leads him into the background to a trap-door, on the right. He descends first himself; and when Adalbert has followed him, it closes.)

SECOND SCENE.

Cemetery of the Templars, under the church. The scene is lighted only by a lamp which hangs down from the-vault. Around are tombstones of deceased knights, marked with crosses and sculptured bones. In the background, two colossal skeletons hold between them a large white book, marked with a red cross; from the under end of the book hangs a long black curtain. The book, of which only the cover is visible, has an inscription in black ciphers. The skeleton on the right hand holds in its right hand a naked drawn sword; that on the left holds in its left hand a palm turned downwards. On the right side of the foreground stands a black coffin open; on the left, a similar one with the body of a Templar in the full dress of his order; on both coffins are inscriptions in white ciphers. On each side, nearer the background, are seen the lowest steps of the stairs which lead up into the Temple Church above the vault.

Armed Man.—(Not yet visible; above on the right-hand stairs.)

Dreaded! Is the grave laid open?

Concealed Voices.—Yea!

Armed Man.—(Who, after a pause, shows himself on the stairs.) Shall he behold the tombs o' th' fathers?

Concealed Voices.—Yea!

(Armed man, with drawn sword, leads Adalbert carefully down the steps on the right hand.)

Armed Man.—(To Adalbert.) Look down! 'Tis on thy life! (Leads him to the open coffin.) What seest thou?

Adalbert.—An empty coffin.

Armed Man.—'Tis the house

Where thou one day shalt dwell.—Canst read th' inscription?

Adal.—No.

Armed Man.—Hear it, then: "Thy wages, sin, is death." (Leads him to the opposite coffin where the body is lying.) Look down! 'Tis on thy life! What seest thou?

Adal.—A coffin with a corpse.

Armed Man.—He is thy brother;

One day thou art as he. Canst read th' inscription?

Adal.—No.

Armed Man.—Hear: "Corruption is the name of life."

Now look around; go forward—move, and act! (He pushes him toward the background.)

Adal.—(Observing the book.) Ha! Here's the Book of Ordination!—Seems

As if th' inscription on it might be read.

"Knock four times on the ground,

Thou shalt behold thy beloved one."

O Heavens! And may I see thee, sainted Agnes?

My bosom yearns for thee!—

(He stamps four times on the ground, uttering the words,) One—Two—Three—Four!

(The curtain hanging from the Book rolls rapidly up, and covers it. A colossal Devil's head appears between the two Skeletons; its form is horrible; it is gilt; has a huge golden Crown, a Heart of the same on its Brow; rolling flaming Eyes: Serpents instead of Hair; golden Chains round its neck, which is visible to the breast; and a golden Cross, yet not a Crucifix, which rises over its left shoulder as if crushing it down. The whole Bust rests on four gilt Dragons' feet. At sight of it Adalbert starts back in horror, and exclaims:)

Defend us!

Armed Man.—Dreaded! May he hear it?

Concealed Voices.—Yea.

(The armed man then touches the curtain with his sword; it rolls down over the Devil's head, concealing it again; and above, as before, appears the Book, but now opened, with white colossal leaves and red characters. The armed man reads from the Book to Adalbert the Story of the Fallen Master, yet not standing before it, but at one side, at some paces distance, and while he reads, turning the leaves with his sword. The story is of the Master, Baffometus, who was commanded to complete the temple of the Lord, of which only the foundation-stone was laid. But the Master disobeys, continually asking for more time, and meanwhile building for himself a dwelling with the materials provided, and selling what is left. At length the Lord was wroth, and said:—)

Since thou hast cozened me with empty lies,
And those, the stones I lent thee for my temple
Hast sold them for a purse of filthy gold,
Lo, I will cast thee forth, and with the Mammon
Will chastise thee, until a Saviour rise
Of thy own seed, who shall redeem thy trespass.

(Then the Lord melts in the sun the purse of gold
which the Master had gathered.)

And straightway touching Baffometus,
Anoints him on the chin and brow and cheeks.
Then was the face of Baffometus changed;
His eye-balls rolled like fire-flames,
His nose became a crooked vulture's bill,
The tongue hung bloody from his throat; the flesh
Went from his hollow cheeks, and of his hair,
Great snakes, and of the snakes grew Devil's-horns.
Again the Lord put forth his finger with the gold,
And pressed it upon Baffometus' heart;
Whereby the heart did bleed and wither up,
And all his members bled and withered up,
And fell away, the one and then the other.
At last his back itself sunk into ashes;

The head alone continued gilt and living;
 And instead of back grew dragon's talons,
 Which destroyed all life from off the earth.
 Then from the ground the Lord took up the heart,
 Which as he touched also grew of gold,
 And placed it on the brow of Baffometus:
 And of the other metal in the pot
 He made for him a burning crown of gold,
 And crushed it on his serpent hair, so that
 Even to the bone and brain the circlet scorched him.
 And round the neck he twisted golden chains,
 Which strangled him and pressed his breath together.
 What in the pot remained he poured upon the ground,
 Athwart, along, and there it formed a cross;
 The which he lifted and placed upon his neck,
 And bent him that he could not raise his head.
 Two Deaths, moreover, he appointed warders
 To guard him; Death of Life and Death of Hope.
 The Sword of the first he sees not, but it suited him;
 The other's Palm he sees, but it escapes him.
 So languishes the outcast Baffometus
 Four thousand years and four and forty moons,
 Till once a Saviour rise from his own seed,
 Redeem his trespass and deliver him.
 This is the story of the fallen master.

(With his sword he touches the curtain, which now,
 as before, rolls up over the Book; so that the
 head under it again becomes visible, in its for-
 mer shape.)

Adal.—(Looking at the head.) Ha, what a hideous shape!

Head.—(With a hollow voice.) Deliver me!—

Armed Man.—Dreaded! Shall the work begin?

Concealed Voices.—Yea.

Armed Man.—(To Adalbert.) Take the neckband. (Pointing
 to the head.) Away.

Adal.—I dare not.

Head.—(With a piteous tone.) O, deliver me!

Adal.—(Taking off the chains.) Poor fallen one!

Armed Man.—Now lift the crown from his head.

Adal.—It seems so heavy.

Armed Man.—Touch it, it grows light.

(Adalbert takes off the crown and casts it, as he did
the chains, on the ground.)

Armed Man.—Now take the golden heart from off his brow.

Adal.—It seems to burn!

Armed Man.—Thou errest; ice is warmer.

Adal.—(Taking the heart from the brow.) Ha! Shivering
frost!

Armed Man.—Take from his back the Cross,

And throw it from thee—

Adal.— How! The Savior's token?

Head.—Deliver, O, deliver me!

Armed Man.— This Cross

Is not thy master's, not that bloody one;
Its counterfeit is this: throw 't from thee!

Adal.—(Taking it from the Bust, and laying it softly on the
ground.) The Cross of the Good Lord who died for
me?

Armed Man.—Thou shalt no more believe in one that died—

Thou shalt henceforth believe in one that liveth

And never dies.—Obey and question not—

Step over it!

Adal.—Take pity on me!

Armed Man.—(Threatening him with his sword!) Step.

Adal.—I do 't with shuddering—

(Steps over, and then looks up to the head, which
raises itself as freed from a load.)

How the figure rises

And looks in gladness!

Armed Man.—Him whom thou servest

Till now, deny!

Adal.—(Horror struck.) Deny the Lord my God?

Armed Man.—Thy God 'tis not: the Idol of this World!—

Deny him, or—(Pressing on him with the sword in a
threatening posture.)—thou diest!

Adal.—I deny.

Armed Man.—(Pointing to the head with his sword.) Go to
the fallen—kiss his lips!—

And so on through many sulphurous pages. How much of this mummary is copied from the actual practice of the Templars we know not with certainty; nor what precisely they or Werner intended, by this marvellous Story of the Fallen Master, to shadow forth. At first view one might take it for an allegory, couched in Masonic language—and truly no flattering allegory—of the Catholic church; and this trampling on the Cross, which is said to have been actually enjoined on every Templar at his initiation, to be a type of his secret behest to undermine that institution and redeem the spirit of Religion from the state of thralldom and distortion under which it was held. It is known, at least, and was well known to Werner, that the heads of the Templars entertained views, both on religion and polities, which they did not think meet for communicating to their age, and only imparted by degrees, and to the wiser of their own order, under mysterious adumbrations. They had even publicly resisted and succeeded in thwarting some iniquitous measures of Philippe Auguste, the French king, in regard to his coinage; and this, while it secured them the love of the people, was one great cause, perhaps second only to their wealth, of the hatred which that sovereign bore them, and of the savage doom which he had at last executed on the whole body.

But as to these secret principles of theirs, as well as Werner's manner of conceiving them, we are only enabled to guess; for Werner, too, has an esoteric doctrine, which he does not promulgate, except in dark Sibylline enigmas, to the initiated. As we are here

seeking chiefly for his religious creed, another passage may be quoted from the first part, which, at the same time, will afford us a glimpse of his favorite hero, Robert d'Heredon, formerly the darling of the Templars, but now, for some momentary infraction of their rules, cast into prison, and expecting death, or, at best, exclusion from the order. Gottfried is another Templar, in all points the reverse of Robert.

ACT FOURTH. SCENE FIRST.

Prison; at the wall a table. Robert, without sword, cap, or mantle, sits downcast on one side of it; Gottfried, who keeps watch with him, sitting on the other.

Gottfried.—But how couldst thou so far forget thyself?
Thou wert our pride, the Master's friend and favorite!

Robert.—I did it, thou perceiv'st!

Gott.— How could a word
Of the old surly Hugo so provoke thee?

Rob.—Ask not—Man's being is a spider-web;
The passionate flash of th' soul comes not of him;
It is the breath of that dark Genius,
Which whirls invisible along the threads;
A servant of eternal Destiny,
It purifies them from the vulgar dust,
Which earthward strives to press the net.
But Fate gives sign; the breath becomes a whirlwind,
And in a moment rends to shreds the thing
We thought was woven for Eternity.

Gott.—Yet each man shapes his destiny himself.

Rob.—Small soul! Dost thou, too, know it? Has the story
Of Force and free Volition, that, defying
The corporal atoms and Annihilation,
Methodic guides the car of Destiny,
Come down to thee? Dream'st thou, poor Nothingness,

That thou, and like of thee, and ten times better
Than thou or I, can lead the wheel of Fate
One hair's-breadth from its everlasting track?
I, too, have had such dreams: but fearfully
Have I been shook from sleep; and they are fled—
Look at our Order: has it spared its thousands
Of noblest lives, the victims of its purpose;
And has it gained this purpose, can it gain it?
Look at our noble Molay's silvered hair:
The fruit of watchful nights and stormy days,
And of the broken and still burning heart!
That mighty heart!—Through sixty battling years
'T has beat in vain for nothing; his creation
Remains the vision of his own great soul;
It dies with him; and one day shall the pilgrim
Ask where his dust is lying, and not learn!

Gott.—But then the Christian has the joy of Heaven
For recompense; in his flesh he shall see God.

Rob.—In his flesh?—Now fair befall the journey!
Wilt stow it in behind, by way of luggage,
When the angel comes to coach thee into Glory?
Mind also that the memory of those fair hours
When dinner smoked before thee, or thou usedst
To drag thy nag, or scour thy rusty harness
And such like noble business be not left behind!
Ha! self-deceiving bipeds, is it not enough
The carcass should at every step oppress,
Imprison you; that toothache, headache,
Gout—who knows what all—at every moment,
Degrades the God of Earth into a beast;
But you would take this villainous mingle,
The coarse dross of all the elements,
Which, by the Light-beam from on high that visits
And dwells in it, but baser shows its baseness—
Take this, and all the freaks which, bubble-like,
Spring forth o' th' blood, and which by such fair names
You call, along with you into your Heaven!
Well, be it so! Much good may't—
(Here he stops; for his eye lights on Gottfried, who
has fallen asleep.)

This Robert d'Heredon, whose preaching has at least a narcotic virtue, is destined ultimately for a higher office. He is ejected from the order; not, however, with disgrace and in anger, but with a sad feeling of necessity, and with tears and blessings from his brethren; and the messenger of the *Valley*, a strange, ambiguous, little slyph-like maiden, gives him obscure encouragement, before his departure, to possess his soul in patience; for, if he can learn the grand secret of Renunciation, his course is not ended, but only opening on a fairer scene. Robert knows not what to make of this, but sails for his native Hebrides, in darkness and contrition, as one to whom no other course is open.

Sons of the Valley.

At the end of the second part, which is represented as divided from the first by an interval of seven years, Robert is again summoned forth, and the whole surprising secret of his mission, and of the *Valley* which appoints it for him, is disclosed. The Friedenthal, or Valley of Peace, it now appears, is an immense secret association, which has its chief seat somewhere about the roots of Mount Carmel; but, comprehending in its ramifications the best minds and hearts of every country, extends over the whole civilized world. It has, in particular, a strong body of adherents in Paris, with a subterraneous but seemingly very commodious suite of rooms under the Carmelite monastery of that city. Here sit in solemn conclave the heads of the establishment, directing from their lodge, in deepest conceal-

ment, the principal movements of the kingdom; for William of Paris, archbishop of Sens, being of their number, the king and his ministers, while fancying within themselves the utmost freedom of action, are nothing more than puppets in the hands of this all-powerful brotherhood, which watches, like a sort of Fate, over the interests of mankind, and by mysterious agencies forwards the cause of civil and religious liberty all over the world. It is they who have doomed the Templars, and, without malice or pity, are sending their leaders to the dungeon and the stake. That knightly order, once a favorite minister of good, has now degenerated from its purity and come to mistake its purpose, having taken up politics and a sort of radical reform, and so must now be broken and reshaped, like a worn implement, which can no longer do its appointed work.

Such a manifest “Society for the Suppression of Vice” may well be supposed to walk by the most philosophical principles. These Friedenthalers, in fact, profess to be a sort of invisible church, preserving in vestal purity the sacred fire of religion, which burns with more or less fuliginous admixture in the worship of every people but only with its clear sidereal lustre in the recesses of the valley. They are Brahmins on the Ganges, Bonzes on the Hoangho, Monks on the Seine. They addict themselves to contemplation and the subtlest study; have penetrated far into the mysteries of spiritual and physical nature; they command the deep-hidden virtues of plant and mineral; and their sages can discriminate the eye of the mind from its sensual instru-

ments, and behold, without type or material embodiment, the essence of Being. Their activity is all-comprehending and unerringly calculated; they rule over the world by the authority of wisdom over ignorance.

In the fifth act of the second part we are at length, after many a hint and significant note of preparation, introduced to the privacies of this philosophical Santa Hermandad. A strange Delphic cave it is, under the very pavement of Paris! There are brazen folding doors and concealed voices and sphinxes and naphtha lamps and all manner of wondrous furniture. It seems, moreover, to be a sort of gala evening with them; for the "Old Man of Carmel, in eremite garb, with a long beard reaching to his girdle," is discovered reading in a deep, monotonous voice. The "Strong Ones," meanwhile, are out in quest of Robert d'Heredon, who, by cunning practices, has been enticed from his Hebridean solitude, in the hope of saving Molay, and is even now to be initiated and equipped for his task. After a due allowance of pompous ceremonial, Robert is at last ushered in, or, rather, dragged in; for it appears that he has made a stout debate, not submitting to the customary form of being ducked—an essential preliminary, it would seem—till compelled by the direst necessity. He is in truly Highland anger, as is natural; but by various manipulations and solacements he is reduced to reason again, finding, indeed, the fruitlessness of anything else; for when lance and sword and free space are given him, and he makes a thrust at Adam of Valincourt, the master of the ceremonies, it is to no purpose; the old man has a torpedo quality in him,

which benumbs the stoutest arm; and no death issues from the baffled sword point, but only a small spark of electric fire.

With his Scottish prudence, Robert, under these circumstances, cannot but perceive that quietness is best. The people hand him in succession the cup of Strength, the cup of Beauty and the cup of Wisdom; liquors brewed, if we may judge from their effects, with the highest stretch of Rosicrucian art, and which must have gone far to disgust Robert d'Heredon with his natural usquebaugh, however excellent, had that fierce drink been then in use. He rages in a fine frenzy, dies away in raptures, and then at last "considers what he wanted and what he wants." Now is the time for Adam of Valincourt to strike in with an interminable exposition of the "objects of society." To not unwilling but still cautious ears he unbosoms himself, in mystic wise, and extreme copiousness; turning aside objections like a veteran disputant, and leading his apt and courageous pupil, by signs and wonders, as well as by logic, deeper and deeper into the secrets of theosophic and thaumaturgic science. The following is from the translation of Carlyle, some of whose criticisms have also been given, either verbally or in substance:

Adam.—The riddle by a second will be solved. (He leads him to the Sphinx.)

Behold this Sphinx! Half-beast, half-angel, both
Combined in one, it is an emblem to thee
Of th' ancient mother, Nature, herself a riddle,
And only by a deeper to be mastered.
Eternal clearness in th' Eternal Ferment:

This is the riddle of existence—read it—
Propose that other to her and she serves thee!

(The door on the right hand opens, and in the space behind it, appears, as before, the Old Man of Carmel, sitting at a table, and reading in a large volume. Three deep strokes of a bell are heard.)

Old Man of Carmel.—(Reading with a loud, but still monotonous voice.) And when the Lord saw Phosphoros!—

Robert.—(Interrupting him.) Ha! Again
A story as of Baffometus?

Adam.— Not so.

That tale of theirs was but some poor distortion
Of th' outmost image of our Sanctuary.—
Keep silence here; and see thou interrupt not,
By too bold cavilling, this mystery.

Old Man.—(Reading.) And when the Lord saw Phosphoros
his pride,

Being wroth thereat, he cast him forth,
And shut him in a prison called Life;
And gave him for a Garment earth and water,
And bound him straitly in four Azure Chains,
And poured for him the bitter cup of Fire.
The Lord, moreover, spake: Because thou hast forgotten
My will, I yield thee to the Element,
And thou shalt be his slave, and have no longer
Remembrance of thy Birthplace or my Name.
And sithence thou hast sinned against me by
Thy prideful thought of being One and Somewhat
I leave with thee that thought to be thy whip,
And this thy weakness for a bit and bridle;
Till once a Savior from the Waters rise,
Who shall again baptize thee in my bosom,
That so thou mayst be Naught and All.

And when the Lord had spoken, he drew back
As in a mighty rushing; and the Element
Rose up around Phosphoros, and tower'd itself
Aloft to Heav'n; and he lay stunned beneath it.

But when his first born Sister saw his pain,
Her heart was full of sorrow and she turned her

To the Lord; and with veiled face, thus spake Mylitta:
(The Persian name for the Moon.)

Pity my brother, and let me console him.

Then did the Lord in pity rend asunder
A little chink in Phosphorus, his dungeon,
So that he might behold his Sister's face;
And when she silently peeped into his Prison,
She left with him a Mirror for his solace;
And when he looked therein his earthly Garment
Pressed him less; and like the gleam of morning
Some faint remembrance of his Birthplace dawned.

But yet the Azure Chains she could not break,
The bitter cup of Fire not take from him.
Therefore she pray'd to Mythras, to her Father,
To save his youngest born; and Mythras went
Up to the footstool of the Lord, and said:
Take pity on my Son!—Then said the Lord:
Have I not sent Mylitta that he may
Behold his Birthplace?—Wherefore Mythras answered:
What profits it? The Chains she cannot break,
The bitter cup of Fire not take from him.
So will I, said the Lord, the Salt be given him,
That so the bitter cup of Fire be softened;
But yet the Azure Chains must lie on him
Till once a Savior rise from out the Waters.—
And when the Salt was laid on Phosphorus' tongue,
The Fire's piercing ceased; but th' Element
Congeal'd the Salt to Ice, and Phosphorus
Lay there benumbed, and had not power to move.
But Isis saw him, and thus spake the Mother:
Thou who art Father, Strength, and Word and Light!
Shall he my last-born grandchild lie forever
In pain, the down-pressed thrall of his rude Brother?
Then had the Lord Compassion, and he sent him
The Herald of the Savior from the Waters,
The cup of Fluidness, and in the cup
The drops of Sadness and the drops of Longing:
And then the Ice was thawed, the Fire grew cold
And Phosphorus again had room to breathe.
And yet the earthly Garment cumbered him,

The Azure Chains still gall'd, and the Remembrance
Of the Name, the Lord's, which he had lost, was want-
ing.

Interpretation.

The purport of this enigma Robert confesses that he does not wholly understand; an admission in which most of our readers, and the Old Man of Carmel himself, were he candid, might be inclined to agree. Nevertheless, the monologue may be regarded as a typical vision, with a certain degree of significance in the wild mind of the poet, not an inane fever-dream. Might not Phosphoros, for example, indicate generally the spiritual essence of man, and the story be an emblem of his history? He longs to be One and Somewhat; that is, labors under the very common complaint of egoism; cannot in the grandeur of Beauty and Virtue forget his own so beautiful and virtuous self; but amid the glories of the majestic All, is still haunted and blinded by some shadow of his own little me. For this reason he is punished; imprisoned in the Element of a material body and has the four Azure Chains—the four principles of matter—bound around him; so that he can neither think nor act except in a foreign medium, and under conditions that encumber and confuse him. The cup of Fire is given him; perhaps the rude, barbarous passion and cruelty natural to all uncultivated tribes. But at length he beholds the Moon; begins to have some sight or love of material nature; and looking into her Mirror, forms to himself, under gross emblems, a theogony and a sort of mythologic poetry, in which if he

cannot behold the Name, and has forgotten his own Birthplace, both of which are blotted out and hidden by the Element, he finds some spiritual solace, and breathes more freely. Still, however, the cup of Fire tortures him; till the Salt—intellectual culture—is vouchsafed; which, indeed, calms the raging of that furious bloodthirstiness and warlike strife, but leaves him as mere culture of the understanding may be supposed to do, frozen into irreligion and moral inactivity, and further from the Name and his own Original than ever. Then, is not the cup of Fluidness, a mere merciful disposition, and intended with the drops of Sadness and the drops of Longing, to shadow forth that woe-struck, desolate, yet softer and devoutter state in which mankind displayed itself at the coming of the Word, at the first promulgation of the Christian religion? By the Rainbow, which Isis afterward sends to his aid, may be meant the modern poetry of Europe, the chivalry, the new form of Stoicism, the whole Romantic feeling of these later days. But as to who or what the Savior from the Waters may be, we need not be ashamed to confess our ignorance; this being apparently a secret of the *Valley*, which Robert d'Heredon and Werner and men of like gifts, are in due time to show the world, but unhappily have not yet succeeded in bringing to light. The reader may either accept the above interpretation or may fashion one for himself, unless, indeed, he prefer to regard the entire matter as a shaping of gay castles and metallic palaces from the sunset clouds, which, though mountain-like, and purple and golden of hue, and towered together as if

by cyclopean arms, are but dyed vapor. This would at least be the most rational interpretation of the matter.

After the advent of the Rainbow all ends happily, as in a novel:

And Rainbow flew
Where he was sent; and as he shook his wings
There dropped from them the Oil of Purity;
And this the Word did gather in a cup,
And cleansed with it the Sinner's head and bosom.
Then passing forth into his Father's Garden,
He breathed upon the ground, and there arose
A flow'ret out of it, like milk and rose-bloom;
Which, having wetted with the dew of Rapture,
He crowned therewith the Captive's brow; then grasped
him
With his right hand, the Rainbow with the left;
Mylitta, likewise, with her Mirror came,
And Phosphoros looked into it, and saw
Wrote on the Azure of Infinity
The long-forgotten Name, and the Remembrance
Of nis Birthplace, gleaming as in light of gold.
Then fell there as if scales from Phosphoros' eyes;
He left the thought of being One and Somewhat;
His nature melted in the mighty all.
Like sighings from above came balmy healing,
So that his heart for very bliss was bursting.
For Chains and Garment cumbered him no more;
The Garment he had changed to royal purple,
And of his Chains were fashioned glancing jewels.
True, still the Savior from the Waters tarried;
Yet came the Spirit over him; the Lord
Turned toward him a gracious countenance,
And Isis held him in her mother arms.

Adam of Valincourt then continues his exposition in the most liberal way, but through many pages of metrical lecturing he does little to satisfy us. What was more

to his purpose, he partly succeeds in satisfying Robert d'Heredon, who, after due preparation—Molay being burnt like a martyr, under the most promising omens, and the pope and the king of France struck dead, or nearly so—sets forth to found the order of St. Andrew in his own country, that of Calatrava in Spain and other knightly missions elsewhere; and thus, to the great satisfaction of all parties, the *Sons of the Valley* terminates.

In this strange phantasmagoria there are not wanting indications of a very sufficient strength, struggling with objects which, though it cannot master them, are essentially of rich significance. Had the writer only kept his peace for a few years, meditating on his subject with true diligence and unwearied will, he would doubtless have given us something very much better. But Werner was not the man for such things; he must reap the harvest on the morrow after seed-day, and so stands before us at last as a man capable of much, only not of bringing aught to perfection.

Of Werner's natural dramatic genius, this work, ill concocted as it is, affords no unfavorable specimen, and may, indeed, have justified expectations which were never realized. It is true, he cannot yet give form and animation to a character, in the genuine poetic sense; we do not see any of his *dramatis personæ*, but only hear of them; yet in some cases his endeavor, though imperfect, is by no means abortive; and here, for instance, Jacques Molay, Philip, Adalbert, Hugo and the rest, though not living men, have still as much life as many a buff-and-scarlet Sebastian or Barbarossa, whom we find swaggering for years, with acceptance, on the

boards. Of his spiritual beings, whom in most of his plays he introduces too profusely, we cannot speak in commendation; they are of a mongrel nature, neither rightly dead nor alive; in fact, they sometimes glide about as real, though rather singular mortals, through the whole piece, and only vanish as ghosts in the fifth act. But, on the other hand, in contriving theatrical incidents and sentiments in scenic shows, and all manner of gorgeous, frightful and astonishing machinery, Werner exhibits a copious invention and strong, though untutored, feeling. Doubtless, it is crude enough; all illuminated by an impure, barbaric splendor; not the soft, peaceful brightness of sunlight, but the red, resinous glare of play-house torches. Werner, however, was still young, and, had he been of a right spirit, all that was impure and crude might in time have become ripe and clear, and a poet of no ordinary excellence would have been molded out of him.

Religious Views.

But, as matters stood, this was by no means the thing Werner had at heart. It is not the degree of poetic talent manifested by the *Sons of the Valley* that he prizes, but the religious truth shadowed forth in it. To judge from the parables of Baffometus and Phosphoros, the readers may be disposed to hold his revelations rather cheap on this subject. Nevertheless, taking up the character of prophet in its widest sense, Werner earnestly desires not only to be a poet, but a seer, and, indeed, looks upon his merits in the former province as

altogether subservient to his higher purposes in the latter. We have a series of letters to Hitzig, who had now removed to Berlin, setting forth, with a singular simplicity, the mighty projects Werner was cherishing on this head. He thinks that there ought to be a new creed promulgated, a new body of religionists established; and that, for this purpose, not writing, but actual preaching, can avail. He detests common Protestantism, under which he seems to mean a sort of Socinianism, or diluted French Infidelity; he talks of Jacob Böhme and Luther and Schleiermacher and a new "Trinity of Art, Religion and Love." All this should be sounded in the ears of men, and in a loud voice, so that their torpid slumber, the harbinger of spiritual death, may be driven away. With the utmost gravity he commissions his correspondent to wait upon Schlegel, Tieck and others of a like spirit, and see whether they will not join him. For his own share in the matter he is totally indifferent; he will serve in the meanest capacity and rejoice with his whole heart if in zeal and ability as poets and preachers, not some only, but everyone should indefinitely outstrip him. He seems to have dropped the thought of being "One and Somewhat," and now wished, absorbed by this divine purpose, to be "Naught and All."

What the new creed especially was which Werner felt so eager to plant and propagate we nowhere learn with any distinctness. Probably he might himself have been rather at a loss to explain it in brief compass. His theogeny, we suspect, was still very much in posse, and perhaps only the moral part of this system could stand

before him in some degree of clearness. On this latter point, indeed, he is determined enough; well assured of his dogmas, and apparently waiting but for some proper vehicle in which to convey them to the minds of men. His fundamental principle of morals we have seen in part already; it does not exclusively or primarily belong to himself, being little more than that high tenet of entire self-forgetfulness, that merging of "Me in the Idea," a principle which reigns both in Stoical and Christian ethics, and is still common, in theory, among German philosophers, especially of the Transcendental class. Werner has adopted this principle with his whole heart and soul as the indispensable condition of virtue. He thinks that to propose a reward for virtue is to render virtue impossible. He warmly seconds Schleiermacher in declaring that even the hope of immortality is a consideration unfit to be introduced into religion and tending only to pervert it and impair its sacredness. Strange as this may seem, Werner is firmly convinced of its importance, and has even enforced it specifically in his *Sons of the Valley*, in the dialogue between Robert and Adam of Valincourt:

Robert.—And Death—so dawns it on me—Death perhaps,
The doom that leaves naught of this Me remaining,
May be perhaps the symbol of that Self-denial—
Perhaps still more—perhaps—I have it, friend!—
That cripplish immortality, think'st not?
Which but spins forth our paltry Me, so thin
And pitiful, into Infinitude,
That, too, must die?—This shallow self of ours,
We are not nailed to it eternally?
We can, we must be free of it, and then
Uncumbered wanton in the Force of all?

Adam.—(Calling joyfully into the interior of the cavern.)

Brethren, he has renounced! Himself has found it!

O praised be Light! He sees! The North is saved!

Concealed Voices.—Hail and joy to thee, thou Strong One;

Force to thee from above, and Light!

Complete—complete the work!

Such was the spirit of that new Faith which, symbolized under myths of Baffometus and Phosphoros and “Saviors from the Waters” and “Trinities of Art, Religion and Love,” and to be preached abroad by the aid of Schleiermacher, and what was called the New Poetical school, Werner seriously proposed, like another Luther, to cast forth, as good seed, among the ruins of decayed and down-trodden Protestantism! Whether Hitzig was still young enough to attempt executing his commission, and applying to Schlegel and Tieck for help; and, if so, in what gestures of speechless astonishment, or what peals of inextinguishable laughter they answered him we are not informed. One thing, however, is clear, that a man with so unbridled an imagination, who had plunged so deep in theosophy and still hovered so near the surface of all practical knowledge of men and their affairs, could meditate such apostolic enterprises, was a man likely, if he lived long, to play fantastic tricks in abundance, and, at least in his religious teachings, to set the world a-wondering. Conversion, not to the Roman Catholic faith, which he afterward embraced, but to Brahminism, was a thing nowise to be thought impossible, for his *Sons of the Valley* is strongly tinctured with its doctrines, from which, indeed, he seems to have borrowed freely. Chris-

tianity, on the other hand, has survived his attacks, and we may hope that it will continue so to do.

Wife and Mother.

Meanwhile, Werner was not so absorbed in spiritual schemes that he overlooked his temporal affairs. He was now courting for himself a third wife, a young Polish girl of the highest personal attractions, and this under difficulties which would have deterred an ordinary wooer, for the two had no language in common, he not understanding ten words of Polish and she not one of German. Nothing daunted, however, by this drawback, nay, discerning in it, perhaps, immunity from curtain-lectures, he prosecuted his suit, presumably by signs and dumb-show, with such ardor that he won the damsel, wedded her in 1801, and soon after, in her company, quitted Warsaw for Königsberg, where the helpless condition of his mother required immediate attention. It is from Königsberg that most of his missionary epistles to Hitzig are written, the latter being now stationed in Berlin. The sad duty of watching over his crazed, forsaken and dying mother, Werner appears to have discharged with true filial assiduity; for three years she lingered in the most painful state, under his nursing; and her death, in 1804, seems to have filled him with the greatest sorrow.

This affection for his mother forms a bright spot in Werner's history, where, amid so much that is dark and desolate, one feels it pleasant to linger. Here was at least one duty, perhaps indeed the only one, which in

a wayward, wasted life he discharged with fidelity; from his conduct toward this one hapless being, we may perhaps still learn that his heart, however perverted by circumstances, was not incapable of true, disinterested love. A rich heart by nature; but unwisely squandering its riches, and attaining to a pure union only with this one heart; for it seems doubtful whether he ever loved another. His poor mother, while alive, was the haven of all his earthly voyagings; and, in after years, from amid fair scenes and crushing perplexities, he often looks back to her grave with a feeling to which all must respond. The date of her decease became a memorable era in his mind; as may appear from the title which he gave long afterward to one of his most popular and tragical productions—*The Twenty-fourth of February.*

Intercourse with Hoffmann.

After this event, which left him in possession of a small fortune, Werner returned with his wife to his post at Warsaw,. By this time Hitzig, too, had been sent back, and to a higher post; he was now married likewise, and the two wives, he says, soon became as intimate as their husbands. In a little while Hoffmann joined them as a colleague in Hitzig's office, and by him was introduced to Werner and others in the circle of Prussian men of law, who, in this foreign capital, formed each other's chief society, and, of course, clave to one another more closely than they might have done elsewhere. Hoffmann does not seem to have loved Werner, as, indeed, he was at all times rather shy in

his attachments; and to his quick eye, and more rigid, fastidious feelings, the lofty theory and low self-practice, the general diffuseness, nay, incoherence of character, the pedantry and solemn affectation, too visible in the man, could nowise be hidden. Nevertheless, he feels and acknowledges the charm of his conversation; for Werner could at times be frank and simple; and the true humor and abandonment with which he often launched forth into bland satire on his friends, and still oftener on himself, atoned for many of his whims and weaknesses. The following is from Hoffmann's description of Warsaw as he saw it in 1805:

Warsaw in 1805.

"Streets of stately breadth, formed of palaces in the finest Italian style, and wooden huts which threatened every moment to fall down over the heads of their inmates; in these edifices Asiatic pomp combined in strange union with Greenland squalor. An ever-moving population, forming the sharpest contrasts, as in a perpetual masquerade; long-bearded Jews; monks in the garb of every order; here veiled and deeply-shrouded nuns of strictest discipline, walking self-secluded and apart; there flights of young Poresses in silks and mantles of the brightest colors, talking and promenading over broad squares. The venerable, ancient Polish noble, with mustaches, caftan, girdle, sabre and red or yellow boots; the new generation equipped to the utmost pitch as Parisian Incroyables; with Turks, Greeks, Russians, Italians, Frenchmen, in ever-changing throng.

Add to this a police of inconceivable tolerance, disturbing no popular sport; so that little puppet-theatres, apes, camels, dancing bears, practised incessantly in open spaces and streets, while the most elegant equipages and the poorest pedestrian bearers of burdens stood gazing at them. Further, a theatre in the national language; a good French company; an Italian opera; German players of at least a very passable sort; masked balls on a quite original, but very entertaining plan; places for pleasure-excursions all around the city."

Cross on the Baltic.

It was here that, in 1805, Werner's *Cross on the Baltic* was written; a sort of half-operatic performance, for which Hoffmann, who to his gifts as a writer added higher attainments both as a musician and a painter, composed the accompaniment. He complains that, in this matter, Werner was very hard to please. A ridiculous scene is recorded at the first reading of the piece, and Hitzig assures us that it is literally true, and that Hoffmann himself was the main actor in the business.

Werner had invited a few friends, to read to them, in manuscript, his *Cross on the Baltic*, of which they already knew some fragments that had raised their expectations to the highest stretch. Planted, as usual, in the middle of the circle, at a miniature table on which two clear lights in high candlesticks were burning, sat the poet. He had drawn the manuscript from his breast; the huge snuff-box, the blue checkered handkerchief, reminding one of Baltic muslin, as in use for

petticoats and other indispensable articles, lay arranged in order before him. Deep silence on all sides; not a breath heard. The poet makes up one of those ever-memorable, altogether indescribable faces for which he was noted, and begins. At the rising of the curtain the Prussians are assembled on the coast of the Baltic, fishing amber, and commence by calling on the god who presides over this vocation. So begins:

Bangputtis! Bangputtis! Bangputtis!

Brief pause. Incipient stare in the audience, and from a fellow in the corner comes a small, clear voice: "My dearest, most valued friend, my best of poets; if thy whole dear opera is written in that cursed language, no soul of us knows a syllable of it; and I beg, in the devil's name, thou wouldest have the goodness to translate it first."

The *Cross on the Baltic* is still a fragment; the second part, which was often promised, and partly written, having never been published. In some respects it was the best of Werner's dramas; there is a decisive coherence in the plot, such as we seldom find with him; and a firmness, a rugged, nervous brevity in the dialogue, which is equally rare. Here, too, the mystic dreamy agencies, which, as in most of his pieces, he has interwoven with the action, harmonize more than usually with the spirit of the whole. It is a wild subject, and this helps to give it a corresponding wildness of locality. The first planting of Christianity among the Prussians, by the Teutonic knights, leads us back of itself into dim ages of antiquity, of superstitious bar-

barism, and stern apostolic zeal; it is a scene hanging as it were in half ghastly chiaroscuro, on a ground of primeval Night; where the Cross and St. Adalbert come in contact with the Sacred Oak and the idols of Romova, we are not surprised that spectral shapes peer forth on us from the gloom.

In constructing and depicting characters Werner, indeed, is little better than a mannerist; his persons, differing in external figures, differ too slightly in inward nature; and no one of them comes forward on us with a rightly visible or loving air. Yet, in scenes and incidents, in what may be called the general costume of his subjects, he attained in this play a really superior excellence. The savage Prussians, with their amber fishing, their bear hunting, their bloody idolatry and stormful, untutored energy, are brought vividly into view; no less so the Polish court of Plozk, and the German crusaders, in their bridal-feasts and battles, as they live and move, here placed on the verge of heathendom, as it were, the vanguard of Light in conflict with the kingdom of Darkness. The nocturnal assault on Plozk by the Prussians, where a handful of Teutonic knights are overpowered, but the city saved from ruin by the miraculous interposition of the "Harper," who now proves to be the spirit of St. Adalbert; this, with the scene which follows it, on the island of Vistula, where the dawn slowly breaks over doings of woe and horrid cruelty, but of woe and cruelty atoned for by immortal hope, belong undoubtedly to Werner's most successful efforts. With much that is questionable, much that is merely common, there are intermingled

touches from the true land of Wonders; indeed, the whole is overspread with a certain dim religious light, in which its many pettinesses and exaggerations are softened into something which at least resembles poetic harmony; so that in places it reminds us of Calderon.

The *Cross on the Baltic* had been bespoken by Iffland for the Berlin theatre; but the complex machinery of the piece, the “little flames” springing, at intervals, from the heads of certain characters, and the other supernatural ware with which it is replenished, were found to transcend the capabilities of any merely terrestrial stage. Iffland, the best actor in Germany, was himself a dramatist, and a man of talent, but in all points differing from Werner, as a stage-machinist may differ from a man with the second sight. Hoffmann chuckles in secret over the perplexities in which the shrewd prosaic manager and playwright must have found himself when he came to the “little flames.” Nothing remained but to write back a refusal, full of animation and expostulation; and Iffland wrote one which, says Hoffmann, was “a masterpiece of theatrical diplomacy.”

Martin Luther.

In one respect, at least, Werner’s next play was happier, for it crossed the Stygian marsh of green-room hesitations, and reached, though in a maimed state, the Elysium of the boards; and this to the great joy, as it proved, both of Iffland and other parties interested. This was *Martin Luther*, or the *Consecration of Strength*, Werner’s most popular drama, which came

out at Berlin in 1807, and soon spread over all Germany, Catholic as well as Protestant; being acted, it would seem, even in Vienna, to overflowing and delighted audiences.

Nevertheless, the sober reader of *Martin Luther* will be far from finding in it any high order of excellence. It cannot be named among the best dramas; it is not even the best of Werner's. There is, indeed, much scenic exhibition, many a "fervid sentiment," as the newspapers have it; nay, with all its mixture of coarseness, here and there a glimpse of genuine dramatic inspiration; but, as a whole, the work is disappointing; it is of too loose and mixed a structure, and falls asunder in our thoughts, like the iron and the clay in the Chaldean's dream. There is an interest, perhaps of no trivial sort, awakened in the first act; but, unhappily, it goes on declining till, in the fifth, an ill-natured critic might almost say it expires. The story is too wide for Werner's dramatic lens to gather into focus; besides, the reader brings with him an image of it, too fixed for being so boldly metamorphosed, and too high and august for being ornamented with tinsel and gilt pasteboard. Accordingly, the diet of Worms, plentifully furnished as it is with sceptres and armorial shields, continues a much grander scene in history than it is here in fiction. Neither with regard to the persons of the play, excepting those of Luther and Catherine, the nun whom he weds, is there much to be said in their favor. Catherine, though carefully enough depicted, is, in fact, little more than a common tragedy queen, with the storminess, the love and the other stage-heroism

which belongs prescriptively to that class of dignitaries, one of which the world is somewhat weary.

With regard to Luther himself, it is evident that Werner has put forth his whole strength in this delineation; and, trying him by common standards, it cannot be said that he has failed. Doubtless it is, in some respects, a significant and even a sublime delineation; yet must we ask whether it is Luther, the Luther of history, or even the Luther proper for this drama, and not, rather, some ideal portraiture of Zacharias Werner himself? Is not this Luther, with his too assiduous flute-playing, his trances of three days, his visions of the Devil, at whom, to the sorrow of the house-maid, he resolutely throws his huge ink bottle, by much too spasmodic and brainsick a personage? We cannot but question the dramatic beauty, whatever it may be in history, of that three days' trance; the hero must before this have been in want of mere victuals, and there as he sits deaf and dumb, with his eyes sightless, yet fixed and staring, are we not tempted less to admire than to send for an officer of the Humane Society? Seriously, it is to be regretted that these and other such blemishes had not been avoided, and the character, worked into chasteness and purity, been presented to us in the simple grandeur which essentially belongs to it. For censure as we may, it were blindness to deny that this figure of Luther has in it features of an austere loveliness, a mild yet awful beauty, undoubtedly a figure rising from the depths of the poet's soul; and, marred as it were with such adhesions, piercing at times into the depths of ours. Among so many poetical sins

it forms the chief redeeming virtue, and truly were almost in itself a sort of atonement.

Of Charles the Fifth, by far the most ambitious character—intended, indeed, as the counterpoise of Luther—it may be said, without hesitation, that he is a failure. An empty Gascon, this, bragging of his power and honor and the like in a style which Charles even in his nineteenth year could never have used. One God, one Charles, is no speech for an emperor, and, besides, is borrowed from some panegyrist of a Spanish operasinger. Neither can we fall-in with Charles when he tells us that he fears nothing—not even God. We think he must be mistaken. With the old miners, again, with Hans Luther and his wife, the Reformer's parents, there is reason to be more satisfied; yet in Werner's hands simplicity is always apt, in such cases, to become too simple; and these honest peasants, like the honest Hugo in the *Sons of the Valley*, are very garrulous.

The drama of *Martin Luther* is named likewise the *Consecration of Strength*; that is, it may be supposed, the purifying of this great theologian from all remnants of earthly passion into a clear heavenly zeal, an operation which is brought about, strangely enough, by two half ghosts and one whole ghost—a little fairy girl, Catherine's servant, who impersonates Faith; a little fairy youth, Luther's servant, who represents Art, and the “Spirit of Cotta's wife,” an honest housekeeper, but defunct many years before, who stands for Purity. These three supernaturals hover about in every whimsical wise, cultivating flowers, playing on flutes and singing dirge-like epithalamiums over unsound sleepers.

We cannot see how aught of this is to consecrate strength, or, indeed, what such jack-o-lantern persons have to do with so grave a business.

The present estimation of *Martin Luther* corresponds but ill with that of the overflowing and delighted audiences that witnessed it all over Germany. As a classical drama it could never pass with any critic; nor, on the other hand, in the lower sphere of a popular spectacle could its attractions be great. We find it what, more or less, we find all Werner's pieces to be, a splendid sparkling mass, yet not of pure metal, and must regret, as ever, that it has not been refined in a stronger furnace and kept in the crucible till the true silver beam, glancing from it, had shown that the process was complete.

Dissipation.

Werner's dramatic popularity could not remain without influence on him, more especially as he was now in the centre of his brilliancy, having changed his residence from Warsaw to Berlin. Von Schröter, one of the state ministers, a man harmonizing with Werner in his "zeal both for religion and freemasonry," had been persuaded by some friends to appoint him as secretary. Werner naturally rejoiced in such promotion; yet, combined with his theatrical success, perhaps in the long run it did him more harm than good. He might now for the first time be said to see the busy and influential world with his own eyes; but to draw future instructions from it, or even to guide himself in its present complexities he was little qualified. He took a

shorter method; “he plunged into the vortex of society,” says his biographer, “became acquainted, indeed, with Fichte, Johannes Müller and other excellent men, but united himself also, and more closely, with players, play-lovers and a long list of jovial, admiring but highly unprofitable companions. His religious schemes, perhaps rebutted by collision with actual life, lay dormant for the time, or mingled in strange union with the fumes of wine, with the feast of reason and the flow of soul.”

DIVORCE.

The result of all this might be expected. Within a few weeks after taking up his abode in Berlin, Werner had parted from his wife, and from his own confession and what we know of his mode of living at this period he was a man utterly unfitted for married life. A Bohemian of the Bohemians, he had so long been associated with companions of his own class that any other society was distasteful. “It was not to be expected,” he writes on now taking leave of his third wife, “that she should be happy with me. I am no bad man, yet a weakling in many respects, fretful, capricious, greedy, impure. I am still immersed in my fantasies, in my occupation; so that here, what with play-houses, what with social parties, she had no manner of enjoyment with me.” These repeated divorcees of Werner’s at length convinced him that he had no talent for managing wives; indeed, we subsequently find him arguing in dissuasion of marriage altogether. Such a condition of affairs may cause us to wonder at the state of

the marriage laws and the strange footing on which this sacrament must have stood in Protestant Germany.

Travels.

Of Werner's further proceedings in Berlin we have few particulars. After the arrival of the French armies his secretaryship ceased, and now, wifeless and placeless, in the summer of 1807, he says, "he felt himself authorized by fate to indulge his taste for pilgrimaging." Indulge it accordingly he did, for he wandered to and fro many years, almost to the end of his life, like a perfect Bedouin. The various stages and occurrences of his travels he has himself recorded in a paper furnished by him for a biographical dictionary; but it is too long to be quoted here. He was at Prague, Vienna, Munich—everywhere received with open arms; "saw at Jena, for the first time, the most universal and the clearest man of his age, the great Goethe, and, under his introduction, the pattern of German princes, the duke of Weimar; and then, after three ever-memorable months in this society, beheld at Berlin the triumphal entry of the pattern of European tyrants—Napoleon." On the summit of the Rigi, at sunrise, he became acquainted with the crown prince of Bavaria; was by him introduced to the Swiss festival of Interlaken, and to the "most intellectual lady of our time, the baroness de Staël, and must beg to be credited when, after sufficient personal experience, he can declare that the heart of this high and noble woman was at least as great as her genius." Coppet, for a while, was his headquarters;

and he went to Paris, to Weimar, where Hitzig saw him for the last time, in 1809; again to Switzerland; in short, hurried hither and thither, inconstant as an ignis-fatuus, and restless as the Wandering Jew.

Hatred of Protestantism.

On his mood of mind during all this period, Werner gives us no direct information, but so unquiet an outward life betokens of itself no inward repose; and when, from other sources, we gain a transient glimpse into the wayfarer's thoughts, they seem still more fluctuating than his footsteps. His project of a new religion was by this time abandoned, and Hitzig thinks his closer survey of life at Berlin had taught him the impracticability of such chimeras. Nevertheless, the subject of religion in one shape or another; nay, in propagating it in new purity of teaching and preaching, had nowise vanished from his meditations. In the preface to his *Cross on the Baltic* he declares: "If God, which I daily pray for, should awaken Luther to us before the last day, the first task he would find, in respect to that degenerate and spurious Protestantism, would be, in his somewhat rugged manner, to protest against it."

A similar temper is to be traced elsewhere, in passages of a gay, as well as grave, character. The following is the conclusion of a letter from Vienna, in 1807: "We have tragedies here which contain so many edifying maxims that you might use them instead of Jesus Sirach, and have them read from beginning to end in

the Berlin Sunday-schools. Comedies, likewise, absolutely bursting with household felicity and nobleness of mind. Here, too, bigotry and superstition are attacked in enlightened journals with such profit that the people care less for popery than even you in Berlin do. In a word, Vienna is determined, without loss of time, to overtake Berlin in the career of improvement; and when I recollect that Berlin, on her side, carries Porst's hymn-book with her, in her reticule, to the shows in the Thiergarten, and that the ray of Christiano-catholic-platonic faith pierces deeper and deeper into your privy-councillor Ma'm'selle—I almost fancy that Germany is one great mad-house, and could find in my heart to pack up my goods and set off for Italy tomorrow morning; not, indeed, that I might work there, where follies enough are to be had, too; but that, amid ruins and flowers, I might forget all things, and myself in the first place."

Conversion to Catholicism.

To Italy accordingly he went, though with rather different objects, and not quite so soon as on the morrow. In the course of his wanderings, a munificent ecclesiastical prince, the primate of Dalberg, had settled a yearly pension on him, so that now he felt still more at liberty to go whither he listed. In the course of another visit to Coppet, which lasted four months, Madame de Staël encouraged and assisted him to execute his favorite project; he journeyed by way of Turin and Florence, and on the 9th of December, 1809,

“saw,” as he says, “for the first time the Capital of the World.” Of his proceedings there no information is given; and Hitzig seems to know, by a letter merely, that he knelt with streaming eyes over the graves of St. Peter and St. Paul.

. Last Works.

What remains of this strange, eventful history may be briefly told. Werner accepted no special charge in the Church, but continued a private and secular priest; preaching diligently, but only where he himself saw good, oftenest at Vienna, but in summer over all parts of Austria, in Styria, Carinthia and even Venice. Everywhere, he says, the opinions of his hearers were “violently divided.” At one time he thought of becoming a monk, and had actually entered on a sort of novitiate; but he quitted the establishment rather suddenly, and, as he is reported to have said, “for reasons known only to God and himself.” By degrees his health grew very weak; yet he still labored hard both in public and private; writing or revising poems devotional or dramatic, preaching and officiating as father-confessor, in which latter capacity he is said to have been in great request. Of his poetical productions during this period there is none of any moment known to us except the *Mother of the Maccabees*, a tragedy of careful structure, and apparently in high favor with the author. By his critics, however, it is stamped as one of the worst of all his pieces, “a pale, bloodless, indeed quite ghost-like affair.” During his wanderings

were also written *Attila*, the *Twenty-fourth of February*, *Cunegunde* and various other pieces. The two first have been fairly and forcibly criticised by Madame de Staël. *Cunegunde* has a deep and genuine tragic interest, but is painfully protracted into the regions of pure horror, and this may be said of nearly all Werner's dramas, without detracting from their other merits.

Last Days.

Werner was now drawing toward his latter end; his health had long been undermined, and especially of late years he had suffered much from disorders of the lungs. In 1817 he was thought to be dangerously ill, and again in 1822, when a journey to the baths partially restored him, though he himself felt that his term was near, and spoke and acted like a man that was shortly to depart. In January, 1823, he was evidently dying; his affairs had been settled; much of his time he spent in prayer, and was constantly cheerful, at intervals even gay. "His death," says Hitzig, "was especially mild. On the eleventh day of his disorder he felt himself, particularly toward evening, as if altogether light and well; so that he would hardly consent to have any one to watch with him. The servant whose turn it was did watch, however; he had sat down by the bedside between two and three next morning, and continued there for a considerable while, in the belief that his patient was asleep. Surprised, however, that no breathing was to be heard, he hastily aroused the household, and it was found that Werner had passed away."

In imitation, it is thought, of Lipsius he bequeathed his pen to the treasury of the Virgin at Mariazell, "as a chief instrument of his aberrations, his sins and his repentance." He was honorably interred at Enzersdorf on the hill, where a simple inscription, composed by himself, begs the wanderer "to pray charitably for his poor soul;" and expresses a trembling hope that, as to Mary Magdalen, "because she loved much," so to him also "much may be forgiven."

Werner as a Writer.

In thus travelling over Zacharias Werner's life and works there has been noted from the former what seemed most characteristic, and gleaned from the latter some of the more curious passages, less indeed with a view to their intrinsic qualities than to their fitness for illustrating the man. As a writer, Werner's characteristics are sufficiently obvious. A richly gifted nature, but never wisely guided or resolutely applied; a loving heart; an intellect subtle and inquisitive, if not always clear and strong; a gorgeous, deep and bold imagination; a true, nay keen and burning, sympathy with all high, all tender and holy things; here lay the main element of no common poet; save only that one was wanting—the force to cultivate them and mold them into pure union. Werner cast a look into perhaps the very deepest region of the Wonderful; but he did not learn to live there; he was no denizen of that mysterious land; and, in his visions, its splendor is strangely mingled and overclouded with the flame or smoke of mere earthly fire. In his dramas,

with much to praise, there is always found more to censure. With his rhymed pieces, his shorter, more didactic poems, we are better satisfied; here we often find a strain of true pathos, and a deep though quaint significance.

On the whole, however, we must not pretend to understand Werner, or to analyze his works with scientific rigor. Acting often with only half-consciousness, he was always, in some degree, an enigma to himself, and may well be obscure to us. Above all, there are mysteries and unsounded abysses in every human heart, and that is but a questionable philosophy which undertakes so readily to explain them. Religious belief, especially, at least, when it seems heartfelt and well-intentioned, is no subject for harsh or irreverent investigation.

III.

The School of Fate Dramatists.

Among hundreds of early nineteenth century dramatists three stand prominent above the rest, and these are Grillparzer, Klingemann and Müllner, all of them "Fate dramatists," and, as leaders of their school, worthy of more than passing notice. They may also be accepted as excellent representatives of the playwright class, as distinguished from dramatists, their methods serving to illustrate the craft and procedure of all the rest. Though at one time extremely popular, Fate-tragedy is surely not a wholesome species of drama, and in connection therewith, the criticisms of Carlyle, already quoted, may be of interest, especially as they apply to much of recent tragedy and melodrama. In substance, and partly in phrase, they are as follows:

Popularity of Grillparzer.

The fact that Grillparzer was an Austrian, a nation by no means fertile in poets, may have contributed somewhat to his speedy celebrity. His dramas were extensively advertised, not only in German but in for-

eign, and especially in English, newspapers and magazines; nor were the notices too highly colored, as is too often the case; for Grillparzer was unquestionably a man of merit, and perhaps he should rather be classed as a dramatist than as a playwright.

There may be noticed in Grillparzer's works a vein of tenderness and grace, a seeming modesty and a real love of his art, giving promise of better things. But gods and men are rigid in condemning mediocrity, even when it is pleasing mediocrity, and there is nothing of Grillparzer's which rises perceptibly much above it. The choice of a profession was probably more his misfortune than his fault. Living in a country where the drama engrosses so much attention, he was led into attempting it without any decided qualifications for such an enterprise; and so his talent, which might have done good service in prose, or even in sonnet, elegy or other outlying province of poetry, was driven, as it were, in spite of fate, to write plays. Though regularly divided into scenes and separate speeches, these plays are essentially monological, and though swarming with characters, too often express only one character and that no very extraordinary one—the character of Franz Grillparzer. Unfortunately he met with much applause and no little profit in his chosen career, which, therefore, he continued to follow, let nature and his stars say what they would.

Ahnfrau.

Grillparzer appears to have tried various recipes for play-writing, and to his credit, be it said, that he was

little contented with any of them. One of the worst of his pieces was *Ahnfrau*, or the *Ancestress*, a deep tragedy of the Castle-Spectre type, the whole mechanism of which was discernible and condemnable at a single glance. It is nothing but the old story of Fate, an invisible Nemesis, visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children to the third and fourth generation. In his preface Grillparzer endeavors to palliate or deny the fact that he is a Fate-tragedian; but to no purpose, for it is a fact grounded on the testimony of the seven senses. It is worthy of note, however, that after this one trial he abandoned such compositions, and betook himself to better, or at least different, lines.

As to the story of the *Ahnfrau*, it is naturally of the most heart-rending description. The ancestress is a lady, or rather the ghost of a lady—for she has been defunct for several centuries—who in life had committed what is called an indiscretion, which the husband punished, one would have thought sufficiently, by running her through the body. Grillparzer, however, does not think it sufficient, but further dooms the fair penitent to walk as goblin till the last branch of her family becomes extinct. Accordingly she is heard, from time to time, slamming doors or such other pastimes as female goblins delight in, now and then appearing with goggle-eyes and other ghost appurtenances, to the terror not only of servant people, but of old Count Borotin, now her sole male descendant, whose afternoon naps she cruelly disturbs. This Count Borotin is really a very worthy, very prosy old gentleman. His son was not long before drowned in a fish pond, the body not

being discovered, and he has still a highly accomplished daughter, whom, as it seems, there is none to wed save one Jaromir, a person of unknown extraction and very slender purse, who, as it afterward turns out, is the head of a robber band, which had long infested the neighborhood. Presently a captain of foot arrives, utterly to root out these bandits, and then the strangest things come to light. Jaromir proves to be old Borotin's son, who, instead of being drowned, was stolen and brought up by the outlaws, the brother, therefore, of his intended. He is a most truculent fellow, who, fighting for his life, unwittingly kills his father, and drives his sister to poison herself.

All this cannot, of course, be accomplished without some jarring and tumult. In fact there is a frightful uproar everywhere at the end of the play—robbers dying, musketry discharging, women shrieking, men swearing, and the Ahnfrau herself emerging at intervals as the genius of the whole discord. But time and the hour bring relief, as they always do. Jaromir, in the long run, likewise succeeds in dying; whereupon the whole Borotin lineage having gone to the Devil, the Ancestress also retires thither, or at least rids the upper world of her presence. And so the piece ends in stillness, and we say to the Ahnfrau *requiescat, wherever she may be.*

King Ottokar.

But the Fate-method of manufacturing tragic emotion did not find favor with Grillparzer; for we hear

no more of it. His *King Ottokar's Fortune and End* is a much more innocent piece, and proceeds in quite a different strain, aiming to subdue us not by old women's fables, but by the accumulated splendor of thrones and principalities, the cruel or magnanimous pride of Austrian emperors and Bohemian conquerors, the wit of chivalrous courtiers and beautiful but shrewish queens; the whole set off by a proper admixture of coronation ceremonies, Hungarian dresses, whiskered halberdiers, alarms of battle, and the pomp and circumstance of glorious war. There is some attempt at delineating character; certain of the *dramatis personæ* are evidently intended to differ from certain others, not only in dress and name but in nature and mode of being; so much, indeed, they repeatedly assert, or hint, and try their best to make good, but unfortunately with indifferent success. In fact the *dramatis personæ* are rubrics and titles rather than individuals; for most part mere theatrical automata, with only a mechanical existence.

The model of *Ottokar* appears to have been Schiller's *Piccolomini*, but differing from it as a living rose differs from a mass of dead rose-leaves. It seems as though Grillparzer had hoped to attract us by a sufficient multitude of wonderful scenes and circumstances without inquiring whether the soul and meaning of them were presented to us or not. Herein lies the art of *Ottokar*; that its effect is calculated to depend chiefly on quantity, on the mere number of astonishments, and joyful or deplorable adventures brought to light; abundance in superficial contents being substituted for artistic inci-

dent. But this is agglomeration, not creation, and avails little in literature. Quantity will not make up for lack of quality; nor are the gayest hues of any service, unless there be a likeness painted from them. Better were it for *King Ottokar* had the story been half as long and twice as interesting.

It must be admitted that Grillparzer, if he could not make his *Ottokar* poetical, might have made it less prosaic, and that he was able to do better is manifested in several passages, especially in one where the king, with no prospect before him but death or captivity, thus soliloquizes on his past misdeeds:

I have not borne me wisely in thy World,
Thou great, all-judging God! Like storm and tempest,
I traversed thy fair garden, wasting it;
'Tis thine to waste, for thou alone canst heal.
Was evil not my aim; yet how did I,
Poor worm, presume to ape the Lord of Worlds,
And through the Bad seek out a way to the Good!
My fellow-man, sent thither for his joy,
An End, a Self, within thy World a World—
For thou hast fashioned him a marvellous work,
With lofty brow, erect in look, strange sense,
And clothed him in the garment of thy Beauty,
And wondrously encircled him with wonders.
He hears and sees and feels, has pain and pleasure;
He takes him food, and cunning powers come forth,
And work and work within their secret chambers,
And build him up his house; no royal palace
Is comparable to the frame of man!
And I have cast them forth from me by thousands,
From whims, as men throw rubbish from their door.
And none of all these slain but had a mother,
Who, as she bore him in sore travail,
Had clasped him fondly to her fostering breast;

A father who had blessed him as his pride,
And nurturing, watched over him long years.
And I have trod men down in heaps and squadrons,
For the stern iron opened out a way
To their warm, living hearts.—O God!
Wilt thou go into judgment with me, spare
My suffering people.

Sappho and Golden Fleece.

Passages of this sort, scattered here and there over Grillparzer's plays, show that he was not born to be merely a playwright. A true, though somewhat feeble, vein of poetic talent he really seemed to possess, and such purity of tone as might, with assiduous study, have led him into higher fields, for he was a conscientious man and an honest lover of art. His *Sappho* and *The Golden Fleece* were written on different principles to the *Ahnfrau* and *Ottokar*, aiming apparently at some classic model, or, at least, at some French reflex of such a model. *Sappho* is perhaps his most faultless production. There is a degree of grace and simplicity in it, a softness, polish and general good taste that could hardly be expected from the author of *Ahnfrau*. If he does not bring out the full tragic meaning of Sappho's situation, he contrives, with laudable dexterity, to avoid the ridicule that lies within a single step of it; his drama is a little weak and thin, but innocent, lovable and by no means lacking in poetical merit. His *Golden Fleece* is of similar character, indicating that Grillparzer might have made himself something more than a playwright or a second-rate dramatist. Though he had ad-

mirers, he followed so closely in the steps of Werner as to mar the effect of his superior versification.

Klingemann.

If it is doubtful whether Grillparzer should be classed among playwrights, no such hesitation can have place with regard to his contemporary, Doctor August Klingemann. Klingemann was one of the most indisputable of playwrights, so superlative in his vigor in this department that we might even designate him the playwright par excellence. His manner of proceeding was essentially different from Grillparzer's; not a wavering, ever-changing method or combination of methods, but a fixed principle of action, which he follows with unflinching courage, his own mind being, to all appearance, highly satisfied with it. If Grillparzer attempted to overpower us, now by the working of fate, now by pompous action and grandiloquent or lachrymose sentiment, heaped on us in too rich abundance, Klingemann, without neglecting any of these resources, seems to place his chief dependence on a surer and readier stay—on his magazines of rosin, oil-paper, vizards, scarlet drapery and gunpowder. What thunder and lightning, magic lantern transparencies, death's-heads, fire-showers and plush cloaks can do is here done. There is abundance of church-yard and chapel scenes, in the most tempestuous weather, to say nothing of battle-fields, gleams of scoured arms here and there in the wood, and even occasional shots heard in the distance. Then there are such scowls and malignant side-glances, ashy



opposite
the
water,
and
the
water
was
so
deep
that
she
had
to
swim
to
the
other
side.
She
had
been
in
the
water
long
enough
to
feel
her
clothes
heavy
and
wet.
She
had
been
in
the
water
long
enough
to
feel
her
clothes
heavy
and
wet.

“What
is
it?”

“It
is
Ahasuer.”

Ahasuer has saved Lady Hernyn from drowning, though as good as poisoned her with the look of his strange stony eyes.

KLINGEMANN'S AHASUER

ALLASUER SAVES LADY HEINYN

After an original painting by Carl Marr

palenesses, stamping and hysterics, as might, one would think, wring the toughest bosom into drops of pity. For not only are the looks and gestures of these people of the most heartrending description, but their words and feelings also are of a piece with them; gorgeous inflations, the purest innocence, highest magnanimity; god-like sentiment of all sorts; everywhere the finest tragic humor. The moral, too, is genuine; there is the most anxious regard for virtue; indeed, a distinct patronage both of Providence and the Devil. In this manner does Doctor Klingemann compound his dramatic electuaries, and truly we must say that their operation is nowise unpleasant; nay, if any man wishes merely to amuse himself without caring for instruction, he will here be abundantly satisfied.

Ahasuer.

One of Klingemann's most popular dramatic works is *Ahasuer*, a purely original invention, on which he seems to pride himself somewhat, confessing his opinion that the character of Ahasuer may do good service in many a future drama. Ahasuer is no other than the Wandering Jew or Shoemaker of Jerusalem, concerning whom there are two things to be remarked. The first is, why do Klingemann and all the Germans call the man Ahasuer, when his authentic christian name is John. The second is that no historian or narrator makes any mention of Ahasuer's being present at the battle of Lützen, where Klingemann places him. Possibly they thought the fact too notorious to need mention. Here, at all events, he was; nay, as we infer he must have

been at Waterloo also, and probably at Trafalgar, though in which fleet is not so clear, for he takes a hand in all great battles and national emergencies; at least, is witness of them, being bound to it by his destiny. Such is the peculiar occupation of the Wandering Jew, as brought to light in this tragedy. His other specialties—that he cannot lodge above three nights in one place; that he is of a melancholic temperament; above all, that he cannot die, not even by hemp or steel, or prussic acid itself, but must travel on till the great consummation—are familiar to all historical readers. Ahasuer's task at this battle of Lützen seems to have been a very easy one, simply to see the Lion of the North brought down, not by a cannon-shot, as is generally believed, but by the traitorous pistol-bullet of one Heinyn von Warth, a bigoted Catholic, who had pretended to desert from the Imperialists, that he might find some such opportunity. Unfortunately, Heinyn, directly after this feat, falls into a sleepless, half-rabid state; comes home to Castle Warth, frightens his poor wife and worthy old noodle of a father; then skulks about for some time, now praying, often cursing and swearing, till at length the Swedes lay hold of him and kill him. Ahasuer, as usual, is in at the death; in the interim, however, he has saved Lady Heinyn from drowning, though as good as poisoned her with the look of his strange, stony eyes; and now his business, to all appearances being over, he signifies in strong language that he must be gone. Thereupon “he steps solemnly into the wood; Wasaburg looks after him, surprised; the rest kneel around the corpse; the Requiem faintly con-

tinues," and after some further sensational scenes the curtain falls.

Such is the simple action and stern catastrophe of this tragedy, concerning which it were superfluous to speak further in the way of criticism. In the published play there is a dreadful lithographic print, representing "Ludwig Devrient as Ahasuer, in that very act of stepping solemnly into the wood, and muttering these final words: Ich aber wandle weiter-weiter-weiter." Herr Devrient was one of the best actors in Germany, and, if there be truth in this plate, he must have been one of the ablest-bodied men; a most truculent, raw-boned figure, with bare legs and red-leather shoes, huge black beard, eyes turned inside out, and muttering those extraordinary words: "But I go on—on—on."

Klingemann's Faust.

But Klingemann's chief performance was his tragedy of *Faust*, concerning which he admits that the subject has been often treated before, that Goethe's *Faust*, in particular, has "dramatic points;" but he proposes to give it an entire dramatic superficies, to make it a "genuinely dramatic" tragedy. Setting forth with this laudable intention, Klingemann has produced a *Faust* which differs from that of Goethe in many particulars. The hero of this play is not the old Faust, doctor of philosophy, driven desperate by the uncertainty of human knowledge; but plain John Faust, the printer and the inventor of gunpowder, driven desperate by his ambitious temper and a total deficiency of cash. He has

an excellent wife, an excellent blind father, both of whom would have him be peaceable and work at his trade; but, being an adept in the black art, he determines to relieve himself in that way. Accordingly, he proceeds to make a contract with the Devil, on what we should consider very advantageous terms, the Devil being bound to serve him in the most effectual manner, and Faust at liberty to commit four mortal sins before a hair of his head can be harmed. But the latter finds himself jockeyed in the long run.

Another characteristic distinction of Klingemann's is his manner of embodying the Evil Principle, when at last he introduces him to sight; for all these contracts and preliminary matters are managed behind the scenes, only the main points in the transaction being indicated to the spectator by some thunderclap or the like. Here is no cold, mocking Mephistopheles, but a swaggering, jovial, West India looking "Stranger," with a rubicund, brick-colored face, which Faust at first attributes to the effect of hard drinking. It is, however, remarked of this Stranger that, on the introduction of any religious topic, or the mention of any sacred name, he always strikes his glass down on the table, and usually breaks it.

For some time after the bargain Faust's affairs go on triumphantly; he has plenty of money and all else that his heart desires. But the Stranger shows him his future wife, Helena, the most enchanting creature in the world, and the most cruel-hearted; for, notwithstanding the easy temper of her prospective husband, she will not grant Faust the smallest encouragement until he has killed Käthe, his own living helpmate,

against whom he entertains no manner of grudge. Nevertheless, recollecting that he has a stock of four mortal sins to draw upon, and may well venture one for such a prize, he determines on the deed. But here matters take a bad turn, for, having poisoned poor Käthe, he discovers that she is in the family way, and therefore, he has committed not one sin, but two. Before the interment can take place he is further induced, in a sort of accidental self-defense, to kill his father, thus accomplishing his third mortal sin, with which, as it proves, his whole allotment is exhausted, for the fourth, that he knows not of, is already on the score against him. From this point bad grows worse; black masks dance around him in a most suspicious manner; the brick-faced stranger seems to laugh at him, and Helena will nowhere make her appearance. The seventh scene of Klingemann's *Faust* is in a lighted hall, with dance music heard in the distance. Masks pass over the stage, all dressed in black, and with visards perfectly close. Faust plunges wildly in, with a full goblet in his hand, and rushes to the foreground:

Ha! Poison, 'stead of wine, that I intoxicate me!
Your wine makes sober—burning fire bring us!
Off with your drink!—and blood is in it, too! (Shuddering he dashes the goblet from his hand.)
My father's blood—I've drunk my fill of that!
Yet curses on him! curses that he begot me!
Curse on my mother's bosom that it bore me!
Curse on the gossip crone that stood by her,
And did not strangle me at my first scream!
How could I help this being that was given me?
Accursed art thou, Nature, thou hast mock'd me!

Accursed I that let myself be mock'd!—
And thou strong Being, that to make the sport,
Enclosed'st the fire-soul in this dungeon,
That so despairing it might strive for freedom—

(Here three masks approach him.)

First Mask.—Hey! merry friend!

Second Mask.—Hey! merry brother!

Faust.—(Looking at them with wild humor.) Hey! merry, then!

First Mask.—Will any one catch flies?

Second Mask.—A long life yet; to midnight all the way!

Third Mask.—And after that, such pleasure without end!
(The music ceases, and a clock strikes thrice.)

Faust.—(Astonished.) What is it?

First Mask.—Wants a quarter, sir, of twelve.

Second Mask.—Then we have time.

Third Mask.—Ay, time enough for jiggling!

First Mask.—And not till midnight comes the shot to pay!

Faust.—(Shuddering.) What want ye?

First Mask.—(Clasping his hand.) Hey! to dance a step with thee!

Faust.—(Plucking his hand away.) Off!—Fire!

First Mask.—Tush! A spark or so of brimstone!

Second Mask.—Art dreaming, brother?

Third Mask.—Holla! Music there! (The music begins again in the distance.)

First Mask.—The spleen is biting him!

Second Mask.—Hark! at the gallows,
What jovial footing of it!

Third Mask.—Thither must I go. (Exit.)

First Mask.—Below, too, down in Purgatory! Hear ye?

Second Mask.—A stirring there? 'Tis time, then. Hui, your servant!

First Mask.—(To Faust.) Till midnight!

Faust.—(Clasping his brow). Ha! What begirds me here?
(Stepping vehemently forward. Violent knocking without.)

Down with your masks!
What horrid uproar next!
Is madness coming on me?

Voice.—(Violently, from without.) Open in the king's name!
(The music ceases; thunderclap.)

Faust.—(Staggers back.) I have a heavy dream. Sure 'tis not doomsday?

Voice.—(As before.) Here is the murderer! Open! Open, then!

Faust.—(Wipes his brow.) Has agony unmanned me?

SCENE EIGHTH.

Bailiffs.—Where is he? Where?

From these merely terrestrial constables, the jovial Stranger easily delivers Faust; but now comes the long looked for tête-à-tête with Helena.

In the eighth scene the bailiffs enter, but from these merely terrestrial constables the jovial Stranger easily delivers Faust. In the twelfth scene comes the long expected tête-à-tête with Helena.

(Faust leads Helena on the stage. She also is closely masked. The other masks withdraw.)

Faust.—(Warm and glowing.) No longer strive, proud beauty!

Helena.— Ha, wild stormer!

Faust.—My bosom burns!

Helena.— The time has not yet come.

And so forth, through several pages of flame and ice, till at last,

Faust.—(Insisting.) Off with the mask, then!

Helena.—(Wildly.) Hey! the marriage hour!

Faust.—Off with the mask!

Helena.—

'Tis striking!

Faust.—

One kiss!

Helena.—

Take it!

(The mask and head-dress fall from her; she grins at him from a death's-head; louder thunder; and the music ends as with a shriek.)

Faust.—(Staggers back.) O horror!

Helena.— The couch is ready, there.

Come, bridegroom, to thy fire-nuptials!

(She sinks, with a crashing thunder-peal, into the ground, out of which issue flames.)

All this is bad enough; but mere child's play to the last scene, some parts of which are here subjoined.

SCENE THIRTEENTH.

(The Stranger hurls Faust, whose face is deadly pale, back to the stage, by the hair.)

Faust.—Ha, let me fly! Come! come!

Stranger.—(With wild, thundering tone.) 'Tis over now.

Faust.—That horrid visage!

(Throwing himself in a tremor on the Stranger's breast.)

Thou art my friend.

Protect me!

Stranger.—(Laughing aloud). Ha! ha! ha!

Faust.—

O save me!

Stranger.—(Clutches Faust with irresistible force; whirls him round, so that his face is toward the spectators, while his own is turned away; and thus he looks at him, and bawls with thundering voice:) 'Tis I!

(A clap of thunder. Faust, with gestures of deepest horror, rushes to the ground, uttering an inarticulate cry. The other, after a pause, continues with stinging sarcasm:)

Is that the mighty Hell-subduer (With highest contempt.)
 That threatened me?—ha! Me!
 Worm of the dust!
 I had reserved thy torment for—myself!
 Descend to other hands, be sport for slaves—
 Thou art too small for me!

Faust.—(Rises erect, and seems to recover himself.) Am I not Faust?

Stranger.—Thou, no!

Faust.—(Rising in his whole strength.) Accursed! Ha, I am!
 I am! Down at my feet! I am thy master!

Stranger.— No more!

Faust.—(Wildly.) More? Ha! My bargain!

Stranger.— Is concluded!

Faust.—Three mortal sins—

Stranger.— The fourth, too, is committed.

Faust.—My wife, my child, and my old father's blood!

Stranger.—(Holds up a parchment to him.) And here thy own!

Faust.— That is my covenant.

Stranger.—This signature—was thy most damning sin.

Faust.—(Raging.) Hamspirit of lies!

Stranger.—(In highest fury) Down, thou accursed!

(He drags him by the hair toward the background; at this moment, amid violent thunder and lightning, the scene changes into a horrid wilderness, in the background of which is a yawning chasm; into this the devil hurls Faust; on all sides fire rains down, so that the whole interior of the cavern seems burning; a black veil descends over both, so soon as Faust is got under.)

Faust.—(Huzzaing in wild defiance.) Ha, down! Down!

(Thunder, lightning and fire. Both sink. The curtain falls.)

On considering all these supernatural transactions, the bewildered reader can hardly account for them in

any other way than that Faust must have labored under obstructions in the epigastric region, and all this of the Devil and Helena, and so much murder and carousing, have been nothing but a waking dream, or other atrabilious phantasm.

Such, then, for Klingemann's part, is his method of constructing tragedies; to which method it may perhaps be objected that there is a want of originality in it. Klingemann may, indeed, claim credit, if not for his plan, at least for superior execution; but his claim to originality would seem to rest on a different ground, namely, his entire contentment with himself and his dramaturgy; and the cool heroism with which, on all occasions, he avows that contentment. Here is no poor cowering underfoot dramatist, begging the public for God's sake not to give him the whipping which he deserves; but a bold perpendicular playwright, avowing himself as such; nay, mounted on the top of his joinery, and therefrom exercising a sharp critical superintendence over the German drama generally. Finally he became manager of the Brunswick theatre, a post for which he seemed eminently fitted.

Müllner.

And now we come to another and greater doctor, whose seven beautiful volumes of *Dramatische Werke* might well secure him a better reception. Of all the Fate-dramatists Doctor Müllner was the best known, both at home and abroad, some of his works having been translated into the English language. In his own

country, his fame, or at least his notoriety, was supreme over all; no playwright of his age made such a reputation; nay, many there are who affirmed that he was something far better than a playwright. Critics of the lower magnitude, in every corner of Germany, put the question a thousand times, whether Müllner was not a poet and dramatist? This question, as the higher authorities maintain an obstinate silence, or if much pressed, reply only in groans, these low-grade critics have been obliged to answer themselves; and they have done it with an emphasis and vociferation calculated to dispel all remaining doubt in the minds of men. In Müllner's mind, at least, they left little; a conviction the more excusable, as the play-going public seemed to be almost unanimous in sharing it, and thunders of applause nightly through so many theatres returned him loud acclaim. Such renown is pleasant food for the hungry appetite of such a man, and naturally he rolls it as a sweet morsel under his tongue; but after all it can profit him but little; nay, many times what is sugar to the taste may be sugar-lead when swallowed. Better were it for Müllner, had fainter thunders of applause, and from fewer theatres, greeted him.

The Fair Albanese.

One of the most famous of Müllner's tragedies, the *Albanäserinn*, or *Fair Albanese*, is a palpable imitation of Schiller's *Braut von Messina*, and without any philosophy or feeling that was not either perfectly commonplace or perfectly false, often both the one and the

other; inflated indeed into a certain hollow bulk, but altogether without greatness, being built throughout on mere rant and clangor, and other elements of the most indubitable prose. Nor is it possible to speak more favorably of his other dramatic works published in these seven volumes, on beautiful paper, in small shape, and every way very fit for handling.

But in classing Müllner as distinctly a playwright it is only fair to add that in general intellectual talent he shows himself very considerably superior to his German brethren of the craft. He has a much better taste than Klingemann, rejecting the aid of plush and gunpowder, we may say, altogether; is even at the pains to rhyme a great part of his tragedies, and, on the whole, writes with a certain care and decorous composure, to which the Brunswick manager seems totally indifferent. Moreover, he seems to surpass Grillparzer, as well as Klingemann, in a certain force both of judgment and passion, which, indeed, is no great affair, Grillparzer being naturally but a treble-pipe in these matters, and Klingemann blowing through such an enormous coach-horn that the natural note goes for nothing, becomes a mere vibration in that all-subduing volume of sound. At the same time it is singular enough that neither Grillparzer nor Klingemann should be nearly such tough reading as Müllner.

Müllner seems to be a singularly oppressive writer, and perhaps for the reason that he hovers too near the verge of good writing, ever tempting us with the hope that here is a touch of poetry, and ever disappointing us with a touch of the purest prose. A stately senti-

ment comes tramping forth with a clank that sounds poetic and heroic; we start in breathless expectation, waiting to reverence the heavenly guest; and, alas, he proves but to be a stager dressed in new buckram, a stager well known to us; nay, often a stager that has been drummed out of most well-regulated communities. So it is ever with Doctor Müllner; no feeling can be traced in him much deeper than the tongue; or, perhaps, when we search more strictly, instead of an ideal of beauty, we shall find some vague aim after strength, or in defect of this, after mere size. And yet how cunningly he manages the counterfeit!

A Gruesome Tragedy.

But the great question with regard to Müllner, as with regard to the other playwrights, is where lies his peculiar sleight-of-hand in this craft? Let us endeavor, then, to find out his secret—his recipe for play-making. There is nothing mysterious about it; it floats, indeed, on the very surface; might even be taught, one would suppose, on a few trials to men of very moderate capacity. In a preceding volume has been given in full Werner's powerful but gruesome Fate-drama, *The Twenty-fourth of February*. As will be remembered, it is a story of a Swiss peasant and a bankrupt, called Kurt Kuruh, and his wife and a rich travelling stranger lodged with them, which latter is, on this night of the twenty-fourth of February, wilfully murdered by the two former, and proves himself, in the act of dying, to be their only son, who had returned home to make them all com-

fortable, could they have had only a little more patience. But the foul deed is already accomplished, with a rusty scythe or knife, and nothing remains but for the whole batch to go to perdition. For it was written, as the Arabs say, "on the iron leaf," these Kuruhs are doomed men. Old Kuruh, the grandfather, had committed some sin or other, for which, like the sons of Atreus, his descendants are prosecuted with the utmost rigor.

The Twenty-ninth of February.

Müllner acknowledges his obligations to Werner, but not half warmly enough. Werner was, in fact, the making of him; for, great as he became, our doctor was nothing but a mere mistletoe growing from that poor oak, itself already half dead. Had there been no *Twenty-fourth of February*, there were then no *Twenty-ninth of February*, no *Schuld*, no *Abanäserinn*, most probably no *König Yngard*. For Doctor Müllner, already middle-aged, and as yet entirely unversed in the drama, began business with a copy of the *Twenty-fourth*, borrowing from it his *Twenty-ninth*, a thing proceeding by destiny and ending in murder, by a knife or scythe, as in the Kuruh case; with one improvement, indeed, that there was a grindstone introduced into the scene, and the spectator had the privilege of seeing the knife previously whetted. The author, too, was honest enough to admit publicly his imitation, for he named this play the *Twenty-ninth of February*, and in his preface gave thanks, though somewhat reluctantly, to Werner, as his master and originator.

For some inscrutable reason this *Twenty-ninth* was not sent to the green-grocer, but became popular; there was even the weakest of parodies written on it, entitled *Eumenides Gloomy*, which Müllner reprinted; there was likewise a wish expressed that the termination might be made joyous, not grievous, with which also the indefatigable wright complied; and so, for the benefit of weak nerves, we have the *Wahn* or *Delusion*, which still ends in tears, but glad ones. In short, the doctor has a peculiar merit with this *Twenty-ninth* of his; for who but he could have cut a second and a third face on the same cherrystone, said cherrystone having first to be borrowed, or, indeed, half stolen?

Imitation of Werner.

At this point Doctor Müllner apparently began to set up for himself, and ever henceforth he endeavors to persuade his own mind and ours that here his debt to Werner terminates. Nevertheless, it is sufficiently clear that fresh debt was every day accumulating. This one Wernerean idea seems to have taken complete hold of the doctor's mind, so that he was quite possessed with it, and could find no other motive. That on a certain month and a certain day of the month a man shall fall into crime, for which an invisible Fate shall silently pursue him, punishing the transgression probably on the same day of the same month annually—unless, as in the Twenty-ninth, it is leap year, and Fate is thus cheated for a time—and never resting until the poor wight himself, and perhaps his last descendant shall be

swept away with the besom of destruction. Such, more or less disguised, but frequently without any disguise, is the tragic essence, the vital principle of all Müllner's dramas. In his *Twenty-ninth of February* we have the principle in its naked state. Some old woodcutter or forester has fallen into deadly sin with his wife's sister, long ago, on that intercalary day, and so his old progeny must, wittingly or unwittingly, proceed in incest and murder; the day of the catastrophe regularly occurring every four years, on the same twenty-ninth, until happily all are murdered, and there is an end. So likewise in the *Schuld*, a much more ambitious performance, we have exactly the same doctrine of an anniversary, and the interest once more turns on that delightful business of murder and incest. In the *Albanäserin*, again, which may have the credit, such as it is, of being Müllner's best play, we find the Fate theory only a trifle colored, as if the drug had begun to disgust, and the doctor would hide it in a spoonful of syrup. It is a dying man's curse that operates on the criminal, which curse being strengthened by a sin of very old standing in the family, takes singular effect, the parties only escaping parricide, fratricide, and the old story of incest by two self-banishments and two very decisive self-murders.

König Yngard.

It seems as if the doctor could not write at all without this Fate panacea; in *König Yngard* he appears to have made such an attempt and found it would not answer. König Yngard, an imaginary peasant-king of

Norway, is intended, as we are informed, to present us with some adumbration of Napoleon Bonaparte; and truly for two or three acts he goes along with no small gallantry, in what a drill-sergeant would call a dashing style, a very virtuous kind of a man and as bold as the Cid. But suddenly, in the midst of a battle, far on in the play, he is seized with some caprice or qualm, retires to a solitary place among the rocks, and there, in a most gratuitous manner, delivers himself over, *viva voce*, to the Devil, who, indeed, does not appear personally to take seisin of him, but, as afterward comes to light, has with great readiness accepted the gift. For now Yngard grows dreadfully wicked and sulky, doing little henceforth but bullying men and killing them, till at length, the measure of his iniquities being full, he is himself bullied and killed; and the author, carried through by his sovereign tragic elixir, ends his play with reasonable comfort.

Müllner's Fate-Scheme.

This, then, is Doctor Müllner's dramatic mystery; this is the one patent hook by which he would hang his tragedies on the spiritual world, and so establish for himself a free communication, almost as if by block and tackle, between the visible prose Earth and the invisible poetic Heaven. The greater or less merit of this, his invention, or rather improvement—for Werner is the real patentee—gave rise to extensive argument. The small deer of criticism seemed to be much divided on this point, and the higher orders refusing to throw any

light on it, the subject was discussed with an eagerness which it never deserved. As a recipe for dramatic tears, it may be ranked perhaps a shade higher than the page's split onion in the *Taming of the Shrew*. Craftily hid in a handkerchief, this onion was sufficient for the deception of Christopher Sly, in that way attaining its object; which also the Fate invention seems to have done with the Christopher Slys of Germany, and these not a few but many. To this onion superiority the doctor is fairly entitled, and with this, perhaps, it were good for him had he remained content.

Müllner as a Journalist.

Besides his dramatic labors, Doctor Müllner was known to the public as a journalist, dealing chiefly with dramatic affairs. For some considerable time he edited a literary paper of his own originating, the *Mitternacht-Blatt*, or *Midnight Paper*, in which capacity he shows to more advantage; indeed, the journalistic office seems quite natural to him, and here was the arena in which, and not in Fate-drama, he should have continued to fence for bread or glory. He was not without a vein of wit; a certain degree of drollery there was, of grinning half risible, half impudent; he had a fair hand at the feebler sort of lampoon; the German Joe Millers also seemed familiar to him, and his skill in the riddle was respectable; so that altogether he makes a superior figure in this line, and his *Mitternacht-Blatt* was, by several degrees, the most readable paper of its kind in that country. Not that, in the abstract, there was much

to admire in Doctor Müllner's newspaper procedure; his style was merely the common tavern style, familiar enough in periodical literature; riotous, blustering, with some tincture of blackguardism; a half-dishonest style, and smelling strongly of tobacco and spirituous liquor. Neither was there the smallest fraction of valuable knowledge or opinion communicated in the *Midnight Paper*; indeed, except it be that Doctor Müllner was a great dramatist, and that all who presumed to think otherwise were insufficient members of society, there was little knowledge or opinion of any kind. It may also be said that the doctor was not perfectly original in his journalistic methods; his light was, to a certain extent, a borrowed one, as it were; a rush-light kindled at the great pitch-link of *Blackwood's Magazine*, then probably the most influential publication in Europe.

Such journalists as Müllner—and the class is by no means extinct at the present day—are like the Academician's colony of spiders. This French virtuoso had discovered that cobwebs were worth something, that they could even be woven into silk stockings; whereupon he exhibits a very handsome pair of cobweb hose to the Academy, is encouraged to proceed with the manufacture, and so collects some half bushel of spiders, and puts them in a spacious loft, with every convenience for making silk. But in place of spinning, they take to fighting with the utmost vigor, utterly regardless of the Academician's attempts to part them, and they make no end until there is only one spider left alive, and not a shred of cobweb woven or henceforth to be expected. Could the weavers of paragraphs, like

those of the cobwebs, fairly exterminate and silence one another, it would be less intolerable.

Foreign Criticism.

But the majority of foreign, and especially of American, critics are not disposed to speak evil of German playwrights and journalists; for they feel too well that the Germans might say to them: "Friend, sweep thy own floor!" It is not affirmed that the Fate dramatists, or their journalistic admirers, are to be specially condemned. On the contrary, since there must be playwrights, these are among the best of the class. So long as it pleases them or their successors to manufacture in this line, and any sufficient body of German Thebans is willing to pay them in groschen or plaudits for their ware, we can only say let both parties persist in so doing, and fair befall them.

Both England and the United States have learned much from the German stage, and not the least popular of the countless translations and adaptations from that source are some of the works of the Fate tragedians; but of such do not consist the more valuable contributions from the dramatic literature of the Fatherland.

IV.

The Suabian School.

The depression in dramatic, as in other forms of literature, which followed the German war of Liberation, cannot be ascribed altogether to the Romantic school and to the Fate drama. Neither the poetry of the classic era nor the Romantic poetry which followed fairly represented popular literature. The plays of Kotzebue, of Werner, Müllner, and other Fate dramatists, followed later by those of Raupach, were most in favor on the stage. In fiction there were the sensational stories of Hoffmann and Clauren, while Häring and Van der Velde supplied a large demand for imitations of Sir Walter Scott. The chief exceptions to the prevailing dullness were Ludwig Uhland and his friends of the Suabian school, whose poetry was at once romantic, national, and popular. Though their first impulse came from the Romantic school, they were at least progressive, showing a strong interest in the affairs of social and political life. Uhland was a poet before he was twenty, and two at least of his finest poems were written at an earlier age, to say nothing of his contributions in verse to the *Zeitung für Einsiedler* and other

periodicals, all of which were well received, and afterward eagerly sought for.

Uhland.

Johann Ludwig Uhland was a native of Tübingen, where he was born in 1787, and after graduating as a doctor of laws in the university of that town, was appointed professor of German literature. He began his career as a poet by writing ballads and lyrics, which were first published in periodicals and then collected in a volume entitled *Gedichte*. This at once gained for him a wide circle of readers; so that new editions were frequently called for, to all of which he added fresh poems, the sixtieth edition, published in 1875, containing a number of pieces found among his papers. His dramas, *Ernst, Duke of Suabia* and *Ludwig, the Bavarian*, are founded on mediæval history, and though the former became extremely popular, these are not his best works.

In youth no one felt more strongly than did Uhland the influence of Romanticism, then in its fullest tide, and it was as one of its disciples that, during the turmoil of the Napoleonic wars, he went to Paris to study mediæval manuscripts. In 1813, he sang, as did Körner and Arndt, the uprising of the German people. After the downfall of Napoleon his attention was diverted to politics, and his writings were directed against the petty despotism which, after the foreign domination, sought to reëstablish itself in Southern Germany. Then he began to give new direction to the Romantic school, for-

saking its intense subjectivity, and showing nothing of the dreamy, yearning, ideal indistinctness which was its most essential characteristic. Instead he gave due respect to the outer world, and once more there appeared in German literature the simplicity, truth and unaffected grace of the *volks-lied*. For the most part his subjects are simple and strongly addressed to our sympathies; his verse is sometimes pensive and sometimes humorous, but usually cheerful and abounding in love of nature. Probably he was at his best when treating of some mediæval theme, catching the spirit of the old minstrels whose songs he loved so well. Of this kind are his *Ernst*, *Duke of Suabia*, and many of his most stirring ballads.

Uhland's lyrical and lyric-epic poetry tell of no expansive or eventful life. It leads us into a picturesque region haunted by knights and dames in mediæval costumes, or to some pleasant valley in Suabia, inhabited by pleasant, honest people, dwelling among their gardens and orchards, their flowers and their children. In his best pieces he tells a story very briefly, suggests its appropriate scenery and expresses well its pervading sentiments. It is one of his merits that, without writing in a didactic strain, he can suggest some wholesome thought while penning his verses, as in the following, where a robber steps out of a forest and is disarmed by the aspect of innocence:

The robber chief, one April day,
Looks out from the forest dim;
Fearless, on her woodland way
Walks a maiden fair and slim.

"If, instead of flowers,"
Said the forest chieftain wild,
"You bore the jewels of a king,
You should pass unhurt, my child!"

Then he gazed, with musing face,
While the maiden, with a song,
Through the solitary place
To her hamlet passed along;

Till, at home, amid the bloom
Of her garden-flowers she stood—
Then he stepped into the gloom
Of the silent fir-tree wood.

In other poems the author leads us into dream-land, or into the weird enchanted forest, where "Harald" is transformed into a statue. It may be that the tale is told only for the sake of the scenery; but the meaning seems in part to be that warriors who have escaped from all the dangers of open battle may be overcome in places where they see nothing whatever to be feared:

Before his warlike company rode Harald, hero bold;
They travelled through the forest wild, in moonlight still and cold.

Their banners, won in many a fight, were waving in the air;
Their battle songs were echoed back from mountains bleak and bare.

Then the ballad tells how all the company, except Harald, were led away by beautiful elves into fairy-land. Their leader, after escaping from one snare, falls

into another. He stays to drink at an enchanted fountain, and as soon as he has quenched his thirst, falls into a deep trance. In the lines that follow, of which only a quatrain is here given, is shown the perfection of Uhland's ballad poetry, in all its classical ripeness, as the result of careful study and sound critical judgment:

And there he sleeps upon that stone, a hundred years away—
His head reclining on his breast—his hair and beard are gray.

When lightnings flash and thunders roll, and all the woods
have roared,
He startles in his long, long dream, and grasps his idle sword.

In common with the writers of the Romantic school, Uhland found in the middle ages the subjects which appealed most strongly to his imagination. But his style has a precision, suppleness and grace which sharply distinguish his most characteristic writings from those of the Romantic poets. His best poems have the charm which belong to the most unaffected expression of delicate sentiment; and in almost all his ballads he displays a remarkable power of giving picturesque form to his conceptions of character. He was a man of pure and noble impulse, and it was in presenting scenes which awaken love or admiration or pity that he did the fullest justice to his powers. His poetic sympathy with the age of chivalry did not prevent him from sharing the best aspirations of his own time. He wrote manly poems in defense of freedom, and in the state assembly of Württemburg he played a distinguished part as one of the

most vigorous and consistent of the liberal members. After a long and honorable career he died in 1862, at the age of seventy-five.

Uhland's Successors.

Of all the other writers of the Suabian school, their best characteristics are to be found in Uhland's poetry. Gustav Schwab, pastor of a church at Stuttgart, was one of those who rendered good service to the national literature, and in his case more perhaps by prose writings than by poetry. The former includes an excellent biography of Schiller, a bibliography of German literature and anthologies of German prose and verse; the latter, consisting chiefly of songs and ballads, are essentially Christian, as well as essentially national in tone. Justinus Kerner may be classed with Uhland's followers, but only as to his ballads and lyrics; for his other works run so far into the region of dreams and mysteries that he might have prefixed to them the motto of an old Scottish author:

Of brownies and of bogles full is this buick.

Nevertheless it was as a writer on visionary subjects, as the author of spectral ballads—though he also wrote popular songs and humorous fictions in prose—that Kerner gained his wide reputation. One of his poems has the alarming title, *Incursions from the Ghostly World into the Sphere of Human Life*. Of his milder stories of apparitions, some of which are not displeasing, the following may serve as a specimen:

In the mild-beaming, blossoming month of May,
The maidens of Tübingen dance and play.

They danced one eve, as the day grew pale,
Round the old lime in the Neckar vale.

There came a young stranger, proudly arrayed,
And led to the dance the fairest maid.

To the dance as the maiden, deep-blushing, he led,
A sea-green chaplet he placed on her head.

“Young stranger! oh, why is your hand so white?”
—In the water the sunbeams lose their might.

He leads down the dance far away from the tree;
—“List, stranger! my mother is calling for me.”

He leads her along by the Neckar’s side—
“Oh leave me, oh leave me!” the maiden cried.

He clasps her, and presses her close to his side—
“Fair maid, thou shalt be the Water-sprite’s bride.”

They dance till they come to the Neckar’s brink—
“O father! O mother!” she cries as they sink.

To his hall of crystal he leads her pale—
“Adieu! O my sisters in yonder green vale!”

Chamisso.

Wilhelm Müller was one of the best of Uhland’s many disciples, as also, so far as his earlier poems are concerned, was August Heinrich Hoffmann, whose political verses and *Songs for Children* made him, about the middle of the nineteenth century, one of the most popular of German poets. Still another of Uhland’s followers was the Frenchman, Adalbert von Chamisso,

a member of an old and aristocratic French family, expelled from France by the revolution in which they lost their estates. Adalbert, who was then only nine years of age, went with his parents to Berlin, and afterward entered the Prussian army. He accompanied Otto von Kotzebue, brother of August von Kotzebue, the dramatist, in a voyage round the world, and on his return received a municipal appointment in Berlin, where he died in 1838. He was a man of dignified and amiable character, but stood aloof from the world in his life, as in his life-work. By living always as a recluse was greatly intensified the natural melancholy of his temperament, which often finds expression in his poems.

Chamisso is remarkably versatile in his choice of themes, and, like Heine, can tell a story concisely; but he too often writes gloomy tragedy, as in *The Crucifix* and *Matteo Falcone*. The tone maintained in these stories is strongly contrasted with the gentle and sentimental character of the lyrical poems included under the title *Frauen-Liebe und Leben*.

"I am a Frenchman in Germany," Chamisso once said, "a Catholic among Protestants, and a Protestant among Catholics." His prose story of *Peter Schlemihl* —the man who lost his shadow—gives expression to the author's own feeling of solitude. It is more popular than any of his poems, and has been translated into several European languages. Many have asked what could be intended by the shadow. Some have said that it represents the author's native land; others, that it was written only for the amusement of children; but it would also seem to be intended as an allegory of the

poet's life. One of the beauties of the story is its artful blending of fantastic adventure with serious interest.

The hero of the tale tells us how he sold his own shadow for an inexhaustible bag of money, and how he found out, when it was too late, that serious annoyances followed this remarkable bargain:

"Done!" said I, taking the bag, "for this good purse you shall have my shadow." The man in the gray frock instantly struck the bargain, and kneeling down before me, he with admirable dexterity, rolled up my shadow from head to foot on the grass, and put it into his pocket. As he walked away I fancied that I heard him inwardly chuckling, as if he had outwitted me, but I never realized the consequences of my bargain before it was done. Now I stood, astonished and bewildered, in the full glare of sunshine, and without a shadow! When I recovered my senses, I hastened to leave the place. Having filled my pockets with gold pieces, I put the cord of the purse around my neck, and hid it in my bosom. Then I escaped unnoticed from the park, found the public road, and walked toward the town. I was lost in reverie until I approached the gate, when I heard a scream behind me, and looking round saw an old woman, who followed me and cried out, "Why, sir—sir, you have lost your shadow." I was really obliged to the old body for reminding me of my case; so I threw to her a few gold pieces, and then stepped into the deep shade under some trees. But when I arrived at the town gate, my memory of the strange bargain was again refreshed as I heard the sentry mutter, "Where has the gentleman left his shadow?" As I hastened along the street,

I passed two women, one of whom exclaimed, "Blessed Mary, preserve us! that man has no shadow." I hastened away from them and contrived to keep in the shadow of the houses until I came to a wide part of the street which I must cross in order to arrive at my lodgings; but most unhappily, just as I passed into the broad glare of the sunshine, a day-school was turning out its crowd of unruly boys, and a wicked high-shouldered little imp immediately detected my imperfection. "Ha! ha!" he shouted maliciously, "here's a curiosity! Men generally have shadows when the sun shines. Look, boys, look at the gentleman with no shadow." Enraged, I threw about me a handful of money to disperse the boys, and then called a hackney-coach, into which I leapt, to hide myself from my fellow creatures.

The sentiment of solitude that gives interest to fantastic circumstances in *Peter Schlemihl* is more nobly expressed in one of the writer's best narrative poems—*Salas y Gomez*. It is founded on a thought that occurred to his mind when he was on a cruise in the South Pacific ocean and in sight of Salaz y Gomez—a bare precipitous reef, haunted only by sea-fowl. It was said that some fragments of a wrecked ship had been found on the reef, and this suggested to the poet the image of a solitary man, more unhappy than Crusoe—a wretch left alone on that bare crag and kept alive by such food as the eggs of sea-birds might supply. His transitions of feeling, from grief to hope and from hope to despair, are well told. A sail appears, like a speck upon the line where the sky and sea join; it comes nearer and grows clearer; but soon fades away from the strained vision of

the solitary outcast, and the ocean, the sky, the wailing sea-birds are once more all in his world. Then follows his deepest despair; but it is at last transmuted into submission. As he looks up to the constellation of the Southern Cross, shining on the deep, that sign of suffering and patience suggests thoughts of peace and resignation:

The tempest that within me raved has passed;
Here where so long I've suffered—all alone—
I will lie down in peace and breathe my last.
Let not another sail come near this stone
Until all sighs and tears have passed away!
Why should I long to go—a man unknown—
To see my childhood's home, and there to stray,
Without a welcome or kind look, and find
That all my dear friends are 'neath the clay?
Lord, by thy grace, my soul to thee resigned—
Let me breathe forth in peace, and let me sleep
Here where thy cross shines calmly o'er the deep.

Arndt.

A leading place among those whose songs were written in the cause of the war of Liberation must be assigned to the veteran Ernst Moritz Arndt, who survived all the rest, living to be ninety years of age. In 1806-12 he was travelling from one place to another, to escape from Napoleon's inquisitors, and their zeal in his pursuit was not to be wondered at; for he was more formidable than a regiment of soldiers. His words were as truculent as any ever uttered by Hagen, the fierce man of the *Nibelungenlied*, and cannot all be read with approval. But no harsh criticism should be applied to

sentiments kindled by an intolerable sense of oppression. Thus, for instance, he begins a song on the right use of iron in times of bondage :

The God who made the iron ore
Will have no man a slave;
To arm the man's right hand for war
The sword and spear he gave,
And he gives to us a daring heart,
And for burning words the breath
To tell the foeman that we fear
Dishonor more than death.

One of Arndt's most fervid ballads tells of the fate of the brave Ferdinand von Schill, who, in 1809, made a premature and unsuccessful attempt to carry out the designs of the Tugendbund. Schill hoped, by making a bold attack on the enemy in Westphalia to give the sign for a general rising of the people; but the time was inopportune. He was compelled to retreat to Stralsund, where his scanty forces made a brave resistance against superior numbers. Schill was shot and afterward beheaded; then, as Arndt tells:

They gave to his corpse a mean funeral, dumb,
With no music of fifes and no roll of the drum,
And no rattle of musketry over the grave
Where they buried in silence our hero brave.

Another of Arndt's patriotic songs—*What is the German Fatherland?* was so well known and so often sung that it might be called the national hymn of Germany.

Wide apart as the poles from their dreamy brethren of the Romantic school are Arndt and Körner. In

1813, when Germany was on fire with aspirations for freedom, these, with Uhland and one or two others, were the poets who wrote the songs which armies sung as they marched to battle, which were sung in the homes that brought new armies forth. Full of energy and without allusion to any far away time, they speak right to the Germans' heart, with patriotism of the deepest, with ardor that is sometimes intensified into ferocity. Such is the tone of Arndt's fierce thanksgiving to the God that made iron, so that there might be weapons, and of Körner's invocation to the sword, his bride—a song which ran through his soul as he swept on in the saddle with Lützow's cavalry, and dashed down on paper in the bivouac, while bugles were calling, a few weeks only before the youthful hand that wrote it was laid in a soldier's grave.

Within a few years from the death of Arndt, Romanticism, which received its final death-blow from Heinrich Heine, had passed almost entirely away, or was present in the literary firmament only as a bank of vapor hangs on the far horizon, shapeless, indefinite, full of lovely tints, but no longer close at hand to dazzle and obscure. In its place came figures not great but respectable—poets, dramatists and story-tellers, such as Jordan, Gustav Freitag, Auerbach, Spielhagen, Devrient, Franzos, Marlitt and Paul Heyse, some of them far above mediocrity. But by this time the genius of the nation was diverted in other directions. The force that in former times might have written a great drama was now guiding an iron steamship or founding a trading-house in Hong Kong. To discover the sources of

the Nile or a practicable route through the Arctic ocean seemed a greater achievement than to write a play like *Iphigenia* or *Wallenstein*; or if men of power remained at home among books, they were more likely to write a sober history than a romance, a treatise on evolution than a tragedy or an epic.

V.

Heinrich Heine.

Heinrich Heine's reputation rests chiefly on his poems, and especially on his songs, his *Buch der Lieder* having passed through some hundred editions. His popularity, which is greater in foreign countries than in his own, may doubtless be partly attributed to the singular good fortune which wedded to many of his songs the music of such composers as Schumann and Mendelssohn. It is probable, however, that the poet and his composers were mutually obliged, and allowing for the influence of the latter, the fact remains that Heine was one of the world's great song-writers, not unworthy of a place beside Burns and Béranger, though less masculine and passionate than the one, and far less jovial and debonair than the other. The intense individualism which prevented him from becoming a literary artist in any other department—for his dramas and essays in fiction are of little value—stood him in good stead in the lyric field, was indeed a source of strength; for a song that appeals to men's hearts must be written from the heart, as an expression of personal experience. And this condition is amply fulfilled in the

Buch der Lieder, the greater portion of which was the direct outcome of a sentiment entertained by the poet for his cousin—a sentiment scoffed at by German writers, while others, who are not Germans, have affirmed that all Heine's bitterness and cynicism in after life arose from this unrequited affection. On the whole, Heine, as a song-writer, is a fit descendant of those old Minnesängers, who of yore assembled in the halls of princes and recounted their sorrows and their joys—of those nameless bards, also, who sang the *Volkslieder*.

It was Heinrich Heine who gave the final blow to the Romantic school, and whose criticisms, virulent as they too often were, exercised a powerful influence on the poetry and drama of his time. That this should be accomplished by one of the then despised Hebrew race adds special interest to his career; for in him that race for the first time found an adequate voice. It is but as yesterday that a beginning was made of lifting the weight off the shoulders of the Jews, and even to-day they are driven forth as outcasts from some parts of Europe. Before the era of Napoleon's conquests they were regarded in most countries as no better than pariahs. They had scarcely any rights in the courts; on church holidays it was a part of the regular celebration to hunt them through the streets and sack their houses; in some cities only twenty-five Jews were allowed to marry within a year, that the accursed race might not increase too fast. So late as 1830, the Jews in Hamburg were hunted with the old bitterness; even Solomon Heine, the richest banker in Germany, the man upon whose shoulders the prosperity of the city

mainly rested, who had given whole fortunes in the most catholic spirit for innumerable charities and public ends, with difficulty saved himself from outrage.

It is, indeed, a long and tragic story, and no wonder that the Jew paid back hate for hate, and scorn for scorn. Still may be seen in the flash of his dark eye, when his purpose is crossed, the hereditary wrath bequeathed to him from generations of persecuted fathers; still may at times be heard, in the hiss with which his words come forth, the serpent that has been gathering the poison for almost two thousand years.

It was not until the nineteenth century was well advanced that the spirit of this race, so intense, so persistent, so trampled by persecution, found in Germany a voice that could champion its cause. It was a voice pervaded with all the melancholy that such long continued suffering would cause, one in which we often seem to hear the saddest wailing; then again a terrible wit, sometimes indeed lightly playful, but more frequently resembling the laughter of a man mad through despair; in which, too, there is a gall and bitterness, as of the waters of Marah, poured out indiscriminately upon the innocent as well as upon those deserving scorn. It is the voice of Heinrich Heine.

Birth and Boyhood.

He was of Jewish parents, and his native city was Düsseldorf. "How old are you?" says a personage to him in one of his works. "Signora, I was born on the morning of New Year's day, 1800." "I have always told

you," said the marchese, "that he was one of the first men of the century." The Heine family come from Bückeburg, a little principality between Hanover and Hamburg, whose insignificance Heine hits off as follows, when making mention in his *Deutschland* of Danton, who used to say that "a man cannot carry his country on the soles of his feet:"

O Danton, thou must for thy error atone;
Thou art not one of the true souls;
For a man can carry his fatherland
Along with him on his shoe-soles.

Of Bückeburg's principality
Full half on my boots I carried;
Such muddy roads I have never beheld
Since here in the world I've tarried.

His father seems to have been merely a trading Jew of the ordinary type; his mother, however, was of quick, impassioned, energetic nature, with much taste in literature, art and music. To her the son often makes allusion, and his attachment to "the old lady of the Damm-thor"—the name of the Hamburg gate near which she lived—is a redeeming trait in a character in which there is more to censure than to admire. During his boyhood in Düsseldorf he was a perfect type of the gamin, full of wit and mischief as an imp, a bright-eyed, crisp-locked, elf-like little Jew, of unconquerable vivacity, whose Puck-like pranks kept the neighborhood alive, sometimes with amusements, sometimes with vexation. His poems preserve many childish reminiscences, but not in a more attractive form than in his

prose, in which he was no less a master. Of such recollections, which may be compared with the *Dichtung und Wahrheit* of Goethe, none are more interesting than those connected with the occupation of his native town by the French, portraying historic figures and minute incidents of this stirring period with remarkable vividness. Whatever may be said of the effect of the Napoleonic occupation of Germany upon the Germans themselves, for the oppressed Jews it was a happy deliverance from the thraldom of ages, and Heine's descriptions are naturally full of enthusiasm for the French conquerors. Perhaps it is not unprofitable to read them, now that the Germans seek to justify the hard measure they meted out to their western neighbors by depicting in the strongest colors the calamities which, in the past, their land has suffered from the French. From the Jews, Napoleon, at his coming, lifted a terrible yoke, which at his downfall in 1815, was again fastened on their necks, not to be removed till the uprising of 1848. No wonder that Heine sympathized with Napoleon and with the French, agreeing cordially, as the leader of "Young Germany," with those who pointed to France as the Promised Land and to Paris as the New Jerusalem.

When Heine was nineteen he was sent by his father to Frankfort to learn business. Waterloo had come four years before, and in the restored order the Jews had been thrust back into the old condition. As one passes through the Juden-gasse, it is one of its most interesting reminiscences that here, in the noisome lanes adjoining, moved the figure of the young poet, hearing

with his fellows, at the stroke of the appointed hour,
the bolting of the gates.

Solomon Heine.

Soon after we find the boy in Hamburg, where his uncle, Solomon Heine, was the money king of the great commercial city. In the history of Hamburg the name of Solomon Heine is, indeed, one of the most important; its prosperity is largely due to his enterprise, and at the same time, like many another of his race, he was distinguished for his benefactions, in which he showed the broadest charity. He seems to have been honorable and well meaning in all his actions. He had children of his own, many nephews and nieces, and more distant relatives, and appears to have tried, with much painstaking, to do his full duty to all, as well as to the world at large. His treatment of Heinrich has been called harsh; but it is easy to see that there is a side to the story which partial biographers do not present. The old banker had no taste for literature, and when his nephew appeared in his counting-room, behaving with more than the characteristic eccentricity of genius, he seemed to his uncle as unpromising among his numerous brood of fledglings as the ugly duck of the famous story of Andersen.

Throughout his entire life Heinrich partook of the bounty of his uncle, and was remembered in his will. The gifts, to be sure, were moderate in amount; but this, perhaps, should be taken as a proof of Solomon Heine's wisdom. During the greater part of his life, his

protégé was under ban in his native land, forced to live in a foreign city, his writings circulating surreptitiously, or, if permitted, subjected first to a rigorous censorship. As will be seen, the ruling powers did no strange thing in treating him with severity; they only acted in self-protection. A portion of his works, indeed, aside from their political bearing, were actually immoral; nor was his life ever of a kind to satisfy those who held at all to propriety. His relatives, who had expectations as regarded Solomon's wealth, treated him with much disfavor, leaving no stone unturned to set his uncle against him. They seem to have acted from the meanest motives, and while hypocritically pretending disapproval, hoped to swell their own portions by diminishing what might be given to another. The uncle's position was one of great difficulty; for he was a man without capacity or accomplishments to judge for himself of his nephew's genius, disapproving, moreover, to a large extent, of his writings and conduct. He was apparently anxious to do his duty, and perhaps it may be said that he did all that could fairly be expected.

A Love Affair.

Convinced at last that a business career was out of the question for his nephew, the uncle offered to pay the expenses of a university course. Thus we find Heinrich, at the age of twenty, going first to Bonn and then to Göttingen, with the idea of preparing himself to become an advocate. Even before this time he had been the victim of an unfortunate love affair, the lady being

his cousin, who seems to have treated him heartlessly. Heine meanly revenged himself by describing her, under different names, in poems, showing first, in connection with this experience, that faculty for bitter speech for which he afterward became so famous. It is pleasant to contrast with these the spirit of sonnets addressed about the same time to his mother. "Love," he says in one of them, "I sought in every street; for love I stretched out my hands and begged at every door." He describes further his efforts to find love, declaring that he returned home, sad and weary, to find at last in the eyes of his mother the sweet love that was denied him everywhere else.

University Career.

At Bonn and Göttingen Heine became associated with men afterward distinguished, with many of whom, later in life, he came to stand in relations sometimes of friendship but more often of hostility. The study of law was repulsive to him; but he devoted himself with diligence to literature and history, occasionally composing poems. Some breach of rules at Göttingen brought about his rustification, and he went to Berlin, coming here under the influence of Hegel, then the ruling spirit in philosophy, by whom, however, he did not seem to profit, later making him the butt of his ridicule and sarcasm. "To speak fairly," he says, "I seldom understood him; and only at last by subsequent reflection did I arrive at an understanding of his words. I believe he did not desire to be understood, and hence

his involved fashion of exposition; hence, too, perhaps his preference for persons who he knew could not understand him."

But perhaps the most important feature of his Berlin life was the intimacy to which he was admitted by Varnhagen von Ense and his Hebrew wife, Rachel, people of elegant culture and brilliant gifts, whose salon fills almost the place in the literary history of Germany that is filled by the Hotel Rambouillet in that of France. The friendship of Heine for Varnhagen was one of his most permanent affections, and at his home he frequently met such men as the Humboldts and Schleiermacher; for he was now contributing to literary periodicals, and attracting much notice. It is creditable to him that at this time he admired Lessing ardently. "I am awe-struck," he cried once, while passing through Unter den Linden, "when I think that Lessing may have stood here." He saw much of the life of the city, which he described in a graphic, racy way, beginning to lay the foundation of his fame as a writer of brilliant prose—a fame which was to equal that which he gained as a poet.

Early Poems.

Heine received his degree as doctor of law in 1825, shortly before which time he published in book form a collection of his poems, one that was widely circulated. Though the power of the singer was not yet at the full, the collection contained some exquisite pieces. The influence of Romanticism is still plainly to be seen, and the poems are largely pervaded by the melancholy arising

ing from unrequited love, a mood into which he seems to have been brought through his unhappy passion for his cousin. His conception of love is far from being of the highest, and sometimes a bold, cynical defiance of propriety appears, which grew upon him in later years.

Tragedies.

Before taking his degree, Heine also published his two tragedies, *Almansor* and *William Ratcliff*, which were coldly received, and gained no permanent foothold on the stage. Discouraged by this failure, he never afterward gave himself seriously to the drama, though he possessed many of the qualities needed for success—a nimble wit, a ceaseless flow of humor, the keenest of sarcasm and strong descriptive power, with a mastery of style, both in prose and verse—though it may not appear in a translation—in which he had few rivals and no superiors. As a writer of comedy he might have become the German Molière; but to this his genius did not incline. While not himself a dramatist, however, he exercised a powerful influence over the drama of the age.

Apostasy.

Though Heine was winning fame, he did not yet give himself to literature. He hoped for a government position or a university professorship, for either of which the abjuration of the faith of his ancestors was necessary. This he resolved upon, and was baptized in the Lutheran church. The change was merely secular

and made purely from motives of expediency, his convictions having nothing to do with it. He had no faith in the doctrines of the church into which he was received, and with the narrow spirit of Judaism he had no sympathy. In fact he never was a Jew, except in the accident of birth, though in his attachment to his race he was genuine, and had associated intimately with certain free minds among them who wished to take advantage of the gradually relaxing bonds to help their fellows to greater breadth and intelligence. Thus Heine should not be blamed too sharply for his apostasy. Such abjurations were common, and regarded by most of the Jews as venial. In a measure they were forced into the false profession since only so did a career become possible. Nevertheless, for years thereafter, Heine's mind was ill at ease on this account, as appears from many passages of his letters. "I will be a Japanese," he writes, "they hate nothing so much as the cross. I will be a Japanese." The advantage which he sought he did not gain; on the contrary his position became more uncomfortable than before. The stricter Jews looked upon him as a renegade; the contempt felt toward him by narrow-minded Christians was not affected by his change. As if to show that he was still a Jew at heart, he undertook at this time a novel, the *Rabbi of Bacharach*, a picture left incomplete, but full of moving traits of the sorrow of the past.

In the following passage from his Shakespeare's *Mädchen und Frauen*, he reveals to us something of his real sentiments: "When I saw *The Merchant of Venice*, given at Drury Lane, there stood behind me a

beautiful, pale English lady, who, at the end of the fourth act, wept earnestly, and cried out several times, 'The poor man is wronged.' It was a face of the noblest Grecian cast, and the eyes were large and black. I have never been able to forget them, those great black eyes which wept for Shylock. Truly, with the exception of Portia, Shylock is the most respectable personage in the whole play. He loves money, to be sure, but there are many things which he loves far more, among others his daughter, 'Jessica, my child.' Although in his deep passion he curses her, and would like to see her lying dead at his feet, with the jewels in her ears, with the ducats in her coffin, yet in reality he loves her far more than all the jewels and ducats. The domestic affections appear in him most touchingly. Far more than all historic personalities does one remember, in Venice, Shakespeare's Shylock. If you ever go over the Rialto, your eye seeks him everywhere, and you think that he must be concealed there behind some pillar or other, with his Jewish gaberdine, with his mistrustful, calculating face, and you think you hear even his grating voice, 'Three thousand ducats; well.' I at least, wandering dreamer that I am, looked everywhere on the Rialto for him. Seeing him nowhere, I determined to look in the synagogue for him. The Jews were just celebrating their holy day of reconciliation, with uncanny bowing of their heads, appearing almost like an assembly of ghosts. But although I looked everywhere, I could not behold the countenance of Shylock. And yet it seemed to me as if he stood concealed there, behind one of those white robes, praying more fervently than the rest of his

fellow-believers, with tempestuous wildness, even at the throne of Jehovah. I saw him not; but toward evening, when, according to the belief of the Jews, the gates of Heaven are shut, and no prayer finds admission, I heard a voice in which the tears were trickling as they were never wept with eyes. It was a sobbing which might move a stone to pity! They were tones of pain, such as could only come from a breast that held, shut up within itself, all the martyrdom which a tortured race has endured for eighteen hundred years. It was the panting of a soul which sinks down tired to death, before the gates of Heaven. And this voice seemed well known to me. I felt as if I had heard it once, when it lamented in such despair, 'Jessica, my child.' ”

Raillery.

At this period of his life Heine strikes into that mocking vein of writing which he preserved so constantly afterward that his biographer declares there is no piece of his prose, excepting his will, which does not somewhere show it. He never suffered so intensely that he could not employ this inimitable raillery; no themes were so grave as to make it seem to him inappropriate. Leaving Göttingen for a journey in the Harz, he laughs mercilessly at his old associates: “I have special fault to find that the conception has not been sufficiently refuted that the ladies of Göttingen have large feet. Yes, I have busied myself from year’s end to year’s end with the earnest confutation of this opinion; and I have to this end attended lectures on comparative anatomy,

made extracts from the rarest works in the library, studied for hours at a time the feet of the ladies who pass over the Weender Strasse; and in the profound treatise which shall contain the result of these studies I speak, first, of feet generally; second, of the feet of the ancients; third, of the feet of elephants; fourth, of the feet of the ladies of Göttingen; fifth, I collect together all the remarks I have heard about these feet in Ullrich's garden; sixth, I regard these feet in relation to their proper bodies; seventh, if I can get paper of sufficient size, I will add thereto some copper-plate engravings, with portraits, life-size, of the ladies' feet of Göttingen."

We cannot go with him step by step. He attains great fame, and a multitude of readers follow his pen with delight. His songs are everywhere sung; his witty and graphic prose commends itself no less. His nonchalant irreverence, which not infrequently runs into insolence and blasphemy, his disregard of proprieties, his outspoken scorn of the powers that rule, bring down upon him, not unnaturally, fierce persecution. He travels in various directions, his sparkling record keeping pace with his steps. For a time he is in England, a country which he hated, as appears in the following extract from the same work:

"I know a good Hamburg Christian who could never be satisfied that our Lord and Saviour was by birth a Jew. A deep wrath seized him every time it came to him that the being who, as a model of perfection, deserves the highest admiration, belonged nevertheless to the company of those long-nosed gentry whom he sees,

as old-clothes men, peddling about the streets, whom he so thoroughly despises, and who are the more unpleasant to him since they, like himself, deal in groceries and dry-stuffs, and so injure his private interests.

"As this excellent son of Hammonia feels about Jesus Christ, I feel about William Shakespeare. My spirit faints when I consider that he was an Englishman, and belongs to the most repulsive people whom God in his wrath has created. What a disgusting people! What an unrefreshing country! How stiff, how cockneyish, how selfish, how narrow, how English! A land which the ocean would have gulped down long ago, if it had not been afraid that it would make him sick at the stomach. A gray, yawning monster of a nation, whose breath is nothing but choke damp and mortal tediousness, and which will certainly hang itself in the end with a colossal ship's hawser."

Again, he is in Bavaria, in Munich, which city Ludwig I is trying to make the centre of art and cultivation for Germany. "That the town should be called a new Athens is somewhat ridiculous. This I felt most deeply in my conversation with the Berlin Philistine who, although he had been talking with me some time, was impolite enough to miss all Attic salt in this new Athens. 'That,' he cried, 'is only to be found in Berlin. There only are wit and irony. Here there is good white beer, but truly no irony.' 'We have no irony,' cried Nannerl, the tall waitress, who came skipping by at this time; 'but you can have every other kind of beer.' I began to instruct her in the following manner: 'Nannerl, irony is not beer, but an invention of the Berlin-

ers, the most knowing people on the face of the earth, who are vexed that they have come too late into the world to invent gunpowder, and who therefore sought to establish an invention which should be equally important, and even be useful for those who have invented gunpowder.' 'Allow me,' said the Berliner, 'to interrupt you. What white, shaggy dog is that without a tail?' 'My dear sir, that is the dog of the new Alcibiades.' 'But,' said the Berliner, 'where is the new Alcibiades himself?' 'To confess honestly,' I answered, 'the place is not yet filled up; but we have, however, got the dog. Only the lowest grades are occupied.' "

He goes to Italy through Tyrol. "The Tyrolese are handsome, cheerful, honorable and unfathomably stupid. They are a healthy race, perhaps because they are too stupid to know how to be sick. Of politics the Tyrolese know nothing but that they have a kaiser, who wears a white coat and red breeches. So much their old uncle told them, who heard it himself in Innsbruck, from the black Sepperl, who has been in Vienna. When now the patriots clambered up to them, and expounded to them fluently that they had now got a blue coat and white breeches—meaning Napoleon—then they seized their rifles, kissed wife and child, descended from the mountains and got themselves shot for the blue coat and white breeches."

Life in Paris.

Heine at length reaches Paris, an exile from Germany, where the government had become so incensed

against him as to threaten him with imprisonment. Henceforth the French capital was his home, and his life for many years must have been as gay and brilliant as later it was sad and sombre. He became intimate with the greatest French writers of the age, such men as Balzac, Dumas the elder, George Sand, Victor Hugo and Théophile Gautier. He was constantly busy with writing, did much as a critic of art and literature, much in the field of politics. His poems are numberless; sometimes simple and sweet throughout as an outflow from the heart of the most innocent of children; sometimes with an uncanny or diabolic suggestion thrown in at the end, as the red mouse at length runs out of the mouth of the beauty with whom Faust dances on the Walpurgis-nacht; sometimes again full of a very vitriol of acrid denunciation. He writes much upon German topics for French readers, and in spite of his outlawry, keeps himself before the German world by contributions to journals of position. His life is far from commendable; but he becomes at length the subject of a sincere attachment. His loved one is a grisette, a woman quite without education, or the power of appreciating her lover's gifts. "People say," she remarked, "that Heine is a very clever man, and writes very fine books; but I know nothing about it, and must content myself with trusting to their word." She was however a woman of excellent heart, a faithful lover, helper and companion of the man who chose her. For years their connection had not the sanction of marriage. When, however, he was about to risk his life in a duel, they were formally united in the church of St. Sulpice, Heine wishing to do

all that he could to make her position comfortable if he should be slain. During the years that followed, their love deepened, and perhaps it may be said that in Heine's entire career there is nothing more creditable than his unwavering affection and care for his "Nonotte."

Personal Appearance.

At this period Théophile Gautier thus describes him: "A handsome man of thirty-five or thirty-six years of age, with the appearance of robust health. To look at his lofty white forehead, pure as a marble tablet, and overhung by abundant masses of blonde hair, one would have said that he was a German Apollo. His blue eyes sparkled with light and inspiration; his round full cheeks were of an elegant mold; Vermeil roses bloomed there in classic style; a slight Hebraic curve balked the intention of his nose to be Greek, without disfiguring its purity of line; his harmonious lips went together like two fine rhymes—to use one of his own phrases—and had in repose a charming expression. But when he spoke, from their crimson bow there sprung and whizzed pointed and barbed arrows and sarcastic darts which never missed their aim; for never was a man more relentless toward stupidity; to the divine smile of Apollo succeeded the sneer of the satyr."

Sickness and Death.

The story of the last years of Heinrich Heine is one of extreme sadness. He was attacked with a terrible

disease, softening of the spinal marrow; it stretched him upon his bed, where he lingered eight years, enduring great agony. His body was to a great extent paralyzed; the sight of one eye was gone, and he could see from the other only by lifting with his fingers the paralyzed lid. He wore out the weary years on his "mattress-grave," as he called it, nursed by his devoted wife. Propped up on pillows he sometimes caught a distant view of the streets, where he envied the very dogs their liberty. The terrible chastening brought no softening to his spirit. It is a dark life almost everywhere, but as he lay stretched upon his mattress-grave there was a bitterness in his mocking, an audacity in his blasphemies, which the wildest declarations of his preceding years had not possessed. Yet through all he loved his wife; he loved his mother, "the old lady of Damm-thor," from whom he took the greatest pains to conceal his condition, lest she might be distressed. No moanings from an *Æolian* harp were ever sweeter than the utterances which occasionally came as the tempestuous agony swept down upon him. We see, too, a better side in his will: "I die in the belief of one only God, the eternal creator of the world, whose pity I implore for my immortal soul. I lament that I have sometimes spoken of sacred things without due reverence, but I was carried away more by the spirit of the times than by my own inclinations. If I have unwittingly violated good manners and morality I pray both man and God for pardon." At length came the fatal day, February 16, 1856. A friend, bending over him, asked if he was on good terms with God. "Set your mind at rest," said Heine.

“God will pardon me. It’s what he’s for!” So, with a devil-may-care mock upon his lips, the child of the Jew, in whom the spirit of the race, cruelly hounded through so many centuries, at length found utterance for its sorrow, its yearnings, its agony, its implacable spite, went forth to its account.

That Heine was the most unaccountable of men will hardly need any further illustration. In one breath he writes the *Pilgrimage to Kevlaar*, a poem which one would say comes from the heart of an artless, ignorant peasant, full of unquestioning Catholic piety; in another it is the grotesque *Atta Troll*, in the course of which the conception entertained by pious hearts of heaven and its denizens is burlesqued with unshrinking, Mephistophelean daring. Here is his own description of a character full of contradictions, which might answer for himself: “There are hearts wherein jest and earnest, evil and good, glow and coldness, are so strangely united that it becomes difficult to judge them. Such a heart swam in Matilda’s breast. Many times it was like a freezing ice-island, from which bloomed forth palm forests; many times again it was a glowing volcano, which is suddenly covered over by an avalanche of snow.”

The following is a translation of the Pilgrimage to Kevlaar:

THE PILGRIMAGE TO KEVLAAR.

I.

The mother stood at the window,
In sick-bed lay her son:
“Will you not rise up, William,
Ere the pilgrim-train be gone?”

PILGRIMAGE TO KEULAAAR

After an original painting by C. Voss

*The sickly son and his mother
In their little chamber slept;
There came the Holy Mother
And softly in she slept.*

PILGRIMAGE TO KEVLAAR.—HEINE.



"I am so ill, O mother—
 I cannot hear or see:
 I think of my dear Margaret,
 And my heart is a pain to me."

"Rise! we will go to Kevlaar,
 Take prayer-book and rosary:
 The Mother of God will heal again
 That poor sick heart in thee."

The sacred banners are rustling,
 The solemn psalm peals high:
 It was at Cologne in the Rhine-land
 That this procession went by.

The mother followed the many;
 With her sad son went she,
 Both singing in the chorus,
 "Blessed be thou, Marie!"

II.

The Virgin Mary at Kevlaar
 Puts on her best array;
 For she must be right busy
 With the sick who come to-day.

And votive gifts are offered
 By many sickly bands,
 Limbs all from white wax modelled,
 And waxen feet and hands.

And he who a wax hand offers,
 His hand will be free from pain;
 And he who a wax foot offers,
 His foot will be well again.

To Kevlaar went many on crutches
 Who now on the tight-rope bound,
 And many now play the viol
 Who had never a finger sound.

The mother took a taper,
And made from the wax a heart:
"Take that to the Virgin Mary,
And she will heal thy smart."

The son with the heart went sighing
To the holy image there:
Tears from his eyes came bursting,
And there burst from his heart the prayer:
"Thou the most highly blessed!
God's purest handmaid thou!
And queen, too, of the heaven!
Hear all my sorrow now:

"I lived, alone with mother,
At Cologne, and in the town
Where are many hundred churches
And chapels of renown.

"And near to us lived Margaret,
Who is dead and gone away:
Mary, I bring thee a wax heart:
Oh, heal my heart, I pray!"

III.

The sickly son and his mother
In their little chamber slept:
There came the Holy Mother,
And softly in she stept.

Above the sick boy she bent her,
While her hand all softly lay
Upon his breast. Sweet smiling,
She vanished far away.

The mother saw all in dreaming,
And more in her vision still,
Then wakened from her slumber:
The dogs were barking shrill.

There lay at length before her
Her son—and he was dead!
On his pale cheeks was playing
The gleaming morning red.

Her hands the mother folded,
She felt she knew not how:
Softly she sang, and piously,
“O Mary, blest be thou!”

When all his other writings are forgotten Heine will be remembered for such imperishable gems as *Die Rose*, *die Lilie*, *die Taube*, *die Sonne* and *Du bist wie eine Blume*. There is much, too, of beauty in many of his ballads and narrative pieces, as in *Spanische Atriden*, *Die Prinzessin Sabat*, *Die Insel Bimini* and *Böses Geträume*, the last a piece of exquisite pathos and simplicity. But too often, no matter how sweet a chord is struck at the beginning, a dissonance creeps in, to end in a crashing discord, and the reader starts like one who should suddenly see Romeo and Juliet fall to grimacing and squeaking like Punch and Judy. Heine confesses that poetry was no more to him than a “holy plaything,” but he should have left out the adjective.

Prose-Writings.

Turning to his prose-writings, we see the man Heine indeed, not perhaps as he was ambitious of being regarded by posterity, in the full panoply of a “soldier of human emancipation,” but at least as no contemptible assailant of philistinism. Beside such a redoubtable champion as Lessing “of the ponderous battle-axe,” it is

true he looks somewhat small, and his rapier somewhat gimerack. But ridicule will often reach whither heavier weapons cannot, and pierce the elephantine hide of pedantry and dullness, after these have been attacked in vain by battering-rams; and Heine was a master of ridicule. The worst is that in unscrupulous hands—and no one was more unscrupulous than he—it may be turned to illegitimate uses, and finally come to be indulged in for its own sake. How easily Heine became the slave of his propensity in this direction may be seen in two of his works, which nevertheless are probably his best and most characteristic prose-writings—his *Religion and Philosophy in Germany* and *The Romantic School*. Both abound in the most irreverent passages, especially the former, wherein such philosophers as Kant, Fichte and Schelling scarcely serve a higher purpose than to be used as pegs on which the author may hang his jests. And admirable these are. Nothing can be better, for instance, than his description of how Kant—who is parenthetically described as a man whom nature intended to sell sugar and coffee behind a counter—came to postulate a Deity in his practical, after having exploded that idea in his theoretical system. He did this, says Heine, for the sake of his old man-servant Lampe, who looked so dismally at the conclusions of the Pure Reason that the philosopher was moved to compassion. Far more virulent than this treatise, but no less happy, is the *Romantische Schule*, which is concerned for the most part with its author's contemporaries; and it aimed a death-blow at a school which rivalled the wildest and most licentious ravings

of a Monk Lewis, and the most ghastly horrors of an Ann Radcliff. Here it may be remarked, in connection with the attack upon Schlegel in this essay, that Heine's onslaughts were always open and above-board, albeit severe and sometimes grossly brutal. He has been called a literary swashbuckler, and this he may be, though the term is singularly inapplicable to one who wrote in such a style, but he was neither a literary assassin nor a literary ghoul.

Admiration for Napoleon.

The difficulties of rendering in Heine's case are almost insurmountable. Nothing was ever so airy and volatile as his wit, nothing ever so delicate as his sentiment. In the process of translation the aroma half exhales; what as Heine has distilled it, is most searchingly pungent, is insipid in foreign phrase; what causes tears, as it flows on in the German rhythm in pathetic, child-like artlessness, in English words sink to commonplace. There has not lived in the nineteenth century a more finished master of brilliant, graphic description. Here, for instance, is a passage from his child-life at Düsseldorf, quoted from the *Book Le Grand*, named from an old drummer, who filled the boy with Napoleonic inspirations.

"The drumming went on in the street; I went out before the door and beheld the French troops, who were marching in—the rejoicing people of glory, who went through the world singing and making merry; the faces of the grenadiers so earnestly cheerful, the bear-skin

caps, the tri-colored cockades, the gleaming bayonets, the infantry full of jollity and point d'honneur, and the almighty, great silver-embroidered drum-major, who could throw his stick with the gilded knob up to the first story, and his eyes even up to the second, where the pretty girls were sitting at the windows. The neighbor's boy Pitter and long Kurz almost broke their necks at this time, and it would have been well; for one ran away afterward from his parents, enlisted, deserted, and was shot dead in Mainz; the other made geographical explorations in strange pockets, became therefore a working member of a public institution, burst the iron bonds which bound him to this and his fatherland, got happily across the water, and died in London of too tight a cravat, which contracted of itself when a royal official took the board away from under his feet."

Five years later Heine saw Napoleon himself. "It was in the alley of the garden palace at Düsseldorf. When I pressed through the crowd I thought of his deeds and battles. The emperor, with his suite, was riding through the alley; the protecting trees inclined themselves forward as he went past; the sunbeams trembled timidly curious through the green foliage, and in the blue sky above was swimming visibly a golden star. The emperor wore his unpretending green uniform, and the little, world-historic hat. He rode a white pony; negligent, almost hanging, he sat, one hand holding high the reins, the other patting good-naturedly the pony's neck. His face had that color which we see in marble heads of Greek and Roman sculpture; its features were nobly impressed, like those of antiques,

and on this countenance stood written, ‘Thou shalt have no other gods before me.’ A smile which warmed and quieted every heart hovered about the lips; and yet we knew that those lips needed only to whistle, and Prussia would no longer exist; those lips needed only to whistle, and all the clergy would be rung out; those lips needed only to whistle, and the whole Roman Empire would dance; but those lips smiled, and the eyes smiled, too. It was an eye clear as the heavens; it could read in the heart of man; it saw with sudden quickness all the things of this world, while the rest of us only look at one another, and over colored shadows. The brow was not so clear; the ghost of future battles haunted it; sometimes it moved convulsively, and those were the creating thoughts—the great seven-mile boot thoughts—with which the emperor’s spirit invisibly strode over the world. The emperor rode quietly down the alley; behind him, proud on snorting horses, and loaded with gold and ornaments, rode his suite; the drums rolled, the trumpets sounded, and the people cried, with a thousand voices, ‘Long live the Emperor.’ ”

Once afterward Heine saw Napoleon, in 1812, previous to the Russian campaign. “Never will this image disappear out of my memory. I see him even still, aloft upon his steed, with his eternal eyes in his marble, imperator face, looking down quiet as fate upon the guards defiling by. He sent them to Russia, and the old grenadiers looked up to him with such awful devotion, so consciously earnest, so death proud—*Te, Cæsar, morituri salutant.*”

Throughout his writings Heine never wearies of expressing his boundless veneration for the emperor; his early years coincided with the most brilliant period of Napoleon's career, and his real schoolmasters were rather the drummers and trumpeters of a victorious army than the Jesuit fathers of the Düsseldorf gymnasium. Of this we have evidence in the following:

"I speak of the palace garden at Düsseldorf, where I often lay upon the grass, listening reverently when Monsieur Le Grand told me of the warlike deeds of the great emperor, and meantime struck up the marches which were drummed during the exploits, so that I saw and heard everything most vividly. I saw the march over the Simplon—the emperor before, and behind the brave grenadiers climbing, while frightened birds shriek and the glaciers thunder in the distance. I saw the emperor, flag in hand, on the bridge of Lodi; I saw the emperor in his gray cloak at Marengo; I saw him on horseback in the battle of the Pyramids—nothing but powder, smoke, and Mamelukes; I saw him in the battle of Austerlitz—phew! how the balls whistled over the smooth, icy road! I saw, I heard the battles of Jena, Eylau, Wagram. I could hardly bear it. M. Le Grand drummed so that my own ear-drum was almost burst."

Wit, Humor and Scorn.

The Germans have been accused of being greatly wanting in wit and humor; but certain it is that this German Jew, more than any other man, probably, of the nineteenth century, possessed these gifts. We must re-

gard him as a genius coördinate with Aristophanes, Cervantes and Montaigne. His conversation was full of wit, even when he lay in the greatest misery on his "mattress-grave." He was asked if he had read one of the short pieces of a certain dull writer. "No," said he, "I never read any but the great works of our friend. I like best his three, four or five volume books. Water on a large scale—a lake, a sea, an ocean—is a fine thing, but I cannot endure water in a spoon."

In many of his poems he rattles on with the merriest, most nonchalant carelessness, shooting out, now and then, the sharpest darts of spite. Poor Germany was forever his butt, as in the following, from the *Deutschland*:

From Cologne, at quarter to eight in the morn,
My journey's course I followed;
Toward three of the clock to Hagen we came,
And there our dinner we swallowed.

The table was spread, and here I found
The real old German cooking.
I greet thee, dear old sauer-kraut,
With thy delicate perfume smoking.

Mother's stuffed chestnuts in cabbage green!
They set my heart in a flutter;
Codfish of my country, I greet ye fine,
As ye cunningly swim in your butter

How the sausages revelled in sputtering fat!
And fieldfares, small angels pious,
All roasted and swaddled in apple-sauce,
Twittered out to me, "Try us!"

"Welcome, countryman," twittered they,
"To us at length reverting;
10—Part III, Vol. XII.

How long, alas! in foreign parts,
With poultry strange you've been flirting!"

A goose, a quiet and genial soul,
Was on the table extended;
Perhaps she loved me once, in the days
Before our youth was ended.

She threw at me such a meaning look!
So trustful, tender and pensive;
Her soul was beautiful, but her meat—
Was tough, I'm apprehensive.

On a pewter plate a pig's head they brought;
And you know, in the German nation,
It's the snout of the pigs they may select
For a laurel decoration.

What power of scornful utterances Heine possessed, the potentates of Germany who persecuted him felt to the uttermost—none more than Friedrich Wilhelm IV, of Prussia, and Ludwig I, of Bavaria. Both were monarchs possessed of intellectual gifts, and with many good purposes. Each, however, was, in his own way, narrow, weak and self-indulgent. Never had archer such a keen eye for the joints in the armor of his foes as Heine. Here are some stanzas from *The New Alexander*, directed against the king of Prussia:

There is a king in Thule who drinks
Champagne—of that he's a lover:
And always when his champagne he drinks,
His eyes go running over.

His knights in a circle about him stick—
The "school historical" truly;
When his tongue becomes with the drinking thick,
Then hiccoughs the king of Thule:

"When Alexander, in the old day,
 With his little band unshrinking,
 Had brought the whole world under his sway,
 The hero took to drinking.

"The war had given him such a thirst—
 The beating so many nations—
 He soaked himself till he nearly burst;
 He couldn't stand such potations.

"Now I, you see, am of mightier stuff;
 More prudent in planning and thinking:
 For I begin where the hero left off—
 I put at the outset the drinking.

"The hero's course, if I play the sot,
 In the end I'll accomplish better;
 For I, as I stagger from pot to pot,
 Shall the whole creation fetter.

"Champagne invites me—'the better land,'
 Where flourish the pleasant juices
 That fill me with inspiration grand;
 The sorrows of life it reduces.

"Here shall be proven my courage dread,
 Here shall begin the battle;
 Let such blood as a bottle holds be shed,
 And volleys of stopples rattle!"

Later comes the following:

I reconcile two divine extremes:
 My trust is in the Lord Jesus—
 But as comforter, your monarch esteems
 Bacchus; let Bacchus ease us!

The touch of blasphemy in the last stanza is thoroughly Heinesque; but no portrayal of Heine would be truth-

ful which would omit that trait. Especially does it appear in the *Song of Praise in Honor of King Ludwig*, from which only two or three stanzas can here be given; for most of it is unfit for reproduction. Its audacity and acrid malice can hardly be paralleled. Stupidly brutal was the heel that sought to crush him; but the snake, writhing and rearing its crest, strikes with fangs so full of devilish venom that we are full of pity for the oppressor.

In the Walhalla, the magnificent temple near Regensburg, built by Ludwig to contain memorials of the great men of Germany, Luther was neglected:

The simpleton Luther there to see,
In vain the visitor wishes;
As in natural history cabinets we
Oft find no whale 'mong the fishes.

King Ludwig is a great writer of lays;
When he sings, the mighty Apollo
Falls down on his knees and begs and prays,
"O stop; I shall soon be a fool, O!"

At length the king is represented as praying in the royal chapel before the image of the Virgin, who bears the Christ-child in her arms; he begs for some sign of her favor:

Straightway stirs the Mother of God,
Her lips with a message are moving;
She shakes her head with impatient nod,
And speaks to her infant loving.

With all his popularity, the brilliant wit and poet has

been commonly judged with severity, especially by his own countrymen, however beneficial the scourging may sometimes have been which he administered. No further illustration is necessary that his wit was often distorted to cynicism, his frivolity to insolence and vulgarity. It is hard to believe that he was earnest about anything—art, patriotism, religion or freedom. In multitudes of passages, both prose and poetry, he suddenly interrupts the expression of intense emotion by a grotesque suggestion, which makes the emotion or its object ridiculous. In the *Sea Vision*, for instance, he represents himself as leaning over the side of the ship, dreaming that he sees in the clear depths the vision of a city, which he describes minutely, with melancholy and passionate touches:

But just at that time
Did the ship captain
Pull me hard by the leg,
Back over the vessel's side,
Saying, with horrid laugh,
“Doctor, has the devil got you!”

For Napoleon one would imagine that he felt the most genuine and earnest enthusiasm of his life. The *Book Le Grand* contains a passage full of power, in which he denounces England for her treatment of the emperor at St. Helena; yet, as if an actor, after giving the curse of Lear, should suddenly thrust his tongue into his cheek and draw his features into a grimace, Heine ends his denunciation with a laughable turn: “Strange! a terrible fate has already overtaken

the three principal opponents of the emperor. Londonderry has cut his throat; Louis XVIII has rotted on his throne, and Professor Saalfield is still professor in Göttingen."

Resemblance to Sterne and Swift.

Among English writers, Heine has points of resemblance with Sterne—still more with Byron; but, perhaps, his closest English analogue in genius and character is Dean Swift. In Swift's career it is one of the pleasantest incidents that he could attract the love of Stella and Vanessa, and feel for them a friendship which amounted almost to love. In Heine's honorable affection for two women—his wife, "Nonette," and the "old lady of Damm-thor"—we see him at his best. Both Heine and Swift were place-hunters, who sought for advancement in questionable ways, only to be disappointed; for both there was disease at the end that was worse than death. Such gall and wormwood as they could pour upon their adversaries, what sinners elsewhere have tasted! With what whips of scorpions they smote folly and vice; but who will dare to say that it was through any love of virtue? Both libelled useful and honorable men with coarse lampoons; in both there was too frequent sinking into indecency.

But there was field in which the dean had no part with the sufferer of the "mattress-grave." Heine was not altogether a scoffer; his power of touching the tenderest sensibilities is simply wonderful. In his plaintive songs the influence of Romanticism can be clearly seen, even after he had broken away from it, and

also of the popular ballad, whose character he caught most felicitously. He assumed a certain negligence which gave his poems an air of pure naturalness and immediateness, whereas they were the products of consummate art, though no poet was ever able to convey more thoroughly the impression of perfect artlessness. The *Princess Ilse*, for instance, one would say could have been written by no other than the most innocent of children:

I am the princess Ilse;
To my castle come with me—
To the Ilsenstein, my dwelling,
And we will happy be.

Thy forehead will I moisten
From my clear-flowing rill;
Thy griefs thou shalt leave behind thee,
Thou soul with sorrow so ill!

Upon my bosom snowy,
Within my white arms fold,
There shalt thou lie and dream a dream
Of the fairy lore of old.

I'll kiss thee, and softly cherish,
As once I cherished and kissed
The dear, dear Kaiser Heinrich,
So long ago at rest.

The dead are dead forever—
The living alone live still;
And I am blooming and beautiful,
My heart doth laugh and thrill.

O come down into my castle—
My castle crystal bright!
There dance the knights and the maidens,
There revels each servant-wight.

There rustle the garments silken,
 There rattles the spur below;
 The dwarfs drum and trumpet and fiddle
 And the bugle merrily blow.

Yet my arm shall softly enclose thee,
 As it Kaiser Heinrich enclosed;
 When the trumpets' music thundered,
 His ears with my hands I closed.

To His Wife.

The following are the lines to his wife, written on his death-bed:

I was, O lamb, as shepherd placed,
 To guard thee in this earthly waste.
 To thee I did refreshment bring;
 To thee brought water from the spring.
 When cold the winter storm alarmed,
 I have thee in my bosom warmed.
 I held thee, folded, close embracing,
 When torrent rains were rudely chasing,
 And woodland brook and hungry wolf
 Howled rivals in the darksome gulf.
 Thou didst not fear—thou hast not quivered
 Even when the bolt of thunder shivered
 The tallest pine. Upon my breast,
 In peace and calm thou layst at rest.

My arm grows weak. Lo, creeping there,
 Comes pallid death! My shepherd care,
 My herdsman's office, now I leave.
 Back to thy hands, O God, I give
 My staff; and now I pray thee guard
 This lamb of mine, when 'neath the sward
 I lie; and suffer not, I pray,
 That thorns should pierce her on the way.
 From nettles harsh protect her fleece;



The Sorceress who sings upon the banks of the Rhine.

HEINE'S LORELEI.

LORELEI

After an original painting by Max Ring

From soiling marshes give release;
And everywhere her feet before
With sweet grass spread the meadows o'er;
And let her sleep from care as blest
As once she slept upon my breast.

Says an American professor of German literature: "Once, at a critical time in our country's history, it happened to me to visit a negro school. We went from room to room among the dusky faces, until at last one said, 'Let us have them sing.' Presently the voices rose and fell in marvellous song. Out of the windows the heavens hung sombre about us; the children of the race whose presence among us has brought to them, in each generation, tragedy so pathetic—the race that has brought to us, so innocently, such subject for controversy, such occasion for bloodshed, and on account of which we still sometimes seem to hear such fateful thunder-mutterings of approaching disaster. The news of the morning had predisposed us to gloom; the associations now conspired to deepen it; the strange melody which came pouring forth seemed somehow singularly in keeping. There was in my spirit no defined feeling, but a vague unrest—at once a foreboding of calamity and yearning after peace. It was precisely the sentiment of the song. The singers seemed to feel it; we who listened felt it, and there were eyes whose lids trembled with the coming tears. It was the *Lorelei* of Heine:

I cannot tell what it meaneth,
That I am so sad to-day.

"The words, so simple, so infantile almost in sense,

and yet with which is marvellously bound such tender feeling! As one repeats the lines they are almost nothing; yet caught within them, like some sad, sweet-throated nightingale within a net, there is such pathos! What could have been further away? What cared we then for the Rhine, and the sorceress who sings upon its banks, and the boatman engulphed in the whirlpool? What knew or cared the singers? But something indescribable came pulsing forth to us from out the words, and I felt that somehow it was the appropriate utterance for the mood in which we found ourselves; the thing to hear from the dark-faced youths before us—an undefined sorrow, a foreshadowing of danger all unknown and vague! Mighty the poet, I thought, whose verse can come home with such power in lands and among races so far away!

"The child of the Jew he was, of the race among the races of the earth possessed of the most intense passionate force, and in him his people found a voice. Now it is a sound of wailing, melancholy and sweet as that heard by the rivers of Babylon when the harps were strung upon the willows. Now it is a tone pure and lofty as the peal of the silver trumpets before the Holy of Holies in the temple service, when the gems in the high priest's breastplate flashed with the effulgence of the descending Deity; now a call to strive for freedom, bold and clear as the summons of the Maccabees. But think of the cup that has been pressed to the Jew's lips! The bitterness has passed into his soul, and utters itself in scorn and poisoned mocking. He cares not what sanctities he insults, nor whether the scoff

touches the innocent as well as the guilty. Persecution has brought to pass desperation, which utters itself at length in infernal laughter."

Last Days.

A touching story is told by Adolph Meissner of Heine's last walk in the Boulevards, from which he went home to the death in life he was doomed to undergo for many years. It was in May, 1848—a day of revolution. "Masses of people rolled along the streets of Paris, driven about by their tribunes as by storms. The poet, half blind, half lame, dragged himself on his stick, tried to extricate himself from the deafening uproar, and fled into the Louvre, close by. He stepped into the rooms of the palace—in that troubled time nearly empty—and found himself on the ground floor, in the room in which the ancient gods and goddesses stand. Suddenly he stood before the ideal of beauty, the smiling, entrancing goddess, the miracle of an unknown master, the Venus of Milo. Overcome, agitated, stricken through, almost terrified at her aspect, the sick man staggered back till he sank on a seat, and tears hot and bitter streamed down his cheeks. The beautiful lips of the goddess, which appear to breathe, smiled with her wonted smile at the unhappy victim." In a letter to a friend Heine says himself: "Only with pain could I drag myself to the Louvre, and I was nearly exhausted when I reached the hall where the blessed goddess of beauty, our dear lady of Milo, stands on her pedestal. At her feet I lay a long time,

and I wept so passionately that a stone must have had pity on me. Therefore the goddess looked down pityingly upon me, yet at the same time inconsolably, as though she would say, ‘See you not that I have no arms, and that therefore, I can give you no help?’ ”

Of the spots associated with Heine there is none so interesting as that room in the Louvre. “I stood there,” says the professor already quoted, “on a day when disturbance again raged on the streets of Paris. It was the end of August, 1870. In Alsace and Lorraine the armies of France had just been crushed; in the next week was to come Sedan. The streets were full of the tumult of war—the foot-beat of passing regiments, the clatter of drill, the *Marseillaise*. On the Seine, just before, a band of ouvriers threatened to throw us into the river as Prussian spies. In the confusion the shrine of the serene goddess was left vacant, as at that former time. I found it a hushed asylum, the fairest of statues rising from its pedestal, wearing upon its lips its eternal smile. Standing before the Venus of Milo, it is not unworthy of even so high a moment to call up the image of that suffering man of great genius, shamed from his sneer and restored to his better self in the supernatural presence. May we not see in the statue a type of Heine’s genius—so shorn of strength, so stained and broken, yet, in the ruin, of beauty and power so unparalleled?”

VI.

German Theatre and Recent Drama.

In the number and variety of its centres of intellectual life Germany contrasts most favorably with other countries; for nowhere is more strongly developed the spirit of friendly artistic rivalry, even when political or social rivalry is out of the question. In dramatic, as in other literature, long-continued and systematic have been the efforts which have gradually raised the modern German stage to its present rank among the theatres of Europe. Germany has not only cherished its own national drama, but with her catholicity of taste, aided by the powers of a language admirably suited for translation, has also opened its theatre to the dramatic masterpieces of other nations, and especially those of the English, the number of Shakespearean reproductions ranking above all others, including some that are rarely seen on the English or American stage. While the German theatre has its weak points, and is not wholly free from vicious influences, its efforts are, upon the whole, on a level with the demands of the national culture, and in harmony with the breadth and variety of the national intelligence. Though the Germans are far from satis-

fied with their theatre—and this is one of its most hopeful features—it may, both in its actual condition and in the spirit which pervades it, be regarded almost as an ideal for other nations to imitate.

A Leipsic Theatre.

A description of some prominent theatre will give a better idea of the characteristic features of the German stage than mere generalizing, and a good example may be found in the *Stadt* theatre at Leipsic. In situation and architecture it is one of the most imposing and beautiful theatres in the world, although many others are built of finer materials and bear the evidence of having cost larger sums of money. Built in the Classic Renaissance style, it shows a grand dignity of form, set off with exquisite grace of simple adornment, and a most perfect symmetry in its lines and proportions. It stands facing the great Augustus Platz, a grand public square of several acres, devoted to military parades and public displays. On both sides of the theatre are broad streets, in its rear is the park of the public promenade surrounding the inner city. A massive stone terrace, where open-air concerts are given in the summer, overlooks a charming little lake. The interior is free from all florid ornamentation, and is comfortable, well ventilated, simple and pure in style, with a quiet elegance in its tasteful richness of effect. Its cost, when completed in 1868, was about \$600,000, although it could now hardly be built for three times that sum. Together with the old *Stadt* theatre, a quaint structure rich in its

historical associations, it was leased, under certain conditions, to a director for about 7,500 marks a year; and each of the three first directors who were in charge after the new theatre was built retired with ample fortunes, notwithstanding they were obliged to maintain a first-class drama and opera, and the scale of prices, which is set by the city authorities, and which is alike for both opera and drama, was remarkably low even for Germany.

Low prices were, of course, the main reason why the Leipsic theatre directors met with such great pecuniary success. It is more profitable to play to a full house at low prices than to a thin house at high prices; and in Leipsic the theatre is always well filled, and generally crowded, for the prices are so moderate that they are within the reach of all. Theatre-going is hardly looked on as a luxury, but as a matter of course, ranking with the daily paper and cup of coffee after dinner. Everybody goes to the theatre, and it would not be surprising to hear one's washer-woman give her opinion about the latest comedy, which she saw from her six-cent place in the gallery.

Audiences.

The performances usually begin about seven o'clock, and are over by ten, so that after the theatre a good part of the evening still remains for social pleasures. The Germans go to enjoy the play or the music, not to show their toilette. And so the auditorium of a German opera-house looks quite different from one in London or New York, with its chattering people in elaborate dress,

who pretend to admire merely for fashion's sake. At the Leipsic theatre, be it on opera or drama night, the audience has a peculiarly at-home look. All leave their out-door clothing in the cloak-room, so that they need have no fear of catching cold after the theatre. Ladies are not forbidden to wear their hats, but it is looked on as a mark of ill-breeding if they do; and should a lady thus interfere with the view of a person sitting behind, she need not take affront at a request to remove the offending article. Between the acts there are long waits, and the audience pours into the large and elegant foyer adjoining the auditorium on the balcony level, and promenades back and forth; everybody sees everybody else; acquaintances greet each other; the hungry and thirsty refresh themselves in the spacious restaurant, and in pleasant summer weather animated groups gather in the mild evening air on the great balcony overlooking the Augustus Platz, which spreads below, sprinkled like a firmament with its many gas-lights.

Actors.

Many of the greatest of German actors and singers began their career at Leipsic. Among other instances may be mentioned that of Fraulein Franciska Ellmenreich, a young actress of remarkable talent, and of such brilliancy, grace and versatility that her répertoire comprised the most different rôles in parlor comedy, the emotional drama and high tragedy. She was alike good as Katharina in *The Taming of the Shrew*, as Beatrice in *Much Ado about Nothing*, as Donna Diana in Moreto's

comedy, as Juliet, as Gretchen, or as Countess Orsini in *Emilia Galotti*. After taking leave of Leipsic, she was engaged to occupy a leading position at the Hofburg theatre in Vienna, which stood at the head of the German stage, and where the most perfect acting was found. If she could have been induced to learn English, as did Janauschek, and make an American tour, a great triumph would have awaited her.

While no such enormous salaries are paid as in America, the average actor is well recompensed, and is generally in comfortable circumstances, often accumulating a respectable fortune. The social position of the profession is also good; nearly all the old prejudice has disappeared; and distinguished actors move in the best society. Professional stars are almost unknown, and the stock company is everywhere the chief reliance. Even the most famous actors and singers are permanently engaged at some great court or city theatre, and at certain seasons of the year they are, according to contract, given leave of absence, when they make tours of two or three months, their names appearing on the bills in some such style as the following:

Residenz Theatre, Berlin.

Arria and Messalina,

Tragedy in five acts by Adolf Wilbrandt.

Arria.....Frau Charlotte Wolter,

From the Hofburg Theatre in Vienna, as guest.

Actors who are not members of the company at the theatre where they are playing are always designated by the name of guest, a far more appropriate and taste-

ful appellation than star. The above is a fair sample of the average German play-bill, which is remarkable for all absence of display, bragging, and exaggeration, such vulgarities being left for the announcements of variety shows and the circus. Instead of a blanket poster so large that one needs a step-ladder to read it, modest bills are seen on the street corners in a German city, often simply the regular program handed around at the theatre, giving the cast for that evening, which everybody stops to read.

The Classic Drama.

It is a pleasure to see the performance of a classic drama in Germany. At the Hofburg theatre in Vienna and at the court play-house in Berlin it is the rule to give at least two classic dramas a week, and this number is often exceeded, while one of them is almost certain to be devoted to a play by Shakespeare. It is, indeed, claimed by the Germans that to see a Shakespearean drama finely performed one must go to Germany. There is no run of a play for a hundred nights, where people flock to the house to gaze on splendid scenery, to see a great actor make a machine of himself, and all the characters except the hero murdered before the end of the piece. But in the course of the year the theatre-goer will see nearly all the best Shakespearean plays, with the minor characters, as well as the greater, finely sustained, and everything else in keeping. At the Hofburg, each year, the histories or "king dramas" of Shakespeare have been brought out on suc-

cessive evenings, and the example found imitation at other leading theatres. Among them was the second part of *King Henry IV*, now rarely played; yet it was one of the finest Shakespearean performances ever witnessed. Every part was in the hands of a good actor, the playing was natural and entirely free from rant and stilted pomposity; so that the drama made a remarkably powerful impression, making one feel the reality of the scenes before him. Not only is Shakespeare's influence great in German literature; he may be said fairly to rule the German stage, for the plays of no other classic author are so popular as his.

Wagner's Influence.

The great influence of Richard Wagner has not been confined to the opera alone. Many of his reforms have been quietly and almost unwittingly adopted in the province of the spoken drama, and his efforts in behalf of sincerity and truth to nature have not been without important results. In this direction he was seconded by one of his most influential admirers, the duke of Saxe-Meiningen, who devoted his leisure almost entirely to the drama, and the little city of Meiningen, with its twelve thousand inhabitants, had one of the best theatres in Germany. The duke was regarded as one of the ablest stage managers in the country. His tendency was strongly realistic, and probably no other stage in the world could boast of such rich properties. As far as possible everything was genuine and historically accurate.

Though the company had hardly a really great actor among its members, yet so thoroughly was it drilled that it produced a wonderful fineness and finish of effect. Great stress was laid on the chorus, which in Meiningen was no crowd of stiff, ungainly supernumeraries. Each individual was taught the value of natural and independent action. For instance, if an agitated popular scene was to be presented, the chorus did not stand around in a ring and raise their rights arms with the promptness of a militia company on parade, shouting out, "Death to the traitor!" On the Meiningen stage such a scene had a grand and terrible sublimity, and to see the company in a play like *Julius Cæsar*, with their splendor of costumes and appointments, and with their magnificent ensemble, was like beholding a series of grand historical paintings. Another feature was giving the words of a classic play with the greatest possible fidelity, and the rejection, as far as practicable, of "cuttings" and all so-called stage versions, while such liberties as used to be taken with classic authors are now seldom tolerated. But the extreme nicety of the Meiningen stage in regard to properties and appointments is hardly practicable in most theatres.

To such influences may be traced the tendency of the German stage to educate as well as to entertain; classic dramas are revived and pieces are brought out which, long familiar to the reading public, were supposed to be ineffective on the stage. All these efforts meet with the liveliest interest on the part of the public, and when once shown to be practicable find speedy following throughout the land. Munich has occupied

a leading position in these enterprises. It was there that Byron's *Manfred* was first produced, with Schumann's wonderful music. Historical comedy evenings, or "four centuries of the drama," were instituted with great success, proving very entertaining, and more instructive in dramatic history than hours of reading would be. Four short pieces were given, from the sixteenth, seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries, respectively, approaching as closely as possible the style of the periods to which the pieces belonged. The first piece, a farce by Hans Sachs, was particularly interesting. The stage represented the market-place in Nuremberg. All around rose picturesque old houses, and crowds of quaintly costumed people gathered in front of a small platform, something like eight by ten feet, where the play was going on. Another successful experiment was the production of Aristophanes' comedy, *The Frogs*.

Performance of Faust.

The first part of Goethe's *Faust* was played long before the death of the poet, but long afterward the second part was supposed to be incapable of dramatic representation, although the first, given by itself, remained an unsatisfactory fragment. But in 1876 Herr von Loen, the director of the court theatre in Weimar, conceived the idea of observing the one hundredth anniversary of Goethe's coming to Weimar by the production of both parts of *Faust* as a "Mystery," with the triple division of the stage in vogue at the time of

Shakespeare, but adapted to modern requirements. The performance occupied two evenings, the first part lasting from half-past five until eleven o'clock; the second part beginning at the same time and ending half an hour sooner. Between the acts were long waits for rest and refreshment. Excepting the rôles of Siegfried and Brunnhild in Wagner's *Niebelungen*, there are probably no other instances where such powers of endurance are demanded of the actors as in the parts of Faust and Mephisto, who are on the stage for most of the time throughout two long evenings.

Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, which now ranks second only, if second, to his *Lohengrin* in popularity, was hopelessly damned, as was thought, at its first production in 1845. In the opening scene is represented the mystic cavern of Venus, or "Holda," as she was called in the middle ages. Into this enchanted cave Tannhäuser has been beguiled by the beautiful goddess, whose seductive charms are lavishly displayed, and a further temptation is a company of nymphs and bacchantes, who dance and pose before him with all the voluptuous attractions which such beings possessed, or were supposed to possess.

Authors.

Many German managers were unjust in their treatment of authors until the latter, recognizing the principle that strength lies in union, formed the society of dramatic authors and composers, which now conducts the business for most of the members of the profession in Germany and Austria, securing them justice and

CAVE SCENE IN TANNHÄUSER

After an original painting by W. de Leftwich Dodge

*The fire thou kindled in my soul,
An altar flame shall burn for thee alone.
And yet for earth I'm yearning;
'Tis freedom I must win, or die,
For liberty I can everything defy;
Oh, queen, beloved goddess, let me fly!*

TANNHÄUSER.—WAGNER.



respect. Men such as Freytag, Gutzkow, Lindau and Wilbrandt have received handsome sums as royalties on their works, which are not run for a few weeks and then shelved, but are played at frequent intervals during the season, thus becoming more generally known and standing a better chance of winning a permanent place in the répertoire. The Vienna Stadt theatre yearly offers liberal prizes for the best original dramas, together with its regular rate of ten per cent. for a play filling out the entire evening, and seven per cent. for a play requiring an afterpiece. Happily for dramatic art, the system of writing dramas for individual actors, however talented, does not obtain in the Fatherland.

Characteristics of German Stage.

The most marked individual characteristics of German dramatic writing are ideality, poetic sentiment, humor rather than wit, and freedom from cramping and restricting rules. In all these respects a near approach to the English drama is evident; but of late years German dramatists have learned much from the French, especially in technique.

Norwegian and Swedish authors have recently produced a number of strong works, that promise a bright future to the Scandinavian theatre. But for the liberal policy of the German stage one of the finest of these dramas might have remained unrecognized by the outside world. It was Ernst Possart, the director of the royal court theatre in Munich, who at once saw the merit of Björnstjerne Björnson's powerful play

A Failure. Suggested by the great crisis of 1873, the play had for a theme the shortcomings of mercantile life. They were painted in their true colors by a master hand, and mercantile dishonesty was called by its right name. The fame of the piece spread quickly and it was soon known throughout the length and breadth of Germany, causing a deep sensation everywhere. Critics called it a grand sermon for business men, and said that since Schiller's day no such effect had been produced. While Björnson had a high ideal and taught a great lesson, it is remarkable with what simplicity his work was done. There is not a scene that does not seem drawn from the life, and every word is such as people use in daily intercourse.

Raupach and Grabbe.

In the first half of the nineteenth century some improvement took place on the German stage when the Fate tragedies and the Romantic drama were followed by the productions of Ernst Benjamin Raupach, who wrote, beside other works, a cyclus of sixteen dramas, all founded on the history of the Hohenstaufen emperors. While Raupach's pieces are theatrical rather than dramatic, they are far preferable to the crude dramatic poems written by his contemporary, Dietrich Christian Grabbe, whose life was as wild as his dramas. The latter, indeed, attracted notice by some energetic passages of imaginative declamation, but repelled readers who valued good taste. A few lines may show, however that the author was not incapable of writing poetry.

The day is wonderfully beautiful!
Rome's old gray ruins glisten in the light
Like spirits glorified. Such autumn days
Are only seen at Rome. Like the old Romans,
These fields in purple robes of victory
Clothe themselves ere they die.

A potent factor in the improvement of the German stage at this period was the truly national comedies of the Princess Amelia of Saxony. She was born in 1794, the daughter of Prince Maximilian, whose eldest brother, Frederic Augustus, was king of Saxony for sixty-four years, from 1763 to 1827. Amelia was only ten years old when her mother died, and her education was entrusted to the queen and her other aunt, Princess Maria Theresa. At first she was brought up in the strict seclusion of the Saxon court, but the old order was utterly changed by the Napoleonic wars, and she shared in all the vicissitudes of her family. For a time they dwelt in Prague, but in 1815 returned to Dresden. About twenty years later her first comedy, *Falsehood and Truth*, was presented at Berlin and attained success, though the authorship was not announced. A fine series of these social dramas followed with varying fortunes, yet generally winning favor. Some of them maintain their place on the stage to the present day.

Emmermann.

In the south of Germany the dramatic works of Ferdinand Raimund and Joseph von Auffenberg—both belonging, as did Raupach and Grabbe, to the first half

of the nineteenth century—had considerable success. The former skillfully combined some traits of actual life with his plots, which were founded on old popular stories and fairy tales. More prominent than any of these, though rather as a novelist than a dramatist, was Karl Lebrecht Immermann, who, while possessing true poetic genius, failed in his attempts to write for the theatre. His plays are better suited for the closet than for the stage. Though sometimes rough and forbidding, they are marked by considerable insight into character, and his comedies are by no means destitute of comic force, all his dramatic works showing signs of a close study of Shakespeare. It is in his semi-humorous romances that Immermann is at his best, and by these he is chiefly remembered. *Münchhausen* is his most popular work, though one that has been severely criticised; for it divides itself into parts which have no real union. It may be well to add that it has nothing to do with the more widely known Baron Münchhausen. The *Demiurgos* of Wilhelm Jordan is a bold and thoughtful work, intended to justify the ways of Providence; but the poem is not strictly dramatic. One of Jordan's later works was a long epic in the shape of a new *Nibelungenlied*.

LATER DRAMA OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

In the latter half of the nineteenth century we are confronted by hundreds of names, of whom only a few need here be mentioned as representatives. Among them are the Austrian dramatist Dienhardstein, whose best plays were *Hans Sachs* and *Garrick at Bristol*,

and Rudolf von Gottschal, author of the tragedy of *Mazeppa*. The names of Geibel and Redwitz are less prominent in the drama than in other departments of poetic literature. As a writer of light and entertaining pieces, Eduard Bauernfield gained in Vienna a considerable popularity. His liveliness in conversations and his cleverness in sketching character are his chief merits. Similar traits are found in the comedies of Julius Roderich Benedix, whose *Doctor Wespe* and *Der Weiberfeind* have been commended for their skillful management of intrigues. Johann Georg Fischer, the author of *Saul* and *Friedrich II*, is better known for his pleasing lyrics. One of the most successful of German dramas, *Narciss*, by Albert Emil Brachvogel, may be mentioned as an example of a work condemned by the critics, but triumphant on the stage. To it the author added a long series of popular dramas. His historical novels have fallen out of view. *Der Erb-förster* and *Die Maccabäer* of Otto Ludwig have been commended as possessing dramatic powers, but their tone is too much like that of Hebbel's sensational plays. Still others are Freytag, the famous novelist; the Swiss poet Griepenkerl and Feodor Wehl, to which additional names might be added almost indefinitely.

Gerhart Hauptmann.

At the opening of the twentieth century the two most prominent dramatists of Germany were Gerhart Hauptmann and Hermann Sudermann. Both are disciples of Ibsen, and yet entirely original and widely

different in their methods and interpretation of life. The works of both have been quickly translated into other tongues and have been performed in America as well as in England and France. They have been severely criticised, yet have won their way in spite of critical and official opposition. But while they have deeply stirred the more intellectual classes, they have not gained wide popularity. They have directed the attention of thinking people to social problems, but they have not pointed out effectual remedies for the evils they portray, much less excited a revolution. Hauptmann has soared into idealism, while Sudermann has persisted in his original realism.

Gerhart Hauptmann was born at Oberpfalzbrunn, Silesia, on the 15th of November, 1862. His father was a prosperous innkeeper, who gave his son the best advantages for education. Yet Gerhart was rather a dreamer than a student. At the university of Jena he accepted the doctrines of Darwinism, yet without abating his love for Goethe and Byron, wandering over Europe with a copy of *Childe Harold* in his pocket. While in Italy he thought of becoming a sculptor, and after his return to Germany inclined to the stage. He published two plays of the old classic style and wrote some poems and stories. But these gave no indication of the work he was destined to achieve.

In 1887 Hauptmann became acquainted with the socialist Bruno Wille and with Arno Holz, who promoted realism on the stage. Inspired by the works of Tolstoi, Ibsen and Zola, he produced his first realistic play, *Vor Sonnenaufgang* (Before Sunrise), which was

performed at the Lessing Theatre in Berlin in 1889. It was founded on a close study of the Silesian peasants, and exhibited without mitigation the gross evils of their condition. The refined classes showed no disposition to learn anything from such exhibitions, however true to life, but the rabble flocked to the theatre and applauded the piece. The characters, the situations, the dialogues were denounced as morbid and immoral by many critics, but when Hauptmann went on in his new path, he came to be recognized as a champion in ridding the stage of absurd conventions and false romance.

His next play, *Einsame Menschen* (Lonely Lives), was free from some of the crudities of its predecessor, and was more favorably received by the critics. The author dwelt on the inevitable effects of heredity and environment in producing social degradation. Still more powerful was *The Weavers*, a socialistic play founded on an actual strike of the weavers in Silesia. It sets in effective contrast the wealthy employer who oppresses the struggling workmen beyond endurance, and the wretched weavers driven to desperate deeds by the pangs of starvation. One of the sufferers exclaims that it is all the same to him whether he starves at the loom or out in the ditch. Turning to his oppressor, he cries, "The right kind of employer can get along with three or four hundred men in the turn of his hand, and leave a few pickings for his men. But a man such as you has four bellies like a cow and teeth like a wolf!" The play has been criticised for its want of connection, but the power of its successive scenes has been acknowledged on the principal stages of the world.

In his dream poem *Hanneles* (or, as it is sometimes called, *Hanneles Himmelfahrt*, Little Hanna's Journey to Heaven), Hauptmann displays his great poetic power. It is a strange compound of naturalism and idealism. The step-child of a brutal, drunken workman has tried to drown herself to escape from the misery of her lot. But, being rescued, she has been taken to the alms-house, where her dreams are represented as of one in a fever. Her past sufferings are shown in a series of tableaux. All that she has been taught of the future, of heaven and angels, becomes associated with her actual condition. Christ himself appears in the vision as the good teacher to lead her gently by the hand to a new and better life, free from sin and suffering. The performance of this pathetic drama created a great sensation. In one European city the actors are said to have been so profoundly affected that they refused to repeat the performance. In 1894 Hauptmann visited the United States, and a translation of this play was announced for performance in New York. An earnest attempt was made to have it prohibited, partly on account of the child actress who was to personate Hannele, and partly on account of the personation of Christ. But after a private representation had been approved by hundreds of distinguished literary and critical people, the opposition gave way and the public performance took place. The piece, however, was of so strange and unusual character that it did not meet with general success. On the other hand, the author, who had been dejected by its failure, was cheered by the fact that the Grillparzer prize at Vienna—amounting to \$2,000—

had been awarded to him for this beautiful religious drama.

Hauptmann's next play, *College Crampton*—Our Colleague Crampton—represents the disgrace of a professor who has yielded to temptation, but by the courage and devotion of his brave child Gertrude is uplifted and sustained until he acquires new strength to face and overcome the censorious world. In this play Hauptmann's poetic nature has prevailed over the pessimism which seemed to dominate his early dramas.

But the play which has given Hauptmann his highest reputation is *Die Versunkene Glocke*, which he describes as "a German fairy play." It is manifestly a highly poetical and symbolical drama. But exactly what interpretation is to be given to its symbolism has not been agreed by the critics. According to the story, the bell-founder Heinrich, while carrying to the church a bell which he had fashioned and of which he was very proud, is overtaken by a faun, who breaks a spoke in a wheel of the wagon and thus sinks the bell in a lake and almost drowns the artificer. But the elf Rautendelein spirits him away to her wild mountain home, where, free from worldly care and trouble, he lives thenceforth for his work alone, until the tones of the sunken bell, rung by the hand of his dead wife, Magda, are heard from the depth of the waters. The visions of his poor children appear to him, and he has not the superhuman steadfastness to resist their appeal. He spurns the spirit that raised him to the heights, and wishes to return to the lower world. He rejects the new life as he had before abandoned the old. But his strength is exhausted. Old Wittikin, the

wise woman, enters with the cup of death, and he drinks it thankfully. While he is dying Rautendelein returns for a moment with the joyful cry, "Heinrich, the sun is coming!" His eyes are filled with mystical radiance; his ears are charmed with the music of the sun-bells, with which he had hoped to sound joy throughout the world.

Some critics see in this wonderful allegory a picture of the life of Arnold Böcklin, eminent among modern German artists. Others give it a more general application as showing the eternal effort of all artists to attain their aesthetic ideals. Others think that it is a poetical representation of the reformer, who, hampered by conditions beyond his control, seeks to remodel human society. Still another regards Heinrich as a symbol of humanity, as a whole, struggling painfully toward the realization of its dream of the ideal truth and happiness. Whatever be its correct or full interpretation, all agree that it is a highly poetical vision of something beyond the present prosaic conditions of life. It raises the new poet almost to the lofty Olympus where Goethe sits enthroned.

In personal appearance Hauptmann is slight and slender, seeming still a boyish student, shy and awkward. He married at the early age of twenty-two. Loving nothing more than work and the quiet of family life, he yet finds it impossible to remain long in any given place. "Wherever he elects to reside," says one who knows him well, "he must have his own house, and if none proves suitable, he builds one according to his tastes and whims. In rapid succession Herr Hauptmann has

established himself near Schreiberhau among his beloved Silesian Alps, at Grünwald in the environs of Berlin, at Aguetendorf, and at the opening of the twentieth century was settled in Dresden. At the close of 1901 he had just completed a fantastic residence at Blasewitz, on the Elbe, not far from the Saxon capital. The ornamental features of this new structure were all inspired by motifs from his play of *The Sunken Bell*. On the capitals, in the tympana, and dotted about the roof are carved figures of Nickelmann, Rautendelein, and the wood sprites who gave color to the most poetic and profoundly symbolical German drama of the present age."

Hermann Sudermann.

The other great German dramatist of the new century is Hermann Sudermann, born at Matziken, East Prussia, on the 30th of September, 1857. His reputation is founded as much on his novels as on his dramas. In all, he has been content to follow Ibsen and Tolstoi in discussing the serious problems of human society as it exists at the present day. He is a stern realist, but has not found it necessary or desirable to sink to the depths of degradation which Zola has exploited. The first among his novels was *In the Twilight*, which appeared in 1885; *Frau Sorge* (Dame Care), and *Geschwister* (Brothers and Sisters) soon followed.

Sudermann's first play, *Die Ehre*, or *Honor*, won success through the interest awakened by the contrast between the ideas of a Berlin factory owner and those of his employés, and by the realism with which the in-

mates of the Hinterhaus are drawn. Sudermann's *Heimat* is known to English and American play-goers under the title of *Magda*, its chief character and one made famous by the acting of Bernhardt and Duse. Its plot deals with the strained relations between an old-fashioned father and his daughter, who plays the part of a "new woman," or at least, of one who believes in the new order of things. His *Johannes*, an effective drama in prose, takes for its subject John the Baptist. His *Drei Reiherfedern* was written as a Märchen piece, but has not sufficient merit, either as to verse or situation, to rank as one of the Märchendramen. Later, he returned to the drama of social life, and here he is seen at his best, not perhaps in works that are destined to endure, but in such as are concise and clear in form, free from all admixture of metaphysics or Romanticism, and free also from any slavish imitation of the French.

In his gloomy but impressive drama *Sodoms Ende* (The Destruction of Sodom), Sudermann aims to show that the artist's hunger for pleasure destroys all the soundest parts of human nature and leaves no basis for decent social life. But it is especially by his late play, *Es lebe das Leben*, which has been translated as *The Joy of Living*, that Sudermann has caught the ear of the world. In this problem-play Richard and Beata are persons of unusual intellectual ability. At the outset they are apparently happily married, Richard to a socially ambitious, frivolous woman, and Beata to a good fellow incapable of appreciating his wife's higher nature. Both Richard and Beata feel the need of intellectual sympathy, and are thus brought into dangerous relation.

Yet all the group believe in preserving the social ideal for the sake of the family. For a time this is done by deception, but at last, after reading some of their old letters together, the principals feel that it can only be attained by suicide. Richard, whose egotism has been fostered by Beata's unshrinking self-sacrifice, cannot summon courage for the deed. Beata believes that by self-destruction she can make possible a higher career for him, and secure the marriage of their children. She has had a glimmer of the joy of living, but sees that something wrong has shut her out from it. At the end she drinks the fatal cup. Her aristocratic personality dominates the whole play. While she departs from conventional morality, she does not become hardened nor even to appearance demoralized. When she dies, her husband complains bitterly that she had concealed from him the truth of the situation, and declares that if she had told him, he would have freed her to attain her desire. Poor Richard loses everything and can only exclaim, "I must live because I am dead." Whether such a picture of the evils of mismated marriage and life-long deception are in any way beneficial to the world or proper subjects for artistic treatment is a question that has divided critics and playgoers. Must society enforce ostracism on those who seek to free themselves from unhappy marriage relations? Sudermann makes no answer, draws no moral; he leaves the problem to be dealt with by society, which makes its own rules of conduct. In all of his plays he treats of human happiness and love in their philosophical aspect, and thus can never become a widely-popular dramatist. Yet his domestic

power and realistic treatment of the higher classes have been acknowledged at home and abroad.

Of the new school of dramatists, Richard Voss, with his *Alexandra* and *Eva*, was one of the forerunners, as also were Max Halbe, Kirkbach, Hartleben and Ernst Rosmer, a pseudonym for Elsa Bernstein. Max Dreyer stands high in recent comedy, and Fulda has given us some graceful translations from Molière, with *Der Talisman* as the most successful of his original plays. Arthur Schnitzler, with his finely pointed dialogues, in style more French than German, ranks first among Austrian dramatists. Hermann Bahr, though better known as a critic, has gained a foothold on the Vienna stage; nor should we omit Hugo von Hofmannsthal, the most promising of the younger Austrian school, who owes much to the Italian dramatist, D'Annunzio.

Conclusion.

The position in which the German nation stands before the world was never prouder than now it is; their intellectual activity was never greater, their accomplishments never more impressive. If in polite literature it is not such a period as closed with the death of Gœthe, if the present era shows decline in poetic and dramatic force, the causes are not far to seek. The circumstances of the nation have called genius into other fields. The change of political conditions, the cementing together of the fragments of German nationality into a mighty empire, gives new outlets for ability. In public life, at length, there are opportunities for the citizen, though,

as yet, not such opportunities as lie open to the free-born American and Englishman. In manufactures and commerce, also, the possibilities have been marvellously extended. Until recent times, German industry has been in every way fettered. Unwise trade regulations strangled export and import; internal commerce languished, and abroad the wings of enterprise were crippled. These restrictions are now for the most part removed. What merchant more daring in his venture than the German? What competition more dreaded in the markets of the world than that of the German artisan? Who more bold than the German explorer? There are no finer ships upon the seas than those which the German builds and mans. In some East Indian marts he threatens to crowd out the Englishman and the Hollander. He plants his naval stations in the heart of Oceanica; elbows sharply vegetating Spaniards and Portuguese in Rio and Peru; climbs the Himalayas, and tracks the African desert; and presses along with the Englishman, American, Russian and Dane in search of the North Pole. It is but as yesterday that such possibilities were opened, but through them power is already widely attracted that heretofore had been spent at the desk and library.

One of the most noted of German literary critics utters himself as follows: "It would be an immense mistake to imagine that a trace remains of the elements that went to form the picture of us some writers have given to the world. The idealism, the dreaminess, the moonshine have all had their day. We have become strict realists. The questions that occupy us in the morning,

which perplex us at nightfall, are business questions. All in art and literature that savored of idealism, dreaminess and moonshine has gone. We have become accustomed to deal better than we used to with realities, and to describe things as they are. I had a conversation the other day with one of our best painters, in which he told me, in the most animated manner, that he had found a splendid subject for a picture; that he had now spent twelve months in preparatory studies, and that he should give the next few years of his life exclusively to the work. Although myself a tolerably thorough-going realist, I at once supposed he had chosen some famous event in the world's history. What was my astonishment when he told me that the subject was an iron-foundry!"

Nevertheless it would be doing an injustice to many writers of exceptional talent and unflagging industry and zeal to represent the German literature of the present day is declining. Its future is most promising, and if it depends on mental training will certainly preserve its superiority; for in this respect there is nothing to be desired. Nowhere shall we find, whether in the primary school, the gymnasium or the university, more attentive, intelligent and industrious pupils, more earnest and competent teachers. In every large city and town there is not only an excellent library but an historical museum, the one in Berlin containing a vast collection, where we may study the rise and progress of civilization in every race of the past ages that has a history, and the present condition of every people, civilized or savage, under the sun.

VII.

The Drama in Holland.

In conclusion a word may be said as to the Dutch drama, which is akin to the German, but not with any close affinity. As in other European countries, the Religious drama plays a prominent part in the mediæval literature of Holland. The text of the earliest plays of this class has been lost, and there remains only the bare record of certain pieces having been performed at various places, of which only a few need here be mentioned, to serve as specimens. The earliest existing fragment is a Limburg Passover Play, dated about 1360; at the Hague was given, in 1400, *Our Lord's Resurrection*; at Arnhem, in 1452, *Our Lady the Virgin*; at Delft, in 1498, *The Three Kings*. The last Dutch Miracle play of which there is any mention was composed by one Smeken at Breda, and was produced on St. John's day of 1500. It was printed in 1867, and was entitled the *Mystery of the Holy Sacrament*; for in Holland, as in England, Mystery plays and Miracle plays were used as convertible terms.

As in other countries where the Religious drama found a home, farces were acted side by side with theo-

logical subjects, but these curious performances, or rather admixture of performances, were given outside the churches and by companies composed, in part at least, of laymen. "Abelespelen" they were called, or Gotternieën, and rude as they were, in them may be traced the germs of that genius for broad comedy which afterward found expression in the plays of Brederôo and Bilderdijk and in the graphic art of the famous Dutch school of painters.

Out of these theatrical companies were developed the so-called "Chambers of Rhetoric," in which were concentrated the chief literary movements of the Netherlands during the fifteenth and a portion of the sixteenth century. Such institutions existed at least as early as 1400, though under another name; for the poets of Holland were not slow to discover the value of guilds even in the literary craft. In tone they were somewhat democratic, or rather middle-class—if one may use the term. Essentially mediæval in character, even when altered somewhat in form by the great movements known as the Renaissance and the Reformation, they were always strongly opposed to aristocratic ideas and not only in the larger cities but in almost every town their influence was felt. At their landjuweelen, or tournaments of rhetoric, rich prizes were contended for, and it was on these occasions that the members of the various chambers strove to distinguish themselves. Thus the Book at Brussels—as its chamber was called—sent three hundred and forty members, all on horseback and arrayed in crimson mantles, to the great tournament held at Antwerp in 1561, to which

that city contributed a ton of gold, that was shared among nearly two thousand competitors. Many of the members composed dramatic pieces; but as these were essentially didactic in cast, they were not greatly in favor. Many of the religious plays came from these chambers, and many also of the farces which enlivened these serious entertainments, the materials for which were extremely coarse, consisting largely of rough jokes at the expense of erring priests and foolish husbands, of old dotards and their wives, whose lapses from virtue were a favorite theme.

Omitting further mention of the Religious drama, let us pass to the time when, in an Amsterdam salon, the beautiful daughters of Roemer Visscher formed around their father and themselves the new school that began to take form early in the seventeenth century. The republic of the United Provinces, with Amsterdam at its head, had suddenly risen to the first rank among the nations of Europe, and it was under the influence of new emotion and brilliant ambition that the country no less suddenly asserted itself in a great school of painting and poetry. The intellect of the entire Low Countries was concentrated in Holland and Zealand, while the six great universities, Leyden, Groningen, Utrecht, Amsterdam, Harderwijk and Franeker, were enriched by a flock of learned exiles from Flanders and Brabant. It had occurred, however, to Roemer Visscher only that the path of literary honor lay, not along the utilitarian road, but in the study of beauty and antiquity. In this he was aided by the school of ripe and enthusiastic scholars who began to flourish at Leyden,

such as Drusius, Vossius and Hugo Grotius, who themselves wrote little in Dutch, but who chastened the style of the rising generation by insisting on a pure and liberal Latinity, Grotius writing in Latin the drama of *Adamus Exul*. Out of that generation rose the greatest names in the literature of Holland—Vondel, Hooft, Cats, Huygens—in whose hands the language, so long left barbarous and neglected, took at once its highest finish and melody. By the side of this serious and æsthetic growth there is to be noticed a quickening of the broad and farcial humor which has been characteristic of the Dutch nation from its commencement. For fifty years, and these the most glorious in the annals of Holland, these two streams of influence, one toward beauty and melody, the other toward lively comedy, ran side by side, often in the same channel, and producing a rich harvest of great works. It was in the house of the daughters of Roemer Visscher that the tragedies of Vondel and the comedies of Brederôo, the farces of Coster and the odes of Huygens, alike found their first admirers and their best critics.

Of the famous daughters of Roemer, two cultivated literature with marked success. Anna was the author of a descriptive and didactic poem, *The Glory of the Aemstel*, and of various miscellaneous writings; Tessel-schade wrote some lyrics which place her at the head of the female poets of Holland, and she translated the great poem of Tasso. They were women of universal accomplishments, graceful manners and singular beauty; and their company attracted to the house of Roemer Visscher all the most gifted youths of the time, several

of whom were suitors, but in vain, for the hand of Anna or of Tesselschade.

Hooft.

Of this Amsterdam school, the first to emerge into public notice was Pieter Cornelissen Hooft. He belonged to a patrician family, and became a member at a very early age of the chamber of the Eglantine. When he was only eighteen he produced, before this body, his tragedy of *Achilles and Polyxena*, which displayed a precocious ease in the use of rhetorical artifices of style. His intellectual character, however, was formed by a journey into Italy, where he steeped himself for three years in the best Italian literature, both prose and verse. He returned to Holland in 1601, with his head full of schemes for the creation of a Dutch school of belles-lettres. Four years later he produced his pastoral drama of *Granada*, in which he proved himself a pupil of Guarini. During the remainder of his life he devoted himself chiefly to history and tragedy. In the latter field he produced *Baeto* and *Geraad van Velsen*; in the former his master-work was the *History of Holland*.

Brederôo.

Very different from the long and prosperous career of Hooft was the brief, painful life of the greatest comic dramatist that Holland has produced, Gerbrand Adriaanssen Brederôo, the son of an Amsterdam shoemaker. His life was embittered by a hopeless love for Tesselschade Visscher, to whom he dedicated his

dramas, and whose beauty he celebrated in a whole cycle of love songs. He commenced by dramatizing the romance of *Roderick and Alphonsus* in 1611, and *Griane* in 1612, but in the latter year he struck out a new and more characteristic path in his *Farce of the Cow*. From this time until his death he continued to pour out comedies, farces and romantic dramas, in all of which he displayed a coarse, rough genius not unlike that of Ben Jonson, whose immediate contemporary he was. His last and best piece was *Jerolimo, the Spanish Brabanter*, a satire upon the exiles from the South who filled the halls of the Amsterdam chambers of rhetoric with their pompous speeches and preposterous Burgundian phraseology. Brederôo was closely allied in genius to the dramatists of the Shakespearean age, but he founded no school, and stands almost as a solitary figure in the literature of Holland.

Vondel.

The greatest of all Dutch dramatists, Joost van der Vondel, was born at Cologne on the 17th of November, 1587. In 1612 he brought out his first work, *Het Pascha*, a tragedy or tragi-comedy on the exodus of the children of Israel, written, like all his succeeding dramas, on the recognized Dutch plan, in alexandrines, in five acts, and with choral interludes between the acts. There is comparatively little promise in *Het Pascha*. Dramatically it was much inferior to the plays then being produced by Brederôo, and metrically to the clear and eloquent tragedies and pastorals of Hooft; but it

secured the young poet a hearing. Yet for a number of years he made no attempt to emphasize the impression he had made on the public, but contented himself during the period which is the most fertile in a poet's life, with translating and imitating portions of Du Bartas' popular epic. Then he published what seemed an innocent study from the antique, his tragedy of *Palamedes, or Murdered Innocence*. All Amsterdam discovered, with suppressed delight, that under the name of the hero was thinly concealed the figure of Barneveldt, whose execution in 1618 had been a triumph of the hated Calvinists. Thus, at the age of forty-one, the obscure Vondel became in a week the most famous writer in Holland.

For the next twelve years, and till the accession of Prince Frederick Hendrick, Vondel had to maintain a hand-to-hand combat with the "Saints of Dort." This was the period of his most resolute and stinging satires; Cats took up the cudgels in behalf of the counter-Reformants, and there raged a war of pamphlets in verse. A purely fortuitous circumstance led to the next great triumph in Vondel's slowly developing career. The Dutch Academy, founded in 1617, almost wholly as a dramatic guild, had become so inadequately provided with stage accommodation that in 1637, having coalesced with the two chambers of the Eglantine and the White Lavender, it ventured on the erection of a large public theatre, the first in Amsterdam. Vondel, as the greatest poet of the day, was invited to write a piece for the first night, which was New Year's eve, and the house opened with the performance of a new

tragedy from early Dutch history, the famous *Gysbregh van Aemstel*. Though not the best, this was by far the most popular of Vondel's plays, and on every succeeding New Year's eve, for a period of 265 years, has been presented on the stage of the Amsterdam theatre. The next ten years were rich in dramatic work from Vondel's hand; he supplied the theatre with heroic Scriptural pieces, of which the general reader will obtain the best idea if we point to the *Athalie* of Racine. In 1654, having already attained an age at which poetical production is usually discontinued by the most energetic of poets, he brought out the most exalted and sublime of all his works, the tragedy of *Lucifer*.

Very late in life, through no fault of his own, financial ruin fell on the aged poet, and, from his seventieth to his eightieth year, this venerable and illustrious writer, the main literary glory of Holland, was forced to earn his bread as a common clerk in a bank, miserably paid, and accused of wasting his master's time by the writing of verses.

The city released him at last from his bondage by a pension, and the wonderful old man went on writing odes and tragedies almost to his ninetieth year. He died at last in 1679, of no disease, but simply from the effects of age, having outlived all his contemporaries and almost all his friends, but calm, sane and good-humored to the last, serenely conscious of the legacy he left to a not over-grateful country. Vondel is the typical example of Dutch intelligence and imagination at their highest development. Not merely is he to

Holland all that Camoens is to Portugal and Mickiewicz to Poland, but he stands on a level with these men in the positive value of his writings. By his countrymen he has been called the Dutch Shakespeare, and though in genius he is nearer akin to Milton, the term is not misapplied.

Vondel's Successors.

Vondel had no successor worthy of the great master. The older form of Dutch tragedy, in which the chorus still appeared, was exchanged for a close imitation of French models, especially Corneille and Racine; nor was the attempt to create a national comedy successful. Thus no national Dutch drama was permanently called into life, and of the authors and works that remain to be mentioned few details need here be given. Jan Vos was the foremost of Vondel's pupils, writing at least two successful tragedies, *Aaron* and *Titus* and *Medea*. Geeracrdt Brandt, though a tragic dramatist, is better known as a biographer, his lives of Vondel and De Ruyter ranking among the masterpieces of Dutch prose. Vander Goes was also a skillful imitator of Vondel's, writing Chinese tragedies which found little favor, but still remembered for his *Ijstroom*, a poem in praise of Amsterdam, and of considerable force and fancy. Joachim Oudaen wrote in youth two promising tragedies, *Johanna Gray* and *Konradyon*.

The drama had now fallen into the hands of the French and of the Romantic school, even the disciples of Vondel being infected with such influencees. Lodewijk Meijer translated Corneille, and brought out his

plays on the stage at Amsterdam, where he was manager of the national theatre. In connection with Pels, author of *Dido's Death*, he also established a dramatic club, the object of which was to encourage French tastes among the people. Pels also came forward as a satirist and as a censor of letters and of the drama, his works including one on the *Use and Misuse of the Stage*. A voluminous comic writer of this period was Willam van Focquenbroch. Thomas Asselijn attempted to follow the national tradition of Brederôo, as also did Jan Starter, who worked beside him for two years, and afterward founded a literary guild in Friesland. The former created, as a characteristic Dutch type, the comic lover, Jan Klaaszen, whom he presented on the stage in a series of ridiculous situations. Abraham Alewijn, whose plays were produced in Batavia, possessed a coarse vein of comic humor, as also did Pieter Langendijk, with whom expire the traditions of native comedy.

In what is known as the Augustan era of Dutch poetry, a dull, blank period, with few names worthy of note, the drama was best represented by Lucretia Wilhelmina, wife of Nicholaas Simon van Winter.

Bilderdijk.

Toward the close of the eighteenth century, the Romantic movement in Germany made itself widely felt. Among its apostles was Rhijnois Feith, burgomaster of Zwolle, the very type of a prosperous and sentimental Dutchman. He produced a number of tragedies; but

his most popular works were the romance of *Julia*, in imitation of *Werther*, and the poem of *The Grave*. He outlived his popularity; for he was sharply ridiculed, as were others of the sentimental school, especially in the romances of Wacker van Zon. But the most formidable opponent of this school, and the creator of a new epoch in letters, was Willem Bilderdijk, a man who, by his force of character rather than by his genius, impressed his personality on his countrymen so indelibly that his fame remained unbroken almost to the present day. He began as a disciple of Jacob Cats, though his writings never show the dullness and monotony of the founder of the Middleburg school. In poetry his tastes were strictly national and didactic, and he could never tolerate what he called “the puerilities of Shakespeare.” In his epic of *Elias*, written at the age of thirty, he showed himself superior to all the Dutch poets since Huyghens in mastery of style; and this was probably his masterpiece; for *The Destruction of the First World*, which he designed as such, was never finished, and appeared only as a fragment. He lived a busy and eventful life and wrote vast quantities of verse, which to foreign readers, at least, are far from inviting. As Ten Brink has well remarked, “his admirable erudition, his power over language, more extended and colossal than that of any of his predecessors, enabled him to write pithy and thoroughly original verses, although the tone of his thought and expression never rose above the ceremonious, stagy and theatrical character of the eighteenth century.” But, in spite of his faults, and partly because of his faults, which marked a national failing,

Bilderdijk remained the idol of his countrymen until a sounder spirit of criticism consigned him to his proper sphere. A poet with more truth to nature, more sweetness of imagination, and a more genuine gift of poetry, was Adrianus Bogaers, who gradually assumed the position in literature formerly occupied by Bilderdijk.

Since 1830 Holland has taken a more prominent position in European thought. Especially in scientific and religious writings her men of letters have shown themselves cognizant of the newest shades of opinion, and have freely vented their ideas. The language has resisted the pressure of German from without, and from within has broken through its long stagnation, and enriched itself, as a medium for literary expression, with a multitude of fresh and colloquial forms. Meanwhile, if no really great genius had arisen in dramatic or other branches of literature, there is much that is far above mediocrity, and though Holland may never produce another Vondel, any more than England will produce another Milton, the future is bright in promise.

DAGOBERT, KING OF THE FRANKS.

A TRAGEDY

BY

JOSEPH MARIUS BABO

(*Translated by Benjamin Thompson.*)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DAGOBERT, lawful King of the Franks.

CHILDEBERT, Usurper of his Throne.

*GRIMBALD, Father of Childebert, and Prime Minister
of the Kingdom.*

CLOVIS, a Knight related to Dagobert.

GOMAR,

BRUNO,

RAGOND,

OSMAR,

CLODOMIR,

OFFICER.

HERALD.

ADELGUNDA, Wife of Dagobert.

ADA, Daughter of Dagobert and Adelgunda.

Knights—Soldiers—Populace, etc.

ARGUMENT.

Dagobert, lawful king of the Franks, has been banished by Grimbald, the prime minister, to some desert spot in Ireland, and escaping thence, returns in guise of a beggar, to find his throne usurped by Childebert, who is about to marry his wife, Adelgunda. Dagobert demands an audience of her, pretending to be a soothsayer, and denounces her infidelity; but finally discovers himself and embraces her as his wife. He assassinates Clodomir, who has been listening to the scene, and for this is committed to a dungeon, where he is visited by his wife and his daughter Ada, while Childebert stands guard over them. But Adelgunda calls together the followers of Dagobert, who defeat the supporters of Childebert and his father, Grimbald. Adelgunda is killed by one of Grimbald's minions, and Dagobert is recrowned, but abdicates in favor of Childebert, whom, however, he promises to aid with his counsels, doing all for the good of the people. Thus, after many adventures, many "hair-breadth 'scapes" and a liberal admixture of blood-curdling sensationalism, the tragedy ends to the satisfaction of all concerned.

ACT I.

SCENE.—A square, in which a great multitude is assembled. Dagobert, in the mean habit of a Pilgrim, is sitting upon a step at the entrance of a house.

Dagobert, surveying the multitude.

Dagobert.—How wonderful! Not a single eye is turned toward me.—Were I a trumpeter of some silly exhibition, instead of a poor man, thousands would look at me.—I know not one person in this crowd, and yet there are doubtless many, whom I formerly knew.—Can an interval of ten years make so great an alteration in the features?—How little, then, must I resemble King Dagobert, since distress and anguish have been my daily companions.—Alas! Must they be my companions in future, too?

Trumpets announce a Herald's approach. The crowd turns to the quarter from which the sound is heard.—Enter a Herald, accompanied by soldiers, of whom one bears the royal banner.

Herald.—Childebert the Second, King of the Franks, announces to his people that he will this day solemnize his marriage with the royal widow, Adelgunda. Be the day a day of joy! Long live the royal pair!

Some of the people.—Long live King Childebert and Queen Adelgunda! (The Herald proceeds to another street—the crowd follows.)

Dag.—Damned be the worthless pair!

Gomar, a Knight.—(Approaches from the retiring crowd, and surveys Dagobert.) Dost thou not rejoice at thy monarch's nuptials?

Dag.—I am a foreigner.

Gom.—Whence art thou come?

Dag.—From Rome.—I have been a miserable sinner, and for the sake of gain once entered into the service of the Saxon heathens. With them I burnt and plundered many a cloister

—many a church—till Heaven at length taught me to repent. I journeyed to Ireland, in hopes that the pious bishop Wilfried would grant me absolution, but he sent me to Rome. I promised to deliver his greeting to some knights here, and for that purpose travel through this country on my return to Ireland.

Gom.—To Ireland, sayst thou?

Dag.—Yes.

Gom.—To whom dost thou bring greeting, from the pious bishop Wilfried?

Dag.—To Clovis and one Gomar.

Gom.—Dost thou know him?

Dag.—I know the former. He gave me a friendly welcome last night when I arrived. The other has only resided here five years—him I do not know.

Gom.—I am he.

Dag.—You!

Gom.—Yes. I am Gomar.

Dag.—That is possible. If it be true, expect me here.—I shall soon return.

Gom.—Hold! Answer me a question. If thou dost answer it according to my wish, my house and home shall be thine, and thou shalt want no comfort in thy declining years. (Looks suspiciously round.) Didst thou ever hear that some time ago a monarch sat upon this throne, called Dagobert?

Dag.—Undoubtedly, but—peace be to his soul—it must now be ten years since he died.

Gom.—Didst thou hear nothing more of him in Ireland?

Dag.—As I tell you, I heard that Dagobert was his name, and—

Gom.—Not that he was alive?

Dag.—How! Alive!

Gom.—It is said that he lives with the pious Wilfried.

Dag.—Indeed! (Aside.) Were this Gomar—but I dare not—

Gom.—What mutterest thou respecting Gomar?

Dag.—I wish much to see him, that I may be enabled to proceed on my journey.

Gom.—By heavens thou art the first who ever dared to doubt my name.

Dag.—Pardon me, noble knight. I was not formerly suspicious, but many circumstances which I have witnessed during my pilgrimage have made me so. It is said, too, that many villainous transactions have taken place at this court. Be not incensed at the freedom of my speech. If we knew each other, I might address you in a very different manner.

Gom.—Thou art a strange man.

Dag.—Strange, indeed, in this ragged mantle.

Gom.—Come with me to my house. I will give thee a hearty welcome.

Dag.—I thank you, knight, but my way lies through that street. Farewell.

Gom.—Stay. There comes Clovis. Thou wilt now hear who I am. (Dagobert retires.)

Enter Clovis.

Clovis.—Oh, Gomar, have I at last found you? Instantly accompany me. I will with a single word breathe fire into your every vein. (Whispers in his ear.)

Gom.—God of Heaven! Arrived!—Peace, friend.—We are not alone. (Points to Dagobert.)

Dag.—Clovis, knowst thou thy guest?

Clo.—Heavens! 'Tis he himself—my monarch.—How dare you—at such a time—in such a place—

Dag.—Be at ease. Who will think of seeking the deceased Dagobert in this mean habit? Even the perfidy of my people, who could so soon forget me, is the security against all dangers. Who will interest himself about a beggar?—Even now, a herald was here, proclaiming the adulterous union. Oh, Clovis, his words appalled my soul like the curse of the Almighty.

Gom.—(Who has been lost in astonishment, throws himself at Dagobert's feet.) Blest be the hour at which I am again

allowed to see my king. Behold a faithful subject at your feet. In this bosom beats the heart of an honest Frank. Think not you are forgotten. Time and deception have clouded the recollection of you in the minds of your people; but in every heart is lodged the thought that Dagobert is the last branch of the royal family. This thought will excite every one to noble deeds.—Let us rouse the latent spark.

Dag.—That will we, by the Almighty. Rise, Frank, and come into the arms of a Frank. (Embraces him.) And now, friends, what think you of Adelgunda?—The faithless wretch!

Clo.—Tyranny and the artifice of Grimbald have compelled her to take this step. Often have I heard her bewail your death with floods of tears. Oh, if she knew you were alive—

Dag.—To you, my friends, as well as to her, my fate was unknown. You were ignorant how I fell into the traitor's snare, how my subjects were deceived as to my death, and how vilely I was treated. You knew not that I was dragged by hired slaves into the remote deserts of Ireland, where I was doomed to undergo misery and want. No. You thought me dead, yet still remained faithful to your sovereign and justice. But she— To-day we shall see whether virtue, or a shameful attachment to Childebert and regal pomp, will guide her actions. Friends, I fear my wife is lost—for a faithful wife would sooner throw herself into the arms of death than the arms of an usurper.—To-day I must see her—to-day I must be convinced.

Clo.—Yet hazard not too much.

Dag.—He who has lost everything but life can hazard nothing—for death is a blessing to him.

Gom.—But he who has friends has not lost everything.

Dag.—(Buried in reflection.) Are a king's friends real friends?

Clo.—How!

Gom.—(Displeased.) I love the man who deserves it, whether he be king or slave.

Dag.—(Still in deep meditation.) Yes—see her I must—her and my Ada—this very day. Oh, if it be true, the tortures of the damned are ecstasy compared to mine.

Clo.—My liege!

Dag.—Do you know me?

Gom.—You are our king. We acknowledge no other.

Dag.—Do not fancy that my senses are bewildered. No, my friends. I meant to ask whether you knew me in this habit.—Clovis, when I last night came to your house, you did not know me—nor did you, Gomar, recognize me to-day. You thought me a poor foreign pilgrim.—'Tis well.—No one will discover who I am. Go home, or elsewhere, as your concerns may direct—but lay not your swords aside, nor sleep, for you might be suddenly awoke. In an hour go to the palace.—See, see! Some one comes hastily this way.

Gom.—It is Clodomir.—Conceal yourself.

Clo.—He has not perceived me. Withdraw with me.

Dag.—I shall remain here.

Gom.—Then you are lost. He is Grimbald's slave.

Dag.—He cannot know me.

Clo.—But he knows us to be disaffected men, as he terms it, and enemies to his master. The villain will become suspicious. Go, if you please. I will remain. (Both appear anxious and distressed.)

Enter Clodomir, a Knight.

Clodomir.—Well knights, why thus solitary?—Come to the nuptial banquet at the palace. (To Dagobert.) Who art thou?

Dag.—A poor man, whom Heaven has allowed to penetrate into the secret mysteries of futurity.

Clod.—A soothsayer—a sort of prophet, I suppose?

Dag.—True—but not one of those who are usually met with. My art has been acknowledged and admired in many countries.

Clod.—Then you have been telling these knights a few truths, I suppose—and very unpleasant truths they must be, if I may judge by their looks.—You, Mr. Soothsayer, come with me to the palace. I'll make your fortune—but you must banish all serious matter, and prophesy nothing but happiness. Come. (To Clovis and Gomar.) Will you go with us?

Clo.—Clodomir, I shall not part with this stranger. I received him into my house, and hospitality demands that he should remain there.

Clod.—Is he not safe in the palace?

Clo.—He will be ridiculed.

Clod.—(To Dagobert.) May we not joke with thee?

Dag.—I am seriously inclined, but will accompany you. I may, perhaps, to-day afford some amusement to the courtiers.

Clod.—There thou art right. Let the stars say what they will—but be merry, be merry—for no one wishes to be told that he will be sick to-morrow, or murdered the next day. If I were in thy place, I would prophesy that every one should have what he liked. Dost thou understand me? But no. This requires penetration—and that is more than a black beard and tattered cloak. It requires a keen look like mine into the human heart.—But I am wasting time—though I am very fond of talking on subjects where skill and address are necessary. I feel at home on these subjects, as every one in the palace will tell you. Go thither with me.—Clovis, I will be answerable for his safety.

Clo.—That will I myself.—Come with me. (Takes Dagobert's hand and attempts to lead him away.)

Clod.—Clovis, you are too forward.

Clo.—Clovis can never be too forward, when addressing Clodomir.

Dag.—Contend not, knights, respecting me. Noble Clovis, I thank you for your hospitality. (To Clodomir.) Come, lead me to the palace.

Clod.—For ten years, Clovis, I have warned you to speak more temperately—yet you cannot. (Exit with Dagobert. Clovis attempts to follow, but is detained by Gomar.)

Gom.—Did you observe with what eagerness he availed himself of an apology for being admitted into the palace? His eye seemed to prognosticate some mighty deed. It beamed with lustre indescribable.

Clo.—Gomar, he shall mount the throne of his ancestors, if my body be the first step to it. Heaven knows that my intentions are pure, and that royal favor is not my object.

But shall Franks be any longer ruled with a rod of iron? Oh, Gomar, posterity will not believe that a man of spirit existed among us.

Gom.—Come, Clovis. Let us announce to our friends the banished king's return.

Clo.—Right—then observe his every step in the palace—defend him—and die for him.

Gom.—Or protect him, and live for Ada.

Clo.—Gomar, what mean you?

Gom.—Do you no longer love her?

Clo.—Friend, the question is a dagger to my heart.—Oh, Ada, Ada, thou art lost to me.

Gom.—Lost! when you appear to have reached the goal of your wishes?

Clo.—Lost, lost forever.

Gom.—Can Dagobert refuse to grant his friend and protector—

Clo.—End not the question. Would not the world say that Clovis was interested in the restoration of Dagobert? No. Never shall private advantage influence me. What I do for Dagobert my conscience and my honor command me to do for my king.—No one can bestow upon me the hand of Ada but Ada herself. Clovis cannot be a hireling and accept a recompense for his actions.—But enough. Let us be gone.—Our monarch's situation demands our instant attendance.
(*Exeunt.*)

ACT II.

SCENE.—An apartment in the palace.

Enter Grimbald and Childebert.

Grimbald.—My son, I have, during ten years, looked forward to this day with fearful anxiety. Restless have been my nights—joyless my days.—Even the splendor of your crown did not gratify my sight, because it was not firmly fixed upon your brow. Every discontented look filled my mind with alarm. I trembled when I thought of Dagobert, for well I

know he has friends in the kingdom. Cursed be Clodomir, for having persuaded me to spare his life.—But the hours of alarm are past. To-day joy returns to my bosom, for your union with Adelgunda secures to our race the succession to the throne.—My son, your gloomy look disappoints my expectation.

Childebert.—Oh, my father! joy comes not always when wished for. How if our good fortune were eventually to prove the reverse?

Gri.—Think not thus—(Mildly)—my king!

Chi.—Of what avail is it that I am a king, while an imperious tyrant governs me.

Gri.—(In a threatening tone.) Son!

Chi.—I was speaking of my heart.

Gri.—Oh that I had not implanted royal notions in your mind! You disgrace a diadem. I am the prop of your greatness, and my counsel supports you on the throne to which my exertions raised you. Without me you would be—but no more of this.—Go, visit Adelgunda, and beg her to fix an hour for the solemnization of your nuptials.

Chi.—Allow me a few moments—let me reflect—

Gri.—Reflect! This conduct is absurd.

Chi.—Absurd, indeed, to be dazzled by the splendor of a crown, and barter my peace of mind for regal pomp.—Be not angry, my father. Allow me for a moment to be really a king and to speak frankly. You told me that I should find happiness on the throne, whereas care has been my constant companion. I am the slave of a whole nation, and my smallest error is censured with severity by thousands. The world requires much of him, who steps forward from millions, and ventures on the government of millions.

Gri.—Be you the king, and let the government rest with me.

Chi.—And shall I for that title sacrifice my peace of mind —nay, even be deprived of what most dignifies a king—the power of doing good?

Gri.—Who deprives you of this?

Chi.—In fact, the power itself; for the oppressed sufferer is so far removed from the throne that his complaints cannot reach the monarch's ear.

Gri.—The meanest slave could not harbor notions more degraded. I have raised you so high that your shallow brain rocks. Fool that I was!

Enter Clodomir.

Clodomir.—A trifling circumstance may be productive of essential benefit.

Gri.—Why this remark?

Clod.—You shall hear. It is evident how difficult it is to persuade the queen that her union with King Childebert is proper. You know how she weeps, and talks of her dear Dagobert.

Chi.—Is this all you have to say?

Clod.—By no means, for what I have said is merely a prelude to what you shall now hear. I have remarked that all women have one weakness, and that is a sort of nervous susceptibility. An occurrence to which a man would pay no attention has often great effect upon a female mind.—I see you are impatient. I now come to the point. About an hour ago, as I was coming toward the palace, I met with a soothsayer, whom I have brought with me—a learned man, I assure you. He told me every circumstance that had happened to me since I lived at court.—How if you were to introduce this man to the queen, and make him the vehicle of your wishes?

Gri.—Right, Clodomir.—He must say that this union is the decree of Heaven.

Clod.—Such was my idea.

Gri.—That the welfare of the kingdom, as well as her own, demands it.

Clod.—Certainly.

Chi.—What a paltry artifice!

Gri.—Thanks, Clodomir! Adelgunda's sorrow, whether real or assumed, will be thereby moderated. You must give the man proper instructions.

Cled.—To make the matter more probable, some other person must consult this man in the presence of the queen. For instance, you, Grimbald. Consult him respecting yourself—

Gri.—I—no—no—I don't wish that.—King Childebert will you not go to Adelgunda?

Chi.—Of course, I must. (Exit.)

Gri.—Hear me, Clodomir. I am by no means satisfied with my son's conduct. His mind is not superior to common prejudices. His heart is soft as wax.—A deed which he condemns as infamous appears to him, when exhibited in another light, worthy of imitation. Paint the phantom, which he calls Virtue, in gloomy colors, and he will fly from it as if it were Vice. His affection for me has restrained him from many a silly action.

Clod.—Very good qualities for a king, who is under your direction.

Gri.—Clodomir, ask this soothsayer—but you must not suppose I pay any regard to such things, for that would be ridiculous—yet—perhaps—ask him if Dagobert be dead.—I must own this idea now and then—Clodomir, you were the cause of my sparing his life.

Clod.—I own it, and am sorry for it. I was then weak, and a foolish sensation of pity had a place in my bosom.—But be at ease. Distance, and your firmly-seated power make it of little consequence whether he be dead or not.—What were you about to say of your son?

Gri.—I fear that when Adelgunda becomes acquainted with his weaknesses—

Clod.—At all events, then, my advice, if at one time bad, was at another good.—Did I not advise you to place the crown on your own head?

Gri.—True. I ought to have done so.

Clod.—And is it now too late?

Gri.—Had I a younger son, he should be a godlike king. I would instill into his mind my firm and lofty sentiments.

Clod.—And Childebert?

Gri.—Childebert!—How can Clodomir ask such a question? Clodomir should be the first to answer it, were the case at hand.

Clod.—I only wished to see whether you had arrived so far in state-policy that even your own son——

Gri.—Peace!—Go and instruct the soothsayer.

Clod.—Another word. You know my attachment to you, Grimbald.—I have just had a dispute with Clovis respecting this soothsayer, in the course of which he called me the cowardly slave of an infamous usurper.

Gri.—Ha! That was aimed at me, and I will aim a deadly blow at him in return.—Cursed be the love of the people—cursed be his hypocritical and calm demeanor, which counteracts all my attempts to destroy him. But the vengeance of Grimbald awaits him—he shall not escape it.

Clod.—Shall I do what you desired?

Gri.—Yes. (Exit Clodomir.) He shall not escape it, if even hell itself protect him.—Not one friend or relation of Dagobert will I spare. The sight of any one of them is torture to me.—How cheerful and delighted was I, when this morning dawned —yet now my mind is again oppressed.—But why?—What do I fear?—Damnation! I'll find repose even if I purchase it with streams of blood. (Exit.)

SCENE.—The queen's ante-chamber.

Enter Dagobert, conducted by Clodomir.

Dagobert.—Are these the queen's apartments?

Clodomir.—They are. The king is with her.

Dag.—Ha!—Childebert with her!

Clod.—How can that concern thee?—Now hear what it is necessary thou shouldst know. Thou hast, without doubt, been told that Childebert is about to marry Adelgunda.

Dag.—Happy may they be! They are worthy of each other.

Clod.—Adelgunda is, nevertheless, sad, and incessantly laments the loss of her husband. For ten years have we urged every real and specious argument in favor of this union, but in vain. Yesterday we at length prevailed upon her to

alter her resolution, though it is evident she does it more from despair than inclination. Thou shalt tell her that this alliance is decreed by Heaven—that the welfare of the state requires it, and so forth.—Thou knowest the influence which the declaration of a soothsayer has upon the mind of woman. Shouldst thou succeed so far as to allay her scruples and remove her sorrow, thou wilt have cause to recollect a monarch's gratitude throughout thy life.

Dag.—It will not be difficult to dry her tears.

Clod.—Think'st thou her sorrow is feigned?

Dag.—Were it real, she never would have consented to become the wife of Childebert.

Clod.—So thought I. Where is the woman, who, after a lapse of ten years, needs consolation for the loss of her husband?

Dag.—True.

Clod.—And such a handsome monarch as Childebert might console many a one before the death of her husband.

Dag.—Ha! Ha!—You are wise, I perceive.

Clod.—And she had been married to Dagobert seven years when he died.

Dag.—Died!

Clod.—(Starts.) How! What mean'st thou?

Dag.—(Aside.) I shall betray myself.

Clod.—Is he, then, not dead?

Dag.—Assuredly he is.—Pardon me.—I am always alarmed when I hear of death. I was many years absent from my native home. I was thought to be dead. My parental inheritance was seized by others, and, on my return, several people thought me a spectre, and died through alarm.

Clod.—Man, there is something so dreadful in thy look—

Dag.—You mock a poor pilgrim.

Clod.—Thou art not a common soothsayer. Canst thou predict my future destiny?

Dag.—The book of Fate is open to me.—Of thee nothing is written but “He was the confidential adviser of Grimbald, and therefore the abettor of his deeds.”

Clod.—(Aside.) He almost alarms me.—Canst thou not interpret this?

Dag.—No. It is the will of the Almighty that Dagobert shall do the rest. Were I to interpret the words of fate, I must write them with thy heart's blood.

Clod.—(Aside.) This man must be disposed of.—Hear me.—The queen will soon be here. Come with me and station thyself at the door, till I send Bruno, who will introduce thee to her. Thou hast not forgotten my instructions?

Dag.—Forgetfulness is not one of my faults. I will do everything in my power.

Clod.—Come, then. (Exeunt.)

Enter Adelgunda and Ada.

Adelgunda.—Alas, my poor girl, the misfortunes of your mother destroy the pleasures which life would otherwise afford you. But try to be more cheerful. Look calmly into futurity, for you are free from my hard lot. Fate does not unite you to a man whom you abhor. Willingly, my Ada, would I have concealed my sorrows in my own bosom, but the time is arrived when I must disclose them to you.—While your noble father Dagobert was living, Grimbald already fixed his hopes upon the crown. My husband was young, and was too easily misled by Grimbald, whose counsel often caused rebellion. Old Clovis was your father's guardian angel. Often did he describe the treacherous conduct of the minister, but in vain. The villain had too firmly ingratiated himself, and when old Clovis fell in battle, he smiled with satisfaction, for he knew Grimbald had now no opponent—Dagobert no friend. All who were honest were dismissed from court, and fawning sycophants supplied their places.—When you were about six years of age, Dagobert permitted me to take you with me on a visit to my father.—Scarcely had we passed one day with him, ere a messenger announced to me my husband's death. We instantly returned, and found Childebert on the throne. Oh, my Ada, a dreadful suspicion took root in my soul. Every night my sleep was disturbed by horrid dreams, and the pale form of Dagobert appeared to me, claiming revenge on Grimbald and Childebert.

Ada.—Revenge?

Adel.—Oh, Ada, you are not yet acquainted with the villainy of which mankind is capable.—Young Clovis was the last male branch of Dagobert's race. His claims to the crown were indisputable, yet Childebert still wears it. Clovis is hated and persecuted, and nothing but the love of a whole nation preserves his life.—And now, Ada, the usurper marries me, that I may protect him from your father's friends—from justice—from myself.

Ada.—Will you bestow your hand for such a purpose?

Adel.—My hand is all he requires—he shall have it, and then—but you are too young to comprehend the lofty project. Ada, thee will I behold upon the throne, and Clovis at thy side. The duty which I owe to the nation and to the blood of Dagobert compels me to take this step.—Clovis is a man of magnanimity and honor. He is worthy of my daughter and the crown.

Ada.—Oh, my mother! you shall not sacrifice your happiness to promote mine.

Adel.—Shall Grimbald's house rule over Franks? Shall Dagobert's descendants obey?—Who comes there!

Enter Bruno.

Bruno.—A man of most singular appearance requests an audience of your majesty.

Adel.—What does he want?

Bru.—I found him at the door, and, as far as I could judge, he was in conversation with himself; soon as he espied me, he requested I would introduce him to your majesty.

Adel.—Conduct him hither.

Ada.—I dare say it is the stranger who came to the palace a few hours since. He is a soothsayer.

Adel.—We will hear what he has to say.

Bruno introduces Dagobert, who enters slowly and with his face half concealed.

Dagobert.—Heaven bless you, gracious queen—and you fair princess!

Ada.—How dreadful is the sound of his voice! Let him not proceed, dear mother.

Adel.—Of what are you afraid? Be at ease.—You are a soothsayer, I understand.

Dag.—I am. (Aside.) The sight of her almost overpowers me. (Aloud.) My art has been acknowledged in many lands.

Adel.—Do you know my future destiny?

Dag.—Most perfectly. Let this knight withdraw. (Adelgunda gives a hint to Bruno, who retires.) Shall I proceed?

Adel.—Do so.

Dag.—'Tis well. Then hear me.—Lovely are all the horrors of nature—lovely is the pestilence, which tears the hopeful youth from the arms of his old helpless father—lovely is death, when it overtakes the suckling on the cold bosom of its dead mother—lovely is the tempest which rages through the ocean and swallows thousands—lovely are all the horrors of nature when compared to the heart of a woman who has forsaken the path of virtue and nourishes a sinful passion.

Ada.—Oh! dearest mother, command him to be silent.

Adel.—His raving concerns not us.—I desired you would disclose to me my destiny. Do so if you can, and speak mildly.

Dag.—Require you mild and gentle terms of me?—No, wife of Dagobert, my words shall be thunderbolts to thy soul. Thou didst once wear the semblance of innocence—from thy lips proceeded the words of virtue—thou wert to thy Dagobert everything—he everything to thee.—Thou didst vow to him eternal fidelity and love—and now art about to disgrace his memory by giving thy hand to an usurper—to the usurper who robbed thee of thy husband!

Adel.—Hold!—Robbed me of my husband!

Dag.—(Aside.) Oh, I can refrain no longer. (Aloud.) Robbed thee of me, Adelgunda.

Adel.—You!

Dag.—Woman, this dagger can wound none but the guilty. If Adelgunda be innocent, let her approach.

Adel.—(Approaches him.) I am innocent.

Dag.—(Throws his hat away and opens his mantle.)
Adelgunda!

Adel.—Gracious Heavens!—Oh! beloved shade, take me to thee.

Dag.—Dost thou still love me?

Adel.—Forever! Forever! (Sinks senseless into his arms.)

Clodomir rushes in.

Clodomir.—Wretch, I have heard all.

Dag.—Then hast thou heard too much. (Stabs him.) Report to hell who I am.

Clod.—Help!—Oh! (Reels a few steps, falls and expires. Adelgunda sinks into the arms of Ada, who conducts her to a couch and bathes her with tears.)

Dag.—(Kneels.) Just judge of all mankind, thou knowest how free my bosom was from every murderous intention. The love of my people, of my wife, and of my child, have urged me to it. Grant me thy forgiveness and guide me on the path to which thy Providence has led me.—Adelgunda, farewell—farewell, my Ada. Oh, I must press thee to my heart, should the traitors murder me in the act. What an hour of ecstasy and horror!—Give thy mother this kiss. I must fly. Farewell.

Ada.—Oh, if you be indeed my father, assist my mother.

Dag.—I am thy father—but pray to Heaven for aid. I must fly. (Exit.)

Adel.—(Slowly raises herself, espies him as he leaves the room, and starts back.) There! There!

Ada.—Oh, my mother, hear me.

Adel.—Ada!

Ada.—Your Ada is here.

Adel.—How horrible! how horrible!—Where am I?—Why does his shade pursue me with that threatening look?—He drew his dagger against me.

Ada.—Who, my mother, who?

Adel.—A dreadful dream oppressed me. I saw thy father—he wanted to murder me.

Ada.—Murder you! No, dear mother. He was kind toward you.

Adel.—Kind! Did you see him, too?

Ada.—Surely I did. I saw him on his knees, praying to Heaven—

Adel.—Praying!

Ada.—Yes, and then he pressed me close to his beating heart and gave me a kiss for you.

Adel.—And left me without saying farewell—me—his Adelgunda!

Ada.—He kissed you, and wept over you, as you lay senseless on the couch.—But see, mother! There lies Clodomir, whom he killed.

Adel.—Heavens! Who killed him?

Ada.—The man—my father.

Adel.—I was not deceived, then?—He lives—my Dagobert still lives. Protect him, guardian angels!—But will he not, must he not, fall a victim to the tyrant? (Espies Grimbald.) Oh, God!

Enter Grimbald and Bruno.

Grimbald.—You start at my approach, queen; what a weight of sorrow hangs upon your brow! Why thus waste in sighs and lamentations the best part of your life? Is there on earth anything which has been denied you? Is not every one eager to anticipate your wishes?

Bruno.—(Spying Clodomir.) What do I see?—Clodomir murdered!

Gri.—Murdered! Clodomir! My friend!—Who has been here? Haste, Bruno, try to discover the author of this bloody deed and bring him hither instantly.—Queen, this disordered look—pardon me, if my just indignation leads me too far—but on your gloomy brow I read—tell me, who murdered Clodomir?—You must know.

Adel.—'Twas I.

Gri.—You!—Know you the consequence?—Who gave you power over his life?—But how can I for a moment think the gentle Adelgunda capable of such a deed!—Queen, I once more beseech you to confess who is the murderer.

Adel.—He fell by the hand of his judge—who is thy judge, also. (Exeunt Adelgunda and Ada.)

Gri.—(Looking after her with an astonished mien.) How can I solve these mysterious words?—She was the murderer!—'Tis well. If it be true, she shall pay dearly for the loss which I sustain. (Turns to Clodomir.) Poor boy! Thou hadst raised thyself to my favor by a chain of crimes, and now—I did not wish to part with thee so soon, for thou wert certainly an useful slave. First should thy hand have dispatched Clovis, then mine had sent thee after him. But another instrument of vengeance may be found.—Guards! Bear that body away.

Enter Bruno.

Bruno.—The murderer of Clodomir is in your power.

Gri.—You are mistaken. Adelgunda herself inflicted the deadly blow.

Bru.—She!—Impossible!—I have secured the assassin, and he will soon be here.

Gri.—Who is he?

Bru.—The soothsayer, whom Clodomir himself brought to the palace. I introduced him to the queen in this room by Clodomir's desire, and no one else had entered it. I found him with Clovis.

Gri.—With Clovis!

Bru.—Yes. I took some of the guards with me, who secured him. As soon as I accused him of the murder he and Clovis turned pale, and both forgetting themselves, exclaimed: "We are lost." Clovis then attempted to deny the fact, but I declared that the queen had accused the soothsayer.

Gri.—"Tis well. Did you secure Clovis, also?

Bru.—My orders did not extend so far.

Gri.—Is this the effect of my reliance on you? Was not treachery manifest? Is it not evident that the soothsayer is an assassin hired by Clovis—and that his dagger was directed against me—against the king? Bruno, as you value your life, let Clovis be secured.

Bru.—I hasten—

Gri.—Hold!—I have my reasons—you must bring Clovis hither by the most private way.—Now go. (Exit Bruno.) It is evident that he intended the blow for me, and that this viper, the queen, was privy to the plot.—Thanks be to hell for inspiring her with such an idea. Clodomir, thy death is of more service to me than was thy whole life. She shall not escape the lot my policy has fixed for her. To my son will I unite her—then may she weep till her sighs choke her.—And thou, Clovis!—We will see whether thou canst escape me.

Enter Dagobert, guarded.

Gri.—Ha! Art thou the murderer of Clodomir?

Dagobert.—Punishment sooner or later overtakes every villain.

Gri.—Who employed thee to do this?

Dag.—God, the avenger. His approbation is my reward.

Gri.—Who art thou, wretch?

Dag.—Who am I?—Oh, wert thou free as angels from every other crime, my name would be thy condemnation.

Gri.—(Aside.) This voice thrills through my veins.—Does my coward heart deceive me?—By Heaven, I'll dive into the mystery. (Approaches Dagobert.) Thou miserable hireling, who— (Starts back, unable to proceed.) Ha!—Away with him!—Confine him in the deepest dungeon.—All your lives are answerable for his safety.

Dag.—Once more, Grimbald, I assure thee that punishment sooner or later overtakes every villain. (Exit, guarded.)

Gri.—Thee it shall soon overtake, by that hell which sent thee. (Throws himself upon the couch.) How could I be thus alarmed? That courage, which nothing could hitherto appal, at once forsook me.—Is this the enjoyment of greatness so hardly earned—this the reward of daring enterprises, sleepless nights, and years of anxious hope?—But of what need I be afraid? He will die as a murderer, and all who have recognized him, as his accomplices.—Childebert must know nothing of this.—But Clovis comes. I must collect myself.

Enter Bruno and Clovis, with guards.

Bruno.—I have brought Clovis hither according to your command.

Gri.—Knight, I must confess I never expected to find in you that base littleness of soul which is capable of treason and assassination. But you see the hand of God protects the king.

Clovis.—I wish not to converse with thee.—I detest thee.

Gri.—The consciousness of thy infamy binds thy tongue.

Clo.—Peace, villain! Thy very looks declare thy infamy.

Gri.—Audacious boy! Thou wishest by this defiance to show thyself worthy of the death which awaits thee.—But let us converse calmly. Who is this expert regicide? Perhaps his own inclination led him to make the attempt. Perhaps you, Clovis, are innocent.

Clo.—(Attempts to snatch a sword from one of the guards.) I should be worthy of hell if I did not send thee thither.—Almighty God! Let thy thunder destroy this villain or me.

Gri.—The sword of the executioner shall dispatch thee.—Bruno, confine him in a secure dungeon of the castle. Anon, you shall receive further orders from me.

Bru.—Follow me. (Exeunt Bruno, Clovis and guards.)

Gri.—Now, Fortune, aid me in the execution of the work, which, by thy assistance, I have so happily begun.

ACT III.

SCENE.—A saloon.

Enter Gomar, conducted by an old soldier.

Gomar.—This, then, is Siegbert's saloon?

Soldier.—It is.

Gom.—Let me not wait long, old man. Every moment of this day which is not actively employed is criminally employed.

Sol.—Heaven bless you, noble knight!—But see, the queen approaches. (Exit.)

Enter Adelgunda.

Adelgunda.—It is so long since I beheld you, Gomar, that I scarcely recollect you. My eye is quite unused to the sight of worthy men. Welcome. (Presents her hand to him.) You live comfortably, I hope.

Gom.—I live ever ready to sacrifice my existence for your welfare.

Adel.—I thank you, faithful Gomar. You are not in your proper sphere. A camp was always more agreeable to your feelings than a court. You live retired, no doubt?

Gom.—I do, gracious queen—retired, unregarded—by many despised. Yet—with energy)—would it not be a disgrace to my honor and sentiments if I lived otherwise in these times?

Adel.—You are the man I expected, Gomar, would remain. The times have not altered you.

Gom.—In truth, as little as I have altered the times. When I have resolved on a particular journey, I do not turn and abandon my purpose, because the cold north wind blows in my face.—But may I request to know without delay why you have sent for me?

Adel.—(Fearfully.) Does anything of importance call you away?

Gom.—Gracious lady, the most important in the world.

Adel.—Oh, Gomar, and my petition—it concerns the life—oh!

Gom.—(With ardor.) Yes, queen, it concerns your life—the life of my monarch and my friend—the welfare of a nation—my honor and my duty.

Adel.—Gomar, you know, then—

Gom.—All—that he is arrived—that treachery has obtained his imprisonment—that death awaits him.

Adel.—How learnt you this?

Gom.—I saw and conversed with him to-day, at the very time that the herald announced your nuptials through the city.

Adel.—And did he hear the herald?

Gom.—He did, and his firm mind sunk beneath the blow. It sounded to his ear like the curse of God upon the awful

day of judgment. He instantly resolved to gain admittance into the palace, to see you, and cast a look into your heart. Providence directed his steps otherwise, and required his arm to punish that villain Clodomir.

Adel.—No, Gomar! You do not know all. I, too, saw him. Clodomir surprised him in my arms, and he slew the villain that he might not be betrayed.

Gom.—You saw him!

Adel.—Oh, Gomar, I cannot describe to you how his look pierced to my soul. Joy and fear assailed my heart so violently that my senses fled.

Gom.—But what will be the end of these preparations for the nuptial feast?

Adel.—(Gives him a parchment.) Read that. (Gomar reads.) Oh, God, thou didst inspire my soul with the thought—grant me strength to execute it, when the destined hour arrives. (Gomar has perused the parchment, and gazes at her with astonishment and admiration.) On what are you meditating?

Gom.—Great woman!—Heaven will not allow the guilty to triumph, but—(pointing to the parchment)—your life is in evident danger.

Adel.—Oh, let me fall, if he be saved.

Gom.—Can I be said to save a man, if, in order to guard him against poison, I plunge a poniard in his heart? No, queen, I cannot allow this.

Adel.—Where will you find assistance?

Gom.—(Showing his sword.) Here. There are many who will be ready to support our cause. Before the nobles of the land will I describe your virtues and exalted resolution. I will speak to them as becomes the man who is speaking for his king and native land.

Adel.—Oh, may Heaven add strength to your words!

Gom.—Doubt it not.—But one thing more would I know ere I leave the palace.

Adel.—What is it?

Gom.—I must speak to my monarch and to Clovis. Know you who guards the dungeon?

Adel.—Alas! Gomar! I, too, have, for an hour, been devising means of gaining admittance to the dungeon. How if I were, in person, to request of Childebert an interview with Clovis. If I beg this as his first favor to his bride he will not deny it, especially as he has no suspicion but that my husband is a stranger—and a murderer. I know that Bruno was commanded by Grimbald to conduct the two prisoners toward evening into one dungeon.

Gom.—Into one dungeon. There, then, it is intended to execute them.

Adel.—Oh, Gomar!

Gom.—Believe me, Grimbald has recognized him.

Adel.—No, dear Gomar, he cannot have recognized him, or he would act otherwise toward me.

Gom.—Be that as it may, we must attempt his rescue immediately.

Adel.—Hark! I thought I heard some one.—Heavens! how much more had I to say!—But I must withdraw.—My friend, bear in mind the fate of your unfortunate monarch. Be the protector of virtue and animate your friends—oh, could my tears accompany your words—Gomar, tell them that I thus implore their aid. (Kneeling.) Let me—let me—noble Gomar—behold a weeping wife—oh, save, save my husband, and to thee will I eternally acknowledge my obligations for happiness and life.

Gom.—(Raising her.) Queen, you have filled my soul with anguish. Compose yourself. My zeal for your welfare and the welfare of my king cannot be inflamed. Am I not bound to exert every nerve by all that is most sacred to me?

Adel.—Farewell, then, worthy man. May thy words be as irresistible, and thy deeds as successful as thy enterprise is great and noble. Farewell. (Exit.)

Gom.—Heaven be thanked for having sent us this angel in our distress! (Reperuses the parchment.) Ha!—What must a man do in such a case. (Hears footsteps, and hastily conceals the parchment.)

Enter Bruno.

Bruno.—Ha! You really here, Gomar?

Gom.—Yes, Bruno.

Bru.—I thought I saw you in the court of the palace, and the sight was so extraordinary that I resolved to see whether it was true or not. I was looking for you—

Gom.—And have found me here. Why, truly, Bruno, I myself scarcely know how I found my way hither. I believe ten years have elapsed since I was under this roof.

Bru.—And for what reason are you come to-day. May I know it?

Gom.—No.

Bru.—Why?

Gom.—Because you are a courtier.

Bru.—Gomar, I know what this word implies, when you use it. I feel the reproach—but it is well that I have an opportunity of conversing with you. Why do you always treat me with mortifying contempt? I have often called at your house, but you had always instructed your servants not to admit me. This has hurt me. Why did you act thus toward me?

Gom.—I was afraid that you might not agree with me as to the proper title of your king, in which case I should have set fire to my own house, which as much belongs to me as this palace—does not belong to your king.

Bru.—I do not comprehend a word of this!

Gom.—So much the better, for I said it a day too soon.—But why say more! Farewell.

Bru.—Gomar, you shall not leave me with hatred or contempt. Hear me.—Do you think I am a courtier by choice? That am I not. You know that I was educated by your father. He adopted me as his child, and was to me more than a father. (Much affected.) Many a tear do I shed when I recollect his kindness. My happiness and hopes were buried with him. Forsaken and without help, necessity compelled me to enter into the service of the great.

Gom.—Forsaken and without help!

Bru.—What recourse was open to me?

Gom.—Recourse!—Bruno, what was my father's name?

Bru.—Gomar.

Gom.—And what is mine?

Bru.—(Starts.) Oh, I understand you.—Generous man, how shall I thank you? Behold me at your feet. (Kneels.)

Gom.—Shame on that courtier's attitude!—Degrade not human nature.—Why did you form so wrong an opinion of me as to fancy that I inherited nothing from my father but his name and property? Why did you leave my house? Was it not your home? Did I not call you my brother?

Bru.—(Rushes into his arms.) Thank Heaven, my heart once more beats against the bosom of a worthy man. I myself now feel better than I was. Farewell, splendid palace, thou grave of liberty, thou cradle of vice. Oh, Gomar, I beseech you lead me away.

Gom.—No, Bruno. You must remain here.

Bru.—Remain!

Gom.—The duty of a worthy man is to serve his native land and justice. Will you do this?

Bru.—How humiliating is the question!

Gom.—Stay where you are, then—and now tell me where Clovis and the stranger who killed Clodomir are.

Bru.—Both in prison.

Gom.—Can you conduct me to them?

Bru.—Gomar!

Gom.—Can you do this, I say?

Bru.—Dare I if I can?

Gom.—How!

Bru.—I have sworn to be faithful and silent. Should I be worthy of your friendship if I——

Gom.—To whom did you swear fidelity?—To an infamous traitor.—Yes, Bruno—why shall I check the sentiments of my overflowing heart? Why, like a slave, close my lips and confine my tumultuous thoughts within this prison?—I tell thee, Bruno, thou hast combined with vice to oppose everything great and noble under the sun. Thy oath is a crime. Among honest men oaths are unnecessary, and he who is not bound by an inward sensation of duty will never be bound by a word.

The villain who required an oath of thee thought thee a villain like himself, and if thou didst swear, thou—I am ashamed of finishing the sentence.

Bru.—Did you come hither to insult me?

Gom.—That I may not insult you, I will go.

Bru.—Gomar—your virtues are surely that you require nothing of me which is wrong—I will conduct you to the prisoners.

Gom.—When?

Bru.—In two hours I shall bring them both into one dungeon.

Gom.—I cannot come so soon. I do not know how long business may detain me with some friends.

Bru.—You will find me ready at any time.

Gom.—Enough! Farewell. I hear some one. (Exit.)

Bru.—I fear the warmth of grateful friendship has led me too far. Everything to-day appears to me dark and mysterious, as if some great event were about to happen.—But what Gomar undertakes cannot——

Enter Grimbald.

Grimbald.—Was nobody here just now?

Bru.—Nobody.

Gri.—Then it was a shadow which fled from the saloon.

Bru.—I believe it was Gomar.

Gri.—Gomar! What brought him hither? What said he?

Bru.—He withdrew as I entered.

Gri.—I am sorry I did not meet him. He is a worthy man.

Bru.—He is, indeed.

Gri.—Did he not speak of Clovis?

Bru.—To me he said nothing.

Gri.—The king comes.—Go. (Exit Bruno.) Oh, that I could shake the weight of twenty years from me! Matters should then wear a very different appearance.

Enter Childebert.

Have you signed the sentence?

Childebert.—I cannot. Does not my duty require that I should hear the accused before I condemn?

Gri.—Is not the crime sufficiently glaring? Is not my accusation of sufficient consequence? Must I prove the treachery of Clovis by challenging him to combat?—Duty, say you? Is it not duty, then, to obey your father, and to follow his wiser counsel?

Chi.—Tell me—am I a mere shadow or a being? Are you the king, and do I bear the empty name? Judge, then—decide—murder—on your soul rest the sentence, not on mine. Is Clovis not a Frank?—The privileges of every Frank—

Gri.—Instruct me at another time, sage legislator—at present answer me—shall Clovis die with the soothsayer?

Chi.—Punish the latter as he deserves—but Clovis is a Frank. He must be heard, and if he be guilty he shall also suffer.

Gri.—Guilty! He is guilty of high treason. Witnesses are ready to prove it. Of course, therefore, he has no further privilege as a Frank.

Chi.—Oh, I beseech you, my father, do not distress me to-day, the day of my marriage.

Gri.—Does Adelgunda abide by her determination?

Chi.—She does.

Gri.—(Aside.) She has not recognized him, then.—Or does she perhaps—

Chi.—But supposing she had altered her intention—

Gri.—I should not have been surprised, for circumstances are altered so materially that—but, believe me, the foundation of her conduct was artifice. She wished by opposition to enhance the value of the sacrifice. Be assured pride or self-love is the strongest passion of which a woman is susceptible. Adelgunda has been a queen, and she will do anything rather than cease to be a queen. Yet if it be true that you have an utter aversion to this alliance, why, then—

Chi.—What then, my father?

Gri.—If I have thought your union with Adelgunda absolutely necessary, it was because I wished your throne and life to be protected from the power of Clovis. In the scale of our fortune nothing was wanting—but the destruction of that man.

Chi.—Who, nevertheless, is not a villain, if I know him.

Gri.—You know him! how is that possible, when you do not know yourself. Your eye is dimmed by prejudice, and is misled by the varnish which most men draw over their characters. Age and experience will teach you the truth of my doctrine. The heart of man is the abode of vice. Virtue is but the mask which covers it. You will, therefore, never be happy and secure but by possessing power—you will never be powerful but by knowing the weaknesses of mankind. Learn the art of dissimulation. It serves to conceal your own defects, and pry into those of others. Never appear what you are—you will thereby pay measure for measure. Feel that you are a king, and act as lord over all. Endeavor to bend the nobles beneath your sceptre—they, in return, will teach the lower ranks submission, and in this protect them; for, of course, you must feel that you never can be greater than when every one else is far beneath you. In short, that I may return to our former subject—when Clovis is no more, you may choose a partner of your throne. I repeat that his blood was wanting in the scale of your fortune, and justice offers it.

Chi.—Has he really deserved death?

Gri.—Dost thou think thy father—

Chi.—You are the judge—consider that—you are the judge.

Gri.—Enough! I shall bring the sentence to your private room for signature. (Exit.)

Chi.—I'll follow you.—Oh, how do I abhor this eagerness to shed the blood of unfortunate fellow-creatures! Even now I tremble at the thought of signing the sentence.—Wretched, wretched is he who is obliged to condemn, while he himself has reason to dread the condemnation of an all-knowing judge. (Going.)

Enter Bruno.

Bruno.—My liege!

Chi.—What want you, Bruno?

Bru.—Ada sends me. She wishes to converse with you for a few moments.

Chi.—Ada!—Enough! Tell her I shall return immediately. (As he goes.) Was she alone when she sent you?

Bru.—She looked fearfully around—I thought as if afraid of being perceived by the queen.

Chi.—Was she melancholy?

Bru.—She could scarcely refrain from tears.

Chi.—(Aside.) What mean this? Again as heretofore my heart beats at the mention of her name. (To Bruno.) Tell her I shall soon be here. (Exit.)

Enter Ada.

Ada.—(Trembling.) Where is he?

Bru.—He will return in a few minutes. He did not expect you so quickly.

Ada.—I thank you, Bruno. Let me await his return, alone. (Exit Bruno.) Oh, God, who didst inspire me with these feelings, lend me thy aid. I will wrench the dagger from my mother's hand that vengeance may not overtake her.—Can such an act be wrong?—No. A voice within me declares it otherwise. Oh, Childebert, I feel that I could hazard far more.—Much as this step costs me, I could to save thee—yet, wretch that I am!—I may not declare what I feel—I may not hope.

Enter Childebert.

Childebert.—Ada already here! Is it in my power to serve you? Speak! Command.

Ada.—(Confused, and for some time in vain attempting to speak.) Oh, Heavens! (Seats herself and hides her face.)

Chi.—What means this?—I own that I have ever thought your looks dejected, but never was the sorrow of your heart so evident as now. Tell me, I beseech you, the cause of your distress.—You are silent.—Oh, recall the picture of our childhood, when friendship bound us to each other, when hand in hand we passed whole days in careless pleasures. Had Ada then a thought which was not known by Childebert—and now suspicious, reserved toward him?—Unhappy change!

Ada.—Alas!—Childebert became a king—and I—I was doomed to weep——

Chi.—And to hate me.

Ada.—(Starts.) Hate you, Childebert!—Oh, pardon me—I was dreaming of our earlier years.

Chi.—(Kneeling and with fervor.) Dream on, dream on, lovely Ada. Oh, am I the Childebert, whom formerly——

Ada.—What mean you—king? Release me—let me go to my mother.

Chi.—Pardon me—I forgot myself—forgot the curse of Heaven which rests upon me, and makes me in Ada's eyes detestable.—But Bruno told me that you wished to see me.

Ada.—(Aside.) Oh, that I durst speak of my father! (Aloud.) My mother requests you will permit her to have a conversation with Clovis in his prison.

Chi.—(Starts, and is thoughtful for a few moments.) The queen's wishes are my laws. I will instruct an unknown but faithful man to be her guide. (Aside.) And that man shall be myself.

Ada.—Will you allow me to accompany her?

Chi.—(Embarrassed.) If—— (Aside.) What means this? Ada wishes to see Clovis.—Happy man—happy even at the brink of the grave!

Ada.—Oh, Heavens! What say you?

Chi.—I was—no—fear not, for—why are you thus alarmed?

Ada.—Childebert, if I might ask another favor——

Chi.—What?—Ask anything—everything—what I would most willingly grant is—my life.—Oh, speak!

Ada.—Do not—do not solemnize your marriage with my mother—at least do not to-day—I conjure you by the joys and friendship of our earlier years—I cannot, dare not say more. (Exit hastily.)

Chi.—Never, never, never!—Oh, that I were but allowed to see through the gloom which on every side surrounds me! —Can an innocent affection have crept into her bosom?—Oh, why—— (Laying his hand on his heart.) Why do I flatter this poor fool with hopes? Would not Adelgunda long since

extinguish every spark of affection for me, which she might observe in her bosom? I'll speak to her—my heart shall speak to her, and sure I am her heart cannot be silent. What anguish had I spared, what happiness had been my lot, if—Oh, fool, fool that I was, to be dazzled by the arts and boundless ambition of my father?—I am now a victim incapable of breaking my chains but by plunging into an abyss of infamy.—Yes. Often have I thought that he who raises himself by artifice and villainy must support himself by the same disgraceful means, or sink lower than the rank from which he rose.

ACT IV.

SCENE.—A subterraneous dungeon. Dagobert is stretched on the earth, and rests his head upon a stone.

Dagobert.—In vain! (Rises.) The regal dreams which incessantly torment me make me the most wretched of mankind. They banish every ray of consolation from my mind. To fall from a throne to a prison is hard—harder than from a throne to the grave.—Happy is he who has never been exalted by fate, for the greatest of all misfortunes is the recollection of former prosperity. (The door opens.) Welcome, whoever thou art. Doubtless thou art the messenger of death.

Enter Clovis, conducted by Bruno.

Whom do I see? Clovis!

Clovis.—At your majesty's feet.

Dag.—(Aside.) Inconsiderate man!

Bruno.—Majesty!

Dag.—You see his senses are disordered.

Clo.—That they are not. Fear shall not urge me to deny my sovereign. (Takes Bruno's hand.) Man, if thou hast entirely sold thyself to the usurper, I will with a single word speak damnation to thy soul. Behold before thee Dagobert, king of the Franks.

Bru.—Damned be the man who would not die for him.—But on this my shoulder rested the bier which held his re-

mains. I well remember it was borne to the grave by eight knights. Every one groaned beneath the burden, for we bore to the grave the happiness and glory of a whole nation.

Dag.—A treacherous deception of Grimbald did ye bear, while Dagobert was doomed to wander an exile from his country.—I am the shadow of thy former king.—Come nearer, Bruno, son of Mirald.

Bru.—True, true! I recognize the features of my benefactor. (Sinks on his knees.) With what ecstasy does the sight of my monarch fill my heart!—But must I not be astonished at seeing you here? Must I not be alarmed when I know that you so soon must die?

Dag.—Friend, this attitude is mockery to me! Rise and embrace the unfortunate Dagobert.

Clo.—Bruno, if thou dost not feel proud of having embraced thy king, thou art not worthy that the sun should shine upon thee.

Bru.—Proud I am, and ready to sacrifice my life in his service.—But few hours are yours. Grimbald commanded me to bring you both hither. His terror and distrust made me certain some secret of consequence agitated him. He has accused you both as regicides, and orders are already given for your execution. The guard of the palace is doubled, and creatures devoted to him are stationed at the entrance of this prison. I fear the hour of Childebert's marriage will be your last.

Dag.—Marriage! Marriage!

Bru.—Did you not know that the nuptials of Childebert and Adelgunda were to be celebrated to-day?

Dag.—Were—but now?

Bru.—Adelgunda still thinks you dead. Your fate is unknown to her, for but half an hour since she spoke of this alliance, which she utterly abhors.

Dag.—And yet submits to it?

Bru.—Because she must.

Dag.—Almost do I doubt thy honesty for having said that word. Who must do that which he will not?

Clo.—Perhaps some great design has caused this sudden resolution, for during the last ten years sorrow has never left her cheek. She has lived in virtuous privacy.

Bru.—Oh, she is truly virtuous.

Dag.—Aye, my friends—had you seen how this virtuous wife to-day clasped me in her arms, pressed me to her heart, swore eternal affection, then sunk, intoxicated with delight at seeing me, senseless into my arms.

Clo.—You grow pale.

Bru.—How! Did she recognize you?

Dag.—(With terrific fury.) She did. (Falls into the arms of Clovis.)

Bru.—Then all is lost. Oh, virtue, if thou dost serve as a mask to vice and infamy, how shall we know thee!—I hasten to Gomar. I know his loyalty, and am sure he meditates your rescue. On him rest all our hopes. (Exit.)

Clo.—Your majesty is too much agitated. Repose here awhile. (Places him on the stone.)

Dag.—Repose amid this tempest of the soul.—Tell me, Clovis—is there in hell a power which does not exercise its spite against me?

Clo.—The hand of fate lies heavily on you, but Heaven never bestowed on man a firmer mind. The path of life is to you full of precipices—it is a track made by misfortune herself. None but a Dagobert could walk upon it.

Dag.—Nor can I any longer. Oh, Clovis, I am betrayed by her—by her, whose happiness I would have purchased with my blood. Friend, grant me some little consolation if thou canst. The blow has reached my very heart.

Enter an Officer.

Officer.—I give you both notice to prepare for death in half an hour. From respect toward you, Clovis, the execution will take place in this dungeon. This is the king's command. (Exit.)

Dag.—Clovis—you tremble.

Clo.—With fury. The king's command! At the nod of a traitor falls Dagobert, king of the Franks.—Oh, that my tongue

could describe what is passing in my breast! Heaven, earth, and even hell would tremble at my words.

Dag.—Why so violent?

Clo.—Did you not hear it is the king's command—King Childebert's command—that you shall die?

Dag.—I did, I did—but no more of that, Clovis. Nature herself has made us dread the sight of death. How, therefore, can we help it? I own, when our execution was just now announced, a tremor crept through my frame. Even a valiant man is alarmed when an unseen friend strikes him on the shoulder from behind. He turns and embraces him. Thus it was with me. Death is my friend.

Clo.—But the king commands your death. Who are you?—Who commands?—Who can—who dares command?

Dag.—Clovis, disturb me not with reflections like these. The few remaining moments of my life are of consequence to my soul. I stand on the brink of eternity—but a few steps from the presence of the All-just.—Oh, my soul, transport thyself thither. (Kneels and reclines his head upon the stone.)

Clo.—Oh, Providence, how wonderful and inscrutable to the mind of man are the ways in which thou leadest us to our great last destiny.—Villainy triumphs in the fall of the good.

Dag.—(Looks toward Heaven and seems much agitated.) Oh, God!

Clo.—What thus disturbs my monarch?

Dag.—But one recollection. I was thinking of my child, whom, in the blossom of her youth, I leave to the care of her perfidious mother.—Alas, Clovis—my Ada!—Could I but once more see her! What rapture should I feel were I to find her virtuous.

Clo.—Oh, by Heavens, I'll pledge my honor and my soul for the virtue of your daughter. Believe me, she is worthy of her noble father. If nature were dissatisfied and sorrowful at the imperfections of other human beings, she needed but to look at Ada, and such a masterpiece would console her for the defects of her other works. Never did external

charms promise more inborn goodness, and never did the mind accord with appearances more than the mind of Ada. All the virtues have fled from the persecution of vice to her heart, that their influence might be stronger under the protection of exalted innocence, and through the power of matchless beauty. Oh, Dagobert, were I monarch of the world, my dominions would not be worth a wish—

Dag.—Well, Clovis?—Why hesitate?—How thy cheek glows? Shall I conclude that thou hast spoken the sentiments of thy heart? Why are thine eyes cast upon the earth?

Clo.—Gracious monarch, on my knees I implore your pardon and compassion.—How could I command my heart to remain insensible at the sight of perfection?—Be not incensed at this avowal, for by sacred truth I swear it never should have proceeded from my lips, if— But why this gloomy look?—Oh, that my tongue had denied its office ere I spoke!

Dag.—Clovis, Clovis, thou dost bind my soul again to earthly objects.—The idea, which was once transporting, is now tormenting to me. What happy prospects cheered me, when in former days I beheld the opening charms and growing virtues of my Ada.—For thee, Clovis, for thee I destined her.

Clo.—For me!—Oh, inexpressible delight?—I worthy of Ada!—Death, thou canst not rob me of this blissful thought.

Enter Adelgunda and Ada, conducted by Childebert, disguised as a sentinel, who remains unobserved at the door.

Dag.—Ha! See, see! They come to glory in our fall.—Oh, shameless creatures!

Clo.—Heavens! What means this?

Adelgunda.—(Goes hastily with Ada toward Dagobert.) Beloved husband!—He avoids me.—Is contempt the reward of my affection?—Is the wife, who has so long mourned your absence, spurned from you? Oh, impossible! (Following him.) My husband, my husband! Turn, turn, and come into my arms, that I may press you to my heart.

Dag.—Woman, I wish not to know thee. Thou art sent by hell. Hence! Leave my soul in peace.—Friend, what a dreadful hour! Help me to bear this trial. (Reclines on the stone and takes Clovis' hand.)

Adel.—Can I believe the testimony of my ears?—My husband, Adelgunda speaks to you.

Dag.—(With averted face and looking at Clovis.) Yes. Such was the name of the viper which once twined its folds around my heart. Oh, she seemed the emblem of fidelity and virtue—deceived me for whole years with assumed affection, and imposed upon me by specious tenderness, while treachery inhabited her heart. She has now gained her end. To the husband whom she has betrayed and sold, dissimulation is no longer necessary.

Adel.—Enough! I now will speak.

Dag.—Be silent and begone. Pollute not my last breath. Perfidious wretch, thou hast sold me to Grimbald, and thyself to his son.—Away from me! Inward torture will embitter the enjoyment of thy sin, and the expectation of future punishment will fill thy soul with horror.—Away!—Oh, that my prayers could save thy soul from the curse of the eternal judge!

Adel.—Oh, God! Thou seest what I am doomed to endure.—Why, why, my husband, do you allow your noble soul to be debased by anger founded on injustice? You are deaf to the vows of innocence and truth, as the furious tiger to the cries of the helpless traveller.—Oh, Ada, in vain do I try to convince him of my innocence. He will not hear me.—Would that Gomar were here!

Ada.—Father, you are cruel.—Listen to me, I beseech you.

Dag.—Ada, come nearer.—Do you love me?

Ada.—(Embracing his knees.) Oh, my father, be not so cruel toward my mother.

Dag.—Cruel!—She has betrayed me and herself.—No more, no more!—Again I ask—do you love me?

Ada.—Heaven be my witness that I do. May it deny me mercy if I ever harbored any thought respecting you which was not dictated by duty and affection.—But my poor mother—

Dag.—Would you love the man, too, who would rescue your father?

Ada.—I should love him and revere him as a saint.

Dag.—Good child!—And if this worthy man, by endeavoring to save me, were to fall with me—

Ada.—Oh, my father, then would compassion—but see—how distressed is my mother!

Dag.—Yes, that is your mother, but this is the man of whom I spoke.

Ada.—Clovis!—How shall I thank you, worthy man?

Clo.—By thinking me—by thinking me worthy of King Dagobert's friendship. Even the death which awaits me is a reward; for I know that I bear to the grave the favor of my sovereign.

Dag.—(Looks at him with a smile—after a pause.) Oh, omnipresent God, graciously look down upon us.—*Ada*, give me your hand, and if your father be as dear to you as you have declared, swear to me by my blood, which will soon flow upon the place where you now stand, swear to me by your soul, and all your hopes of salvation, that you will fulfill my last wish.

Ada.—Everything, my father, anything.

Dag.—Swear, then.

Ada.—I do swear.—Alas, my poor mother!

Dag.—Will you not listen to me?

Ada.—I obey.

Dag.—'Tis well. Hear, then, my heart's last wish. I have lived to see that there is not a Frank deserving of my daughter's hand, except one upright, faithful man. That only man is Clovis.—Give him your hand, and in the presence of the all-seeing judge vow to be faithful to him forever—vow never to become the wife of another, but to pass your days in holy retirement.

Ada.—My father!

Dag.—Ha! Thou dost withdraw thy trembling hand from mine.

Ada.—Oh, my mother, my mother!

Dag.—Ada, thy father is here.

Ada.—(Falls at his feet.) Pardon—be not incensed—I obey.

Childebert.—(Who has hitherto stood unseen at the entrance of the prison, and by his mien has betrayed the various emotions produced by the above conversation, approaches.) Hold!

Dag.—Who spoke that word?

Adel.—Oh, we are betrayed.

Ada.—(Sinking into her mother's arms.) Heavens! That voice—

Dag.—Who art thou? Approach.—If that monster, thy king, sent thee hither to listen, I will discover more to thee—I will discover what thy slavish tongue will not dare to repeat.

Chi.—(Takes off his helmet.) 'Tis I.

Clo.—He himself!

Adel.—He has imposed upon us.

Ada.—Oh, my mother, hide me.

Dag.—Clovis, you see they have combined with him to mock our wretchedness.—Infamous, infamous!

Clo.—Traitor, how canst thou thus boldly endure the look of Dagobert?

Chi.—(To Dagobert.) I followed the queen hither unperceived. Thanks to Heaven, which inspired me with the resolution. But I perceive this is not a proper time for the disclosure of my sentiments. I leave you.—Queen!

Adel.—Whither would you lead me?—No. I am but a weak woman, despised and hated by my husband, but nothing shall again part us. Too long has treachery robbed me of him. I find him in a dungeon. Affection and duty bind me to the place where he is. No throne is so attractive to me as this prison. Go thou to thy palace, and glory in the possession of the crown, which thou hast stolen; but woe be on thy head, if thy power cannot annihilate hell, or thy treasures bribe thy conscience.

Dag.—Friend, if these words proceeded from her heart.

Enter Grimbald and Soldiers.

Grimbald.—(Astonished at seeing the queen.) Ha!—Who has dared to enter this prison?—Queen, who brought you hither?

Chi.—(Comes forward.) I myself.—Father, look there, and be astonished. The man whom you mistook for an assassin is Dagobert.

Gri.—Thou here, too? Thou among those who have conspired against thyself and me!—Weak fool, tremble.—Dagobert! Where is he?—Does that wretch assume his name?—Admirably managed, truly! This Dagobert, then, has started from his grave to-day, in order to commit a crime, which every one knows must be punished with death.—Let me look at him. In truth, nature formed him for this deception. Such impostors have appeared in every age. But you, Adelgunda and Clovis, ought to be ashamed of endeavoring to conceal your treachery by so paltry an artifice.

Clo.—Unparalleled effrontery! Oh, that this arm were free!

Dag.—Friend, be great and noble. Confide in the justice of Heaven, and despise the villain, if you cannot pity him.

Gri.—No more of this audacious imposition. King, I came hither to witness the execution of the sentence you have signed. (To the Soldiers.) Come nearer. Those are the criminals. Do your duty.

Adel.—(To the Soldiers.) Hold, barbarians! On me fall your swords!

Ada.—(To Grimbald.) Oh, be merciful.

Dag.—(Steps forward with undaunted mien.) Here is Dagobert, your lawful king. Plunge your swords into my heart and raise them, stained with blood, toward Heaven. There will I implore pardon for you, and a blessing on my ungrateful subjects, though every drop of royal blood cry aloud for vengeance. No more delay!—See you not that your tyrant is enraged?—Here is my breast. Turn away, if you cannot bear the sight. I myself will guide the points of your swords. But spare my friend. He has not been betrayed and dethroned. Why must he die?

Clo.—Great, noble Dagobert, think me not unworthy of falling at your side.

Gri.—Damnation!—Men, obey my orders.

Adel.—Oh, rather, murder me.

Ada.—Heavens!

Chi.—Let no one dare to proceed. Back, soldiers.

Adel.—Villain, whom dost thou wish to murder? Can regicide be wanting to fill the measure of thy crimes? No. Thou hast already committed more than can be atoned for by an eternity of punishment.—And you, soldiers, who are you? Are you Franks? Can Franks sell themselves to a tyrant? Would you murder your lawful sovereign—Dagobert, whom you once revered—whom you have seen fighting and bleeding for his country? What has he done to you? Did he ever oppress you or deprive you of your rights? Oh, if your noble fathers could behold you from their graves, the perfidy of their children would destroy their repose. Never, never did a Frank stain his sword with the blood of his monarch. (The soldiers throw their swords away.)

Gri.—(Aside.) By Heaven, this woman's whining rhetoric alarms their coward hearts.—Adelgunda, I beg you will leave this place.

Adel.—Sooner will I lose my life, and renounce my hatred against thee, traitor.

Gri.—By all the powers of hell, this is too much. You have entered into a confederacy with this impostor, and your crime makes you subject to my orders. I command you to withdraw. (To the Soldiers.) Ye cowards, if your lives be dear to you—if you do not wish to be punished as confederates in this plot, drag her away. (The Soldiers again take their swords.) Queen, I beg you will not oblige me to use force. It would hurt me to deviate from the respect I feel toward you as the widow of my beloved friend and monarch.—Go to the palace.

Adel.—That thou may'st commit murder uninterrupted.

Gri.—Be at ease on that account. An impostor like this, who has attempted to deceive a whole nation, ought to die in the presence of a whole nation. The prisoners shall be publicly executed. Soldiers, attend the queen to her apartment.

Adel.—(Apart to Ada.) Let us hasten to save him.—Gomar stays too long.—Dagobert, may Heaven acknowledge thy virtues, though thou hast refused to acknowledge the

fidelity of thy wife! (To Grimbald.) Tyrant, hear me.—An impostor who has deceived a whole nation ought to die in the presence of a whole nation. Let this sentence be executed on whom it may—it is just, and, believe me, everything which is just in the eyes of our judge above—will be fulfilled. (Exeunt Adelgunda and Ada, attended by Soldiers.)

Gri.—(Aside.) Ha!—Now will she hasten to obtain assistance—but her intentions shall be frustrated. (To Childebert.) Her crimes make her unworthy of your hand. She must be tried by the council of bishops. She is a reptile which gnaws on the happiness of your majesty and the peace of the empire. Leave this impostor to my care. My office makes me his judge. (Goes to Dagobert.) Wretch, curse the moment when thou wert persuaded by thy evil genius to direct thy steps hither. Thy doom is fixed.—Come, king. (Exeunt Grimbald and Childebert.)

Dag.—Go. Thou art unworthy of my indignation.—Friend, what means this gloomy look? Why stand you thus stupefied and speechless!—Clovis, Clovis, what means this?

Clo.—Ha! Ha! Ha! Yes, dream of judges and of hell, ye fools.

Dag.—Horrible!—What say you, my son?

Clo.—Son!—Oh, torment! Did I not see her look with scorn at me—with tenderness at Childebert?

Dag.—At Childebert!

Clo.—Did you not perceive it?—Well, as you please.—She did look at Childebert.—I am cured—and know you by what means? A grim infernal monster has devoured my heart. I have no longer any heart or blood. Clovis is no more.

Dag.—How! Has Clovis no heart for his friend Dagobert? (Clovis gazes at him—and is silent.)

Enter Gomar and Bruno.

Dag.—Welcome, friends. Whom seek you?

Gomar.—Our king, and with him death.

Dag.—'Tis well. Death and Dagobert are nearly allied. Oh, rise. Be not ashamed of embracing me.

Clo.—Gomar—no rescue—no revenge?

Gom.—Die, friend, unless you would live among slaves.—On my soul, I would not save you were it in my power. The Franks are a degenerate race. The great spirit of our fathers is extinguished. It were idle folly to expect a noble act from a nation which has submitted to the yoke of a tyrannical usurper.—It is a disgrace—oh, that I am obliged to say so—it is a disgrace to be a Frank.

Dag.—Speak not in such terms of my people, I beseech you. I love them still.

Gom.—Then let me be silent.

Dag.—No. Proceed.

Gom.—I went in search of the noblest and bravest Franks whom I knew—the valiant Osmar, the stern Ragond and their friends. To them I related your fortunes and return. They laughed at me and treated me as if I were insane. I then produced this writing of the queen, after perusing which they stood gazing at each other in mute astonishment.

Dag.—Let me see that writing.

Gom.—(Presents the parchment.) The queen some hours ago commanded me to lay it before the nobles of the realm.

Dag.—(Reads.) “Ye faithful nobles, let your hearts be open to the tears and complaints of the forsaken Adelgunda. She implores your assistance in behalf of King Dagobert. The invisible servants of the all-just God have brought him from the deserts of Ireland, to which the faithless Grimbald banished him ten years ago. In the deepest dungeon of the castle he expects immediate death from the hands of the traitor. The valiant Clovis is a witness and sharer of his wretched fate. Till now he remains unknown to his foes, and is condemned to die for having stabbed the villain Clodomir. I myself will pave the way to his release. Childebert believes he will this day obtain my hand, but at the altar and in your presence will I plunge a poniard in his breast, that Heaven may see how sacred was the vow of constancy which I pledged to Dagobert.

“ADELGUNDA.”

(Kisses her name.) Good angels, bear this kiss to her.—Oh, faithful Adelgunda, forgive my suspicions.—Friend, we have

wronged her much. Deceived by appearances, I was deaf to her sincere protestations.—Well, Gomar, what said they when they had perused this?

Gom.—Awhile they stood in silent wonder, till Osmar said: "Were Dagobert alive he would have disclosed it to his friends or have come with a foreign army to oppose his enemies. Who can be sure that even the queen herself is not deceived?"

Dag.—The cowardly slave!

Gom.—Conversation of this nature occupied some time, till Bruno came, dispatched by the queen to apprise us of your immediate danger.

Dag.—And when you left the assembly?

Gom.—"Let us but see him," said they, "and he shall find that he has friends."

Dag.—Enough! They shall see him. My soul burns with eagerness. (Throws off his Pilgrim's habit.) Friends, know you this armor?—Why thus astonished?

Bru.—Oh, what Frank does not know it?

Gom.—You wore it when you vanquished Clotham.

Dag.—Aye, and I wore it on the day that I was proclaimed king of the Franks.—I wore it, too, when Grimbald's hirelings dragged me from my country. Wilfried clasped it with a blessing when I left Ireland.—Friends, let us embrace each other —perhaps for the last time. Gomar, give me thy sword and thy hand. Clovis, take thou Bruno's sword and hand. Now follow me.

Gom.—I understand you well. Take not my sword, but let me be your shield.

Dag.—Friend, if I be doomed to fall, I'll fall as the defender of my faithful subjects, the last duty which, as a king, I wish to fulfill.

Clo.—Oh, my liege, let me on my knees, perhaps for the last time—

Gom.—Do not despise my fidelity—

Bru.—Nor my tears. (All kneel.)

Dag.—My friends, my friends!—Almighty God, if thou call-est me to thee, protect these worthy men, that they may be

the defenders of virtue and their native land. What a sight! (Bends toward the earth.) In God we trust.—Now come.

Bru.—Alas, you face inevitable death. A hundred sentinels guard this prison.

Clo.—Let thousands guard it. The appearance of so good and great a king will inspire each man with reverential awe.

Dag.—If slaves oppose us, be not afraid, for they have no courage—if valiant men, they must be noble, and will, therefore, be our friends. Follow me. I am still a king. (Takes Gomar's sword and exeunt.)

ACT V.

SCENE.—A saloon in the palace.

Enter Grimbald hastily, accompanied by Soldiers.

Grimbald.—Well, men, do you thoroughly understand me?

Soldiers.—We do. (They produce daggers.)

Gri.—Right. I rely on you. If you value your own fortunes, you will minutely follow my directions.—After you have done the deed, mingle with the multitude. I pledge to you my word that you shall be rewarded beyond your expectations—and what risk do you run? See, there is my son, the king, with two thousand Franks, and I shall station myself in another part of the city with a thousand steady veterans.—Unless an angel fight for them, in half an hour the accursed race shall be extinct. The woman who has dared to oppose my power shall give notice to hell of its approaching booty.—Take your stations. She comes.

Enter Adelgunda and Ada.

Adelgunda, you see the consequences of your rash conduct. Your life is in imminent danger. The people curse you, and require that you shall be sacrificed to their fury. How absurd was it by such conduct to make yourself unworthy a monarch's hand!

Adelgunda.—How has Heaven debased me by giving a Grimbald power to address me thus.

Gri.—I should address you otherwise, were I to speak as you deserve.—The people say you bribed the guards, that the escape of the traitor might make it more difficult to prove the falsehood of your infamous assertions. Indeed, by what other means could they escape?

Adel.—They have escaped, then?

Gri.—No. Their hour is come. By Heaven, their death is as certain as their crime.—Osmar, Ragond, Gomar and about four hundred more have joined the pretender. They have taken refuge in the house of Clovis from the indignation of the populace—but look—there stands King Childebert with three thousand men, and two thousand more are ready to follow me against this impostor. You may remain here and await the account of his death. I have appointed these men to protect you, since it is evident that the people thirst for your blood. Farewell. (To the Soldiers.) Keep a watchful eye upon both of them, and when you hear my command from a distance, act as I have directed.

Adel.—Stay, stay, Grimbald. Hear me. Must all the insurgents die—all?

Gri.—By Heaven, they must and shall.

Adel.—How weak am I, that I cannot execute so good a deed!—Grimbald, you are right. Every villain ought to perish. (Suddenly draws a dagger from her bosom.) Condemned of Heaven, die.

Ada.—(Holds her arm.) Oh, my mother! (Adelgunda retreats and covers her face with both hands.)

Gri.—Ha! traitress! This was thy last attempt.—Did you see this, men?—Woman, the avenger's hand is stretched forth to punish thee. I go to exterminate thy adherents. If thou wouldst curse—curse Heaven for having given thee being—if thou wouldst pray—pray to hell that it may swallow thee. (To the Soldiers.) Once more, remember my commands. (Exit.)

Adel.—No longer, then, does Heaven preside over the human race. Triumphant villainy has bound the judge's arm.—Why did my hand tremble? Why did my soul revolt at the idea of murder? Will Grimbald tremble, too? Alas, no. (To Ada.) Who will ward the blow aimed at thy father?

Ada.—Heaven will protect him.

Adel.—Foolish girl! What cares Heaven for the fate of man—I, too, once hoped for its aid, but that hope I now no longer cherish.—Oh, they will murder him, and thou, poor child, wilt lose at one blow a father and a mother.

Ada.—Horrible! Dear mother, that very thought would kill me, did not hope animate my heart.

Adel.—Do not deceive thyself, Ada. Rather expect the worst—then will the stroke be less severe.—Hark! What shout was that—what a tremor courses through my veins!—Oh, God, forgive me if I have murmured against thy Providence.—Yes—still do I feel consolation by relying on thy goodness.—Ha! See, the people are in motion.

Ada.—Oh, my father, surely thou wilt not condemn the affection of thy daughter, if it be the means of thy deliverance.

Adel.—See!—There goes a small band of warriors.—'Tis he, 'tis he.—'Tis Dagobert who leads them. How proudly does he march in the very armor which he wore upon the day of our marriage.—Oh, how dreadfully his sword glitters in the air.—And see, Childebert approach him.

Ada.—Heavens! Should he have imposed upon my unsuspecting heart—

Adel.—Gracious God! May I believe my eyes? Childebert falls at his feet.

Ada.—At his feet?—Oh! (Swoons.)

Adel.—Ada! Why this deadly paleness? Feels she so much for her father's foe? Can her heart—Ada, hear me. He sunk on his knee, as if he meant to entreat forgiveness.

Ada.—Forgiveness!—Oh, yes, he deserves to be forgiven.—I, too, my mother. (Kneels.) I, too, deserve to be forgiven.—His heart is devoid of guilt. He swore by his affection for me that he would save my father.

Adel.—Unhappy girl, could'st thou confide in a man sprung from the villain Grimbald?

Ada.—I confide in Heaven, in human nature and in love.

Adel.—Oh, may thy innocence find mercy in the eyes of God!—But fearful presages overpower my soul.—Do I not hear

the name of Dagobert?—Yes, yes, it is the shout of victory. Oh, I must fly to meet him. To me—to his wife belongs his first— (As she is going, two of the soldiers detain her.)

Soldiers.—Hold!

Adel.—Slaves, dare you. (A shout of victory! victory! is heard.)

Sol.—Now, die. (A soldier stabs the queen, and while two others are rushing toward the princess, Bruno enters and intercepts their passage.)

Bruno.—Unparalleled villainy!

Adel.—Oh, Bruno—blood—blood. (Falls to the earth. The soldiers escape.)

Bru.—Help! Help! (Raises her.)

Ada.—Oh, my mother! Alas! Where shall I seek help?

Bru.—Gracious queen!

Adel.—I thank thee, Bruno; my husband and I shall now be united in death.

Bru.—No, no. Virtue is triumphant; Dagobert, king of the Franks, lives, beloved by his subjects.

Adel.—Say'st thou so?—Oh, I no longer feel my wound. Conduct me to him.

Bru.—Wait till we obtain some assistance.

Adel.—From thy words I shall be best assisted. Tell me, tell me all.

Bru.—The noble Dagobert, full of reliance on his courage and the goodness of his cause, boldly left his prison, followed by Clovis, Gomar and myself. At sight of him the sentinels fled, like the damned when an angel appears to them. Thus we reached Osmar, at whose house our monarch's friends were assembled. Grimbald summoned his followers, and the people attached themselves to him and Childebert. He threatened to burn the house unless we would instantly surrender. Clovis, incensed beyond all bounds, rushed against him, and—Grimbald fell. Our forces were four hundred men, who had to contend against as many thousands. Dagobert led us toward Childebert. Ere we approached him, several fell and exclaimed: 'Tis he. 'Tis he—and now Childebert himself sunk

on his knee. "Franks," cried he to his followers, "acknowledge your king. There is Dagobert." Instantly the air was filled with a shout of "Long live King Dagobert!"

Adel.—Oh, Bruno, how hast thou transported me! Come, come. I need no assistance. I feel no wound. Were death already creeping through every vein, it could not reach my heart, for ecstasy would bar its progress. (Exit, supported by Bruno and Ada.)

SCENE.—A spacious square. Dagobert, Gomar, Ragond, Osmar and other knights are discovered, surrounded by the populace.

Dagobert.—Yes, my friends and much-loved subjects, thus did your monarch drag on a wretched existence, condemned at home and despised abroad. But dreadful as was my fate, I knew no greater sorrow than when I thought of you—than when I reflected that you groaned beneath the yoke of tyranny, and had no protector of your honor, no defender of your rights. Oh, believe me, your fate lay heavier on my heart than my own. I murmured not against the will of Providence. I prayed not that my miseries might have an end, but that my subjects might be happy. "Oh, God," said I, in many a bitter hour, "spare, spare my people, and let thy hand be stretched forth against me alone. If ever I found favor in thy sight, listen to my prayer, and bless my subjects, whom I love more than myself."—My sufferings are now at an end—and now, too, shall this same supplication be daily addressed to the dispenser of every blessing.

Gomar.—Oh, ye nations of the earth, be no longer proud of your kings, when they sell your blood to purchase laurels. The Franks alone are happy, governed by their father Dagobert.

All.—Long live King Dagobert.

Enter Clovis.

Clovis.—(Kneeling.) Long live my king! May Heaven reward his virtues!—Then must he be the happiest of mankind.

Dag.—(Raising him.) Friend, where have you been?—You are much agitated—pale—in tears, too.

Clo.—I have witnessed a most dreadful scene.—I was conducting the herald, who proclaimed through the city the restoration of King Dagobert, when I came to the place where I slew Grimbald. He was still stretched upon the earth, and his weeping son leaned over him. I stopped—for the youth's sorrow affected me deeply—when the mob rushed forward, tore the corpse piecemeal, scattered the mangled limbs, and with frantic fury raised their bloody hands. In vain did I call to them. Their frenzy knew no bounds. Childebert sank to the earth, raised his eyes toward Heaven, then riveted them upon me. I took him in my arms, but he tore himself from my grasp and rushed toward the palace.

Dag.—Horrible, horrible! Triumph not, oh villain, in the enjoyment of thy crimes. The delay of punishment doubles its severity. But where are my wife and child? Why must my eagerness to clasp them in my arms be so long ungratified?

Gom.—I hasten to them.

Dag.—Right, Gomar. (Exit Gomar.) Alas, my friends, should such a happy day——Hope sweetened my late sufferings, and now fear embitters my happiness. (A cry of “Oh, she is dying, she is dying,” is heard.) What cry of horror is that? Who is dying?

Enter Adelgunda, supported by Ada and Bruno, followed by Gomar and a crowd.

Alas! My queen! My Adelgunda!

Adelgunda.—Dagobert! (Releases herself and rushes a few steps toward him, but sinks back into the arms of Gomar and Bruno.)

Ada.—My father! (Flies into his arms.) Oh, my mother!

Bruno.—This was Grimbald's last act of cruelty.

Dag.—Barbarian that he was!—My wife, my Adelgunda! Is this the day that I so long have wished for?—Friends, friends, I feel I shall sink under this calamity.—What is my being but the sensation of agony?—What tears have I shed at moments, when my sorrow was far less—yet now I can-

not weep.—Yet— Oh, God, I do not complain—but—the trial is severe. (Sinks into the arms of Clovis.)

Clo.—Oh, that I could plunge my sword into the murderer's heart again!

Gom.—The queen revives.

Adel.—Dagobert!

Dag.—My love!

Ada.—Mother!

Adel.—Blest am I, that my hand will grow cold while clasped by thine—that when I am dead, a tear will trickle from thy cheek upon mine.—Banish sorrow from thy breast—you still remember me.—Dagobert, reward thy friends, reward Childebert, too. His heart is virtuous, for he loves the virtues of our daughter.—Make Ada happy—for she loves him—make her as happy as my father made me when he united me to Dagobert.

Ada.—Oh! my father, if my heart be culpable, let me know it by one angry look. Then will I fly, weep in retirement to the end of my life, and wash away my error with my tears.

Dag.—Rise, my daughter. Thy mother has said enough for thee.—But—Clovis——

Clo.—Heaven grant me strength!—My liege—you see that Ada's heart gives Childebert the strongest claim to her hand.—Accept him as your son. He is not unworthy of the honor. By the wishes of the queen I conjure you to accept him, that the world may forget his first father.

Dag.—Friend, thou art greater than thy king, for whom thou wouldest have died.—See! Her eye breaks and death quivers on her lips. (Falls on Adelgunda's bosom.)

Adel.—Where is Ada?—Thy hand, too—I feel—oh—Dagobert—Ada—fare—well. (Dies.)

Dag.—Oh, my Adelgunda!

Ada.—Beloved mother!

Gom.—What a dreadful hour!

Dag.—(Remains some time with his arms round Adelgunda, while Ada kneels at her side. He now resolutely walks forward.) 'Tis done.—She has executed the hardest task of

human nature.—Break not, my heart. Keep thy sorrows closely lodged, lest the air should dissipate them.—Come, my friends. I want your presence on another occasion of material consequence.

Enter Childebert, in an humble dress and unarmed, accompanied by two knights, one of whom bears a crown, the other a sceptre.

Childebert.—King of the Franks, dare a wretched outcast address you?

Dag.—My friend Childebert, speak.

Chi.—Hear me, ye nobles of the realm, and ye, whom I dare not call my brethren, hear me. False ambition has misled me. It has dazzled my heart, but, believe me, not corrupted it. I was guiltless of your monarch's banishment. Like you, I was deceived by assurances of his death. I was but sixteen years of age when my father hailed me king. Flatterers and slaves surrounded me—they directed my thoughts, my words, my actions, as their villainy suggested. I wavered between virtue and vice, though never undecided in my choice—but when my inclination and conviction drew me toward virtue, compulsion and the arts of those who were acquainted with my weaknesses led me again to the path of vice. The return and condemnation of Dagobert were unknown to me. As soon as I recognized him, my heart revered him.—You saw I was the first who knelt and called him king.—I am not ashamed—of appearing before you—in this slavish habit—as a criminal. My father's crimes are punished, and—
(Sinks speechless into the arms of a soldier.)

Dag.—What is this?—Friend!—Childebert!

Chi.—Oh, my sovereign—I entreat one favor—let me go—I cannot bear this scene. (Pointing to the queen and Ada.)—Oh! How agonizing!

Dag.—Friend, you have made ample amends for your late error by acting so nobly toward me. Give me your hand in the presence of this assembly.

Chi.—Oh, lead me away.—The consciousness of my error makes your kindness a most painful punishment.—There noble

blood bears testimony against my blood. Virtue teaches me to curse the deed, while nature compels me to mourn for the perpetrator of it. (Exit.)

Dag.—Daughter, follow him, console him, and if on such a day a cheerful thought can find place in your mind, speak to him of the happiness which awaits you both.—We will to the temple of that deity who ordained that we should live to see this awful day. I will return my crown into the hands of the Franks. Accumulated sorrows have made the burden too heavy for me. To-day I have drunk the last drop of the cup of misery, which will embitter my remaining days. Yet will I be a father to my people. My counsels shall be united to the monarch's power, and from this union, with Heaven's assistance, shall our native land find happiness and peace.

Babo's *Dagobert*, together with his *Otto von Wittelsbach*, both published in the latter half of the eighteenth century, belongs to the class of plays known as "Ritterdramen," into which the historic drama of the "Sturm und Drang" period degenerated in the closing years of the cycle. The "Ritterdramen" maintained a place on the German stage far into the nineteenth century, taking as their model the *Götz von Berlichingen* of Goethe. The imitation is, however, entirely superficial, having nothing in common with the original, save for the rattle of armor, the dungeon scenes and all the rough features of mediævalism, both in word or deed. "Plays of chivalry" they were called, and it is worthy of note that the first one, Klinger's *Otto*, published in 1775, has never been surpassed. Such merit as was possessed by writers of the "Ritterdramen" was more than offset by the absence of character-drawing and by other defects, not least among which was their sensa-

tionalism. In addition to Klinger and Babo, one of the most prominent authors of this school was Count J. A. von Törring, whose *Agnes Bernauerin* was brought out with great success at Munich, the home of the "Ritterdramen." This was, however, the lowest form of the drama, and cannot be judged by such favorable specimens as *Dagobert*, which is unquestionably one of the best of its class and not inferior to many of the so-called chivalric dramas of the South German school, such works, for instance, as the *Ignez de Castro* of Count F. H. J. von Soden, who was also the author of a "Volksdrama" whose theme was *Doktor Faust*.

H A N N E L E

(A DREAM POEM)

BY

GERHART HAUPTMANN

(*Translated by William Archer.*)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HANNELE.

GOTTWALD, a Schoolmaster.

TULPE,
HEDWIG,
PLESCHKE,
HANKE,

}

Paupers.

SISTER MARTHA, a Sister of Mercy.

SEIDEL, a Forester.

BERGER, Parish Overseer.

SCHMIDT, Parish Officer.

DR. WACHLER.

PRELUDE.

Hauptmann's *Hannele*, a dream poem, as he styles it, is a study in child-psychology, in which, through the fever fancies of a dying girl, her character is expressed with astonishing clearness. It is but a poor, shallow little soul, which takes refuge from the cruelties of her stepfather and the other hardships of her miserable life in religion. She has thrown herself into a pond, and is carried to a pauper refuge, where her delirium is marked with the nicest art. She believes that Christ will put her persecutors to shame, and she sees him in the lineaments of her old schoolmaster, her dear Herr Gottwald, these emotions, with her love for her mother and her dread of her stepfather forming her entire mental experience. The play made the round of the state theatres of Germany and Austria, and was everywhere popular, though everywhere meeting with opposition from the critics and the orthodox section of the community. Very remarkable is the contrast between naturalism and Romantic poetry, between Hannele's dreams and the stern realities of the almshouse. But Hauptmann has unduly exaggerated the Romantic side of the picture.

PART I.

A room in the Pauper Refuge of a mountain village.

At the table sits Tulpe, an old, ragged beggar woman, singing from a hymn-book by the light of a tallow candle.

Tulpe.—(Sings.) Abide with us in mercy,
Lord Jesus Christ, we pray,
That henceforth we may never—

Hedwig, commonly called Hete, a disreputable-looking woman of about thirty, enters the room.

Hete.—Oh, Lord, Lord! what weather! (She lets her bundle slip down upon the table.) We haven't had such an awful night this many a year.

Tul.—What have you got there?

Hete.—Oh, mercy! oh, mercy! my toes! They burn like fire.

Tul.—(Has untied the bundle. A loaf, a packet of chicory, a cornet of coffee and one or two pairs of stockings, etc., are revealed.) You'll be able to spare me a trifle out of all this.

(Hete now swoops like a vulture upon her property, and gathers it together.)

Hete.—Do you think I've trudged miles and miles, hey? and had the marrow frozen in my bones, for you to go and grab it all, hey?

Tul.—Oh, shut up, you fool! Do you think I want to steal the blessed rubbish you've wheedled out of people?

Hete.—(Concealing her bundle under the straw pallet.) Who's done more hard work in her life, I wonder—me or you? You've never done anything worth talking about, for as old as you are—every one knows that!

Tul.—Leastways I haven't done what you have. Haven't I heard the pastor calling you over the coals? When I was young, like you, I took better care of myself, I can tell you.

Hete.—Was that why they put you in prison, perhaps?

Tul.—And you may go there, too, as soon as you please. I've only to find a Shandarm—I could tell him a thing or two. Just you keep a civil tongue in your head, my girl, I warn you.

Hete.—All right! Send on your Shandarm to me, and I'll have something to tell him, too.

Tul.—You can tell what tales you like, for me.

Hete.—Who was it that stole the great-coat, hey? from the innkeeper's little boy, hey? (Tulpe makes a motion as if to spit at Hete.) Tulpe! take care! just drop that.

Tul.—Get along with you! I wouldn't have a thing of yours at a gift.

Hete.—'Cause you know you won't get anything.

(A furious gust of wind shakes the house. Pleschke and Hanke are actually hurled by the storm into the passage.)

Pleschke.—Oh, curse the hail! curse the hail! it stings like the devil! The old shanty of a Refuge, one of these days—one of these days, it'll come toppling about our ears.

(Hete, seized with a thought at the sight of them, takes her bundle from under the pallet, rushes out past the men, and can be heard running up a flight of stairs.)

Ples.—(Calling after Hete.) Why are you running—why are you running away? We—we won't—do nothing to you. Hey, Hanke, hey?

Tul.—(At the stove, busied with a pot of potatoes.) The creature's out of her senses. She thinks we want to take her things away from her.

Ples.—(Coming into the room.) Oh, Lord, Lord, good people! Did ever—did ever you see the like! Good evenin'—good evenin', ha! Oh, the devil, the devil! what weather! what weather! I was blown down, I was—all my length—all my length—as flat as a pancake.

Tul.—Where have you been to?

Ples.—Me? Me? Where have I been? Oh, a long—a long way off. I've just gone—I've just gone the round of Oberdorf.

Tul.—Brought anything back?

Ples.—Aye, aye, fine things—fine things. At the Precensor's—they gave me—gave me—five groschen, they did. And up at the inn—up—at the inn—I got—got a canful—aye, a canful of soup, that's what I got.

Tul.—I'll heat it up at once. Give it here.

Ples.—I've got—I've got—the stump of a sausage, too. The butcher—Seipelt the butcher—gave—gave it me.

Tul.—How much money have you got?

Ples.—Three five-groschen pieces—aye, three five-groschen pieces—I think—I think it is.

Tul.—Out with them, too. I'll keep 'em for you.

Hete.—(Re-entering.) A nice fool, you, to give her everything.

Tul.—You mind your own business.

Hanke.—Why, he's her fancy man.

Hete.—Oh, good Lord! good Lord!

Hanke.—He must bring a bit of a present to his sweetheart. That's the proper thing.

Ples.—Do you go and make a fool—and make a fool—of whoever you like? Leave an old man—an old man—leave him in peace.

Hete.—(Imitating Pleschke's manner of speaking.) Old Pleschke—poor old Pleschke—he'll soon—he'll soon have stammered himself dumb. Soon he won't be—he won't be—able to get a single word out.

Ples.—(Threatening her with his stick.) Now you—now you—just hold your jaw.

Hete.—Who'll make me, hey?

Ples.—Now hold your—your jaw.

Tul.—Go on! Give her one!

Ples.—Just you—hold your jaw.

Hanke.—Stop this nonsense.

Ples.—Leave me alone.

(Hete has taken refuge behind Hanke, and while he is busy protecting her from Pleschke, seizes the opportunity to snatch something, quick as lightning, out of his bag, and to run off with it. Tulpe, who has observed her, shakes with laughter.)

Hanke.—I don't see nothing to laugh at.

Tul.—(Still laughing.) There, now! There, now! Who could help laughing?

Ples.—Oh, Lord! Lord! just look!

Tul.—You look to your bag, my man. Perhaps you won't find it as heavy as it was.

Hanke.—(Turns and sees he has been made a fool of.) The hussy! (He rushes after Hete.) Just let me catch you!

(His footsteps are heard as he rushes upstairs, then sounds of a chase and suppressed screaming.)

Ples.—A devil of a wench! a devil of a wench!

(He laughs in all possible keys. Tulpe is also in fits of laughter. Suddenly a sound is heard as of the outer door being thrown violently open.)

Ples.—Hey? What was that?

(Violent gusts of wind hurtle against the house. Hard-frozen snow is dashed against the window panes. A moment's calm ensues. Now appears the Schoolmaster, Gottwald, a man of two-and-thirty, with a black beard, carrying in his arms Hannele Matern, a girl of about fourteen.)

Ples.—(Staring in stupid astonishment.) Hey, hey, hey, hey! What's all this? what's all this?

Gottwald.—(Spreading coverings and his own cloak over the girl.) Heat some bricks, Seidel! Quick! quick!

Seidel.—Look alive, now, look alive! A couple of bricks! Hallo, hallo! Come, bustle about there!

Tul.—What's the matter with her?

Sei.—Oh, there's no time for questions.

(Goes quickly out with Tulpe.)

Got.—(Soothingly, to Hannele.) There, now, there, now! Don't be afraid—no one will hurt you.

Hannele.—(Her teeth chattering.) I'm so frightened! I'm so frightened!

Got.—You've nothing at all to be afraid of. No one will do anything to you.

Han.—My father! my father!—

Got.—But he's not here.

Han.—I'm so frightened for fear father should come.

Got.—But he isn't coming. Believe me, he isn't.

(Some one is heard to come rushing down the stairs.)

Hete.—(Holding up a grater.) Just look here! This is the sort of present they give Hanke.

(Hanke, who has come tearing in after her, catches her and tries to wrest the grater from her, but she throws it so that it falls in the middle of the floor.)

Han.—(Starting up in terror.) He's coming! he's coming!

Hanke.—I'll polish you with it! Just you look out!

Got.—(To Hannele.) There's nothing to fear, Hannele.
(To Hanke.) What do you want?

Hanke.—(Astonished.) Me? What do I want?

Hete.—(Sticks her head in at the door and calls:) Who stole the grater? Who stole the grater?

Hanke.—(Threateningly.) Just you wait; I'll pay you out, no fear!

Got.—Please make as little noise as you can; the girl is ill.

Hanke.—(Has picked up the grater and put it in his pocket. He retreats, somewhat abashed.) What's all the trouble?

Seidel.—(Reënters, carrying two bricks.) Here's something in the meantime.

Got.—(Touching the bricks to try their warmth.) Are they hot enough already?

Sci.—They'll warm her a little, anyway.

(He places one of the bricks under the girl's feet.)

Got.—(Pointing out another place.) The other one here.

Sci.—She isn't the least bit warmer yet.

Got.—She's positively shuddering with cold.

(Tulpe has come in after Seidel, Hete and Pleschke following her. Some other paupers, doubtful-looking characters, appear at the door.)

Tulpe.—(Standing close to the bed, with her arms akimbo.) Brandy and hot water, if you have any.

Sci.—(Produces a flask, as do Pleschke and Hanke.) There's a drop left here.

Tul.—(Already at the stove.) Give it here.

Sci.—Have you hot water?

Tul.—Oh, Lord! yes, enough to boil an ox.

Got.—And put a little sugar in it, if you have any.

Hete.—How should the likes of us have sugar?

Tul.—Why, you have some. Don't speak like a fool.

Hete.—Me? Sugar? No, I haven't. (With a forced laugh.)

Tul.—I know you brought some back with you. Didn't I see it in your bundle just now? You needn't be telling lies about it.

Sei.—Come along, out with it.

Hanke.—Run, Hete, run!

Sei.—Can't you see how ill the girl is?

Hete.—(Stubbornly.) Oh, what do I care!

Pleschke.—Fetch the sugar.

Hete.—You can go to the grocer's for it. (Slinks out.)

Sei.—Yes, it's high time for you to be off, else I'd warm your ears for you. I'd give you something, so that I don't think you'd come back for more.

Ples.—That's the sort of girl she is—the sort of girl she is.

Sei.—I'd soon knock the nonsense out of her. If I were the overseer, I'd take a good stout cudgel to her, and, mark my words, she'd soon find work to do. A girl like that—a strapping young hussy!—what has she to do loafing about the Refuge?

Ples.—Here I've got—a little bit—a little bit of sugar. I've just—I've just—found it.

Hanke.—(Scenting the brandy and water.) My word, don't I wish I was ill!

Enter Schmidt, the parish officer, carrying a lantern.

Schmidt.—Make way there! Here comes the Overseer.

Enter Overseer Berger.

The Paupers.—Good evening, Mr. Overseer! Good evening, Captain!

Berger.—'Evening! Now clear out of this! Good evening, Mr. Gottwald. (Shakes hands with him.) Well, what's the matter here?

Got.—We've just got her out of the water.

Sci.—(Steps forward.) By your leave, Mr. Overseer. You see, I had some business at the smithy. I wanted to have a band round my axe-haft. And just as I came out of the smithy—I mean Jeuchner's smithy down there—you know there's a pond—you might almost call it a kind of a lake. (To Gottwald.) Yes, it's true; it's big enough for that. And, like enough, you know, Mr. Overseer, there's one spot in it that doesn't freeze; it's never been known to freeze right over. When I was quite a little boy—

Ber.—Well, well, come to the point.

Sci.—Well, as I was saying, as I came out of the smithy, just then the moon broke through the clouds a bit, and I heard a sort of moaning. First I thought it was just some one playing me a trick, but presently I saw that there was something in the pond—in the open spot, I mean. I hollered out, but it disappeared. Well, I—you may guess I tore into the smithy and got hold of a board, and I never spoke a word, but just rushed round the pond, out with the board on the ice, and then, before you could say one, two, three, there I was out upon it and had her fast by her hair.

Ber.—Come, now, that's better, Seidel. Generally, when I hear of you, it's something to do with fighting, and bloody heads and broken bones. This is a very different affair. And then you brought her straight here?

Sci.—The schoolmaster, you see—

Got.—I happened to be passing. I was coming from the teachers' meeting. First I took her home to my house, and my wife managed to find some clothes, so that she might at least have something dry on her.

Ber.—But what can have put it into her head?

Sci.—Well, you see, she's Mattern the mason's step-daughter.

Ber.—Whose did you say? That scoundrel's!

Sci.—The mother died six weeks ago—and you can guess the rest. She scratched me and struck out at me, only because she thought I was her father.

Ber.—(Murmurs.) The hound!

Sei.—He's down at Niederkretscham at this very moment; he's been sitting soaking there ever since yesterday. The people there let him have as much as ever he likes.

Ber.—We'll make the scoundrel pay dear for this. (He stoops over the bed to speak to Hannele.) Come, my girl, speak to me. Don't moan so, and don't look at me in that scared way. I won't do anything to you. Tell me, what's your name? What do you say? I couldn't hear you. (He stands erect.) I believe the girl's a little stubborn.

Got.—She's only terrified. Hannele!

Han.—(Whispers.) Yes.

Got.—You must answer the overseer.

Han.—(Shivering.) Dear God! I'm cold!

Sei.—(Coming forward with the brandy and water.) Come, now, drink a little of this.

Han.—(As before.) Dear God! I'm hungry!

Got.—(To the overseer.) And when we offer her anything she won't eat it.

Han.—Dear God! it hurts me so!

Got.—What hurts you?

Han.—I'm so afraid.

Ber.—Who's been hurting you? Who? Come, now, speak out. I don't understand a word, my dear child. This won't do, you know. Listen, my good girl: has your stepfather been ill-using you?—I mean, has he beaten you? locked you in? turned you out of doors, or anything of that sort, eh? Why, good Heavens——

Sei.—The girl's very silent. Things have got to be very bad, indeed, before she'll say a word. You see, in a manner of speaking, she's as mute as a mackerel.

Ber.—I only want to have something definite to act upon. Perhaps I can get hold of the rascal this time.

Got.—She's beside herself with terror of the fellow.

Sei.—You see, it's nothing new, all this. Everyone, as you might say—everyone knows all about it; you can ask whoever you please. The wonder is that the girl's still alive; you wouldn't think it possible.

Ber.—What has he done to her, then?

Sei.—Well, you see, all manner of things, as you might say. He'll drive her out of the house at nine at night, even in weather like this, and he won't let her back again unless she brings at least a five-groschen piece with her—for him to go and drink it, of course. Where was the child to find five groschen? Many's the time she's been out half the night, and then, when she came home and brought no money—well, it's made people come running out from all quarters to hear how she shrieked—how she bellowed, as you might say.

Got.—Her mother was a little bit of protection to her while she lived.

Ber.—Well, in any case, I'll have the rascal arrested. His name's been for years on the list of habitual drunkards. Come, now, my child, just look at me.

Han.—(Imploringly.) Oh, no, no, no!

Sei.—You won't find it so easy to get anything out of her.

Got.—(Gently.) Hannele!

Han.—Yes.

Got.—Do you know me?

Han.—Yes.

Got.—Who am I?

Han.—The—the schoolmaster—Mr. Gottwald.

Got.—That's right. Well, now, you know I only want to be kind to you, so you can tell me all about it. You were down at the smithy pond. Why didn't you stop at home? Well, why didn't you?

Han.—I'm so frightened.

Ber.—We'll stand right back. Now, you just tell the schoolmaster all about it, quite alone.

Han.—(Shyly and mysteriously.) He called to me.

Got.—Who called?

Han.—The dear Lord Jesus.

Got.—Where did the dear Lord Jesus call to you?

Han.—Out of the water.

Got.—Where?

Han.—Down there in the water.

Ber.—(Puts on his cloak.) The first thing to be done is to send for the doctor. I dare say he's still to be found at the inn.

Got.—I sent at once to the Sisters of Mercy. The child will certainly need nursing.

Ber.—I'll go and tell the doctor. (To Schmidt.) You bring the police officer to me. I'll wait at the inn. Good-night, Mr. Gottwald. We'll have the fellow under lock and key this very night.

(He goes out with Schmidt. Hannele falls asleep.)

Sei.—(After a pause.) He'll take care not to catch him.

Got.—Why should he do that?

Sei.—He knows why. Who do you think is the child's father?

Got.—Oh, Seidel, that's all mere gossip.

Sei.—You know quite well he was the woman's lover.

Got.—Oh, people don't mind what lies they tell. You can't believe half you hear. If only the doctor would come!

Sei.—(In a low voice.) I don't believe she'll ever get up again.

Enter Doctor Wachler.

The Doctor.—Good evening.

Got.—Good evening.

Sei.—Good evening, doctor.

The Doc.—(Warming his hands at the stove.) I should like another candle. (The sound of a barrel-organ is heard from the back room.) They're surely out of their senses in there.

Sei.—(Who has opened the door of the back room.) Will you just be quiet in there, please!

The Doc.—Mr. Gottwald, I believe?

Got.—My name is Gottwald.

The Doc.—She tried to drown herself, I hear.

Got.—She must have been driven to desperation.

(A short pause.)

The Doc.—She seems to be talking in her sleep.

Han.—Millions of little stars! Why are you pulling at my arms? Oh, oh! the pain is killing me.

The Doc.—(Loosening her shirt.) Her whole body seems to be covered with scars.

Sci.—(Who has returned.) So was her mother's as she lay in her coffin.

The Doc.—Pitiful! pitiful!

Han.—I won't! I won't! I won't go home! I must go—to Mother Hollie—in the pond. Let me go, father. Ouf! what a smell! You've been drinking brandy again! Hark! how the wind roars in the wood! There was a tree blown down this morning on the hill. If only no fire breaks out—— Unless the tailor has a stone in his pocket and an iron in his hand, the storm will sweep him away right over the mountains. Hark! hark to the storm!

Enter Martha, the Sister of Mercy.

Got.—Good evening, Sister. (The Sister nods.)

Han.—Where is my mother? In Heaven? Oh, dear, so far, far away! Where—where am I?

The Doc.—(Bending over her.) Among kind people.

Han.—I'm thirsty.

The Doc.—Water. Have you any pain anywhere? No? Oh, well, then, there's not so much the matter with us!

Han.—Are you the doctor?

The Doc.—Of course, I am.

Han.—Then—then I must be ill.

The Doc.—A little; not very.

Han.—Do you want to make me well again?

The Doc.—Have you a pain here? or there? Do you feel anything here? here? here? Don't look so frightened, I'm not going to hurt you. How is it here? Have you any pain here?

Got.—Answer the doctor, Hannele!

Han.—Oh, dear Mr. Gottwald!

Got.—Now attend to what the doctor says and answer him nicely. (Hannele shakes her head.) Why won't you?

Han.—Because—because—I want so to go to mother.

Got.—There, there, now—you mustn't think of that.

(A short pause. The doctor stands erect, draws a long breath and is plunged in thought for a moment. Sister Martha has taken the second candle from the table and holds it by the bed.)

The Doc.—(Beckons to Sister Martha.) A word with you, please. (He goes with her to the table and gives her some whispered directions.) I'll come again bye-and-bye, and meantime I'll send the medicine. (To Gottwald.) I hear they've arrested him at the Sword Inn.

The Sister.—At least, so I heard them say.

The Doc.—(Putting on his fur coat. To Seidel.) Will you come with me to the druggist's?

(The Doctor, Gottwald and Seidel nod to Sister Martha as they pass out quietly.)

Got.—(Anxiously.) What do you think of her, doctor? (All three go out.)

(Sister Martha is now alone with Hannele. She pours some milk into a little bowl. As she is doing so, Hannele opens her eyes and gazes at her.)

Han.—Do you come from the Lord Jesus?

The Sis.—What do you say?

Han.—Do you come from the Lord Jesus?

The Sis.—Don't you know me, Hannele? I'm Sister Martha, you know. You used to come to us, don't you remember? We used to pray together, and sing beautiful songs. Don't you remember?

Han.—(Nods joyfully.) Oh, the beautiful songs!

The Sis.—Now I'm going to nurse you, please God, until you're quite well again.

Han.—I don't want to be well again.

The Sis.—The doctor says that you're to take some milk, so as to get strong.

Han.—(Refusing it.) I don't want to get well again.

The Sis.—You don't want to get well again? Come, now, just think a little. Wait a moment, let me tie up your hair for you.

Han.—(Crying softly.) I won't get well again.

The Sis.—Why not?

Han.—I want so much—so much—to go to heaven.

The Sis.—That's not within our power, my dear child. We must wait till God calls us. But if you repent your sins—

Han.—(Eagerly.) Oh, Sister! I do repent them.

The Sis.—And believe in the Lord Jesus Christ?

Han.—Oh, I believe so firmly in my Saviour—

The Sis.—Then you can wait in peace and full assurance. Now I'll put your pillow right for you, and you'll go to sleep.

Han.—I can't sleep.

The Sis.—Only try to.

Han.—Sister Martha!

The Sis.—Well!

Han.—Sister Martha! Are there sins—are there sins that can't be forgiven?

The Sis.—Now go to sleep, Hannele. Don't excite yourself.

Han.—Oh, tell me, please, please tell me!

The Sis.—Well, yes, there are such sins—sins against the Holy Ghost.

Han.—Oh, if I should have committed one!

The Sis.—Oh, nonsense! It's only very, very wicked people that have done that—like Judas, who betrayed the Lord Jesus.

Han.—Yet it might be—it might be!

The Sis.—Now you must sleep.

Han.—I'm so afraid.

The Sis.—You haven't the least reason to be.

Han.—What if I should have committed such a sin!

The Sis.—But you haven't done anything of the sort.

Han.—(Clinging to the Sister.) Oh, Sister, Sister!

The Sis.—There's nothing to be afraid of.

Han.—Sister!

The Sis.—What is it?

Han.—He's coming right in. Don't you hear?

The Sis.—I hear nothing at all.

Han.—That's his voice—outside. Listen!

The Sis.—Who do you mean?

Han.—My father, my father! There he is!

The Sis.—Where?

Han.—At the foot of the bed.

The Sis.—There's a cloak and hat hanging here. We'll take away the ugly things; we'll take them out to Father Pleschke. Now I'll get some water and make a cold compress for you. You'll let me leave you alone just one moment? But you must lie quiet—quite still and quiet.

Han.—Oh, how stupid I am! It was only a cloak, was it, and a hat?

The Sis.—Now quite, quite still; and I'll be back immediately. I'll place the candle out here in the passage. Now quite, quite quiet.

(She goes. It is almost entirely dark. Immediately there appears at the foot of Hannele's bed the form of Mattern, the mason. A pale light emanates from the apparition. Hannele covers her eyes with her hands in terror, groans, writhes in her bed and makes low moaning sounds.)

The Apparition.—Where are you? Where have you been, girl? What have you been doing? I'll teach you! I'll pay you out, trust me for that. What have you been saying to people? That I've beaten you and ill-used you, hey? Is that what you've told them? You're not my child. Come, now, get up out of that? I've nothing to do with you. I could turn you out into the streets. Get up and light the fire!—do you hear me? I've taken you in out of pity and charity, and now you think you're to lie there and do nothing. Well, are you going to move? I'll beat you till, till—

(Hannele, with closed eyes, has struggled out of bed and has dragged herself to the stove. She opens the stove door and sinks to the ground, fainting. At this moment Sister Martha returns with the candle and a jug of water, and the hallucination vanishes.)

The Sis.—I just went to fetch some water, and here she's

gone and got out of bed. Do, Hedwig, please, come and help me!

Hanke.—Now, Hete, you had better be careful, or you'll do her an injury.

Pleschke.—I believe—I believe there's something—something more than we think—the matter with the girl, Sister!

Tulpe.—Maybe—maybe the girl's bewitched.

Hanke.—(Loudly.) She won't last long—take my word for it.

The Sis.—Perhaps you're right, my man; but surely you can see we mustn't excite the poor child any more.

Hanke.—Well, we're not doing any harm.

Ples.—(To Hanke.) You're a blockhead—just a blockhead—you're a blockhead, let me tell you—and nothing—nothing else. Any child knows that a sick person—a sick person—mustn't be disturbed.

Hete.—(Mimicking him.) A sick person—a sick person—

The Sis.—Now do, do go. I beg you to.

Tul.—The Sister's right. You'd better get out of this.

Hanke.—We'll go without telling, just when we want to.

Hete.—I suppose we've got to sleep in the hen-house.

Ples.—There'll be room for you—room for you—you know where.

Han.—(Opens her eyes.) Has—has he gone.

The Sis.—The people have all gone. Did anything frighten you, Hannele?

Han.—(Still apprehensive.) Has father gone?

The Sis.—He was never here.

Han.—Yes, Sister, he was.

The Sis.—You must have dreamed it.

Han.—Oh, dear Lord Jesus! oh, dear Lord Jesus! Oh, good, kind, blessed Lord Jesus, take me to thee, oh, take me to thee!

“Oh! come to me, dear;
Oh! take me from here,
Away from the people—
Their glances I fear.”

I'm quite sure of it, Sister.

The Sis.—What are you sure of?

Han.—He has promised me. I shall go to heaven, he has promised me.

The Sis.—H'm.

Han.—Do you know who?

The Sis.—Well!

Han.—The dear Lord—Gottwald.

The Sis.—Now you must go to sleep, Hannele—you really must.

Han.—Sister, tell me—my master, Mr. Gottwald—isn't he a handsome man? His name is Heinrich. Heinrich is a pretty name, isn't it? You dear, sweet Heinrich! Sister, shall I tell you something? We're going to be married! Yes, yes, we two—my master, Mr. Gottwald, and I:

“And when they now their troth had plighted,
They laid them down together,
Beneath a snow-white feather quilt,
All in a darksome bower.”

He has a lovely beard. His hair is like flowering clover. Hark! he's calling to me. Don't you hear?

The Sis.—Go to sleep, Hannele, go to sleep; no one is calling.

Han.—It was the Lord Jesus. Hark! hark! Now he's calling to me again—“Hannele!” quite loud—“Hannele!” quite quite clear. Come, come with me, Sister!

The Sis.—When God calls me, I shall be ready.

Han.—Don't you smell anything, Sister?

The Sis.—No, Hannele.

Han.—Don't you smell the lilac-flower? Oh, listen! oh, do listen! What can it be? Is it the angels? Don't you hear?

The Sis.—Yes, yes, I hear; but listen now, you must turn on your side and lie still, and sleep quietly till to-morrow morning.

Han.—Can you sing it, too?

The Sis.—What, my child?

Han.—“Sleep, baby, sleep.”

The Sis.—Do you want to hear it?

Han.—Mother dear, sing it to me! Mother dear, sing 't to me!

The Sis.—“Sleep, baby, sleep,

The hills are white with sheep—
The curly little lammikin
Is nestling to its mammikin—
Sleep, baby, sleep.”

(A faint light now fills the room. On one side of the bed sits a pale, ghostly figure of a woman.)

The Figure.—Hannele!

Han.—Mother, dear little mother, is that you?

The Fig.—Yes. I have washed our dear Saviour's feet with my tears and dried them with the hairs of my head!

Han.—Do you bring me good tidings?

The Fig.—Yes.

Han.—Do you come from far?

The Fig.—A hundred thousand miles through the night.

Han.—Mother, what do you look like?

The Fig.—Like the children of this world.

Han.—Your teeth are as lilies of the valley; your voice is like a peal of bells!

The Fig.—But its tones are not pure.

Han.—Mother, dear mother! how you shine in your beauty!

The Fig.—The angels in heaven are many hundred times fairer.

Han.—Why are you not as fair as they?

The Fig.—I have suffered because of your suffering.

Han.—Little mother, stay with me!

The Fig.—(Rises.) I must go.

Han.—Is it beautiful where you are?

The Fig.—Wide, wide meadows, sheltered from the wind, shielded from storm and hail by the care of God.

Han.—Do you rest when you are weary?

The Fig.—Yes.

Han.—Have you food to eat when you are hungry?

The Fig.—I still my hunger with fruits and meat. I thirst,
and I drink golden wine. (She recedes.)

Han.—Are you going, mother?

The Fig.—God calls me.

Han.—Does God call loud?

The Fig.—God calls loudly for me.

Han.—My heart is burnt up within me, mother!

The Fig.—God will cool it with roses and lilies.

Han.—Will God save me?

The Fig.—Do you know the flower that I hold in my hand?

Han.—A cowslip.

The Fig.—What do the people call it?

Han.—The key of heaven.

The Fig.—(Places it in Hannele's hand.) You are to keep
it as a pledge from God. Farewell!

Han.—Little mother, stay with me!

The Fig.—(Receding.) A little while and ye shall not see
me; and again a little while and ye shall see me.

Han.—I am afraid.

The Fig.—As the wind scatters the white snow-dust on the
mountain, so will God pursue them that persecute you.

Han.—Do not leave me.

The Fig.—The children of heaven are like the blue light-
nings of the night.—Sleep!

(Once more it becomes gradually dark. Meanwhile
boys' voices are heard singing the second verse of
the song.)

“Sleep, baby, dear!

What guests are drawing near?

(The room is now all of a sudden filled with a gold-
green radiance. Three Angels of Light appear—
beautiful winged youths, with rose-wreaths on
their heads—who sing the end of the song.)

The guests that come to visit thee

Are God's dear little angels three—

Sleep, baby dear!”

Han.—Angels! Angels! Angels!

(A short pause, then the angels in turn speak the following, to music:—)

First Angel.—The sun shedding gold on the hillsides
To thee gave no share of its riches;
The soft-waving green of the valley,
It spread not its mantle for thee.

Second Angel.—The wealth of the gold-laden cornfields
The pangs of thy hunger appeased not;
The milk of the pasturing cattle,
It foamed not for thee in the pail.

Third Angel.—The blossoms of earth and its flowers,
All brimming with perfume and sweetness,
With purple and blue as of heaven
Aglow, never bordered thy path.

(A short pause.)

First A.—We bring thee an earliest greeting,
Through blackness of darkness we bring it;
We waft from the plumes of our pinions
An earliest breath of joy.

Second A.—We bear on the hem of our garments
An earliest fragrance of springtime;
And lo! on our lips is glowing
The earliest flush of the day.

Third A.—Behold! from our feet there shineth
The emerald light of our homeland;
The spires of the heavenly city,
They gleam in the depths of our eyes.

PART II.

Everything is as it was before the appearance of the angels.
The Sister of Mercy is seated beside the bed in which
Hannele is lying.

Hannele.—Sister! Angels!—Sister Martha! Angels!—Do
you know who have been here?

The Sister.—H'm—are you awake again already?

Han.—Just guess! Do! (Unable to contain herself.)

Angels! Angels! Real angels! Angels from heaven, Sister Martha! Angels, you know, with long wings.

The Sis.—Well, then, if you've had such beautiful dreams—

Han.—There now! She says I dreamt it! But look at what I've got here! Just look at it!

The Sis.—What is it?

Han.—Just look at it!

The Sis.—H'm.

Han.—Here it is—look at it!

The Sis.—Aha!

Han.—Just smell it.

The Sis.—(Pretending to smell a flower.) H'm—lovely.

Han.—Not so close to it! You'll break the stalk.

The Sis.—Oh, I'm very sorry. What sort of flower is it?

Han.—Why, don't you know? The key of heaven.

The Sis.—Is it, really?

Han.—Why, surely you're—— Do bring the light—quick, quick!

The Sis.—(Holding up the candle.) Ah, yes, now I see it.

Han.—Isn't it lovely?

The Sis.—But you're talking a great deal too much. We must keep quite quiet now, or the doctor will scold us. And here he has sent you your medicine. We must take it, as he bids us.

Han.—Oh, Sister, you're far too much troubled about me! You don't know what has happened. Do you?—do you?—do tell me, if you know. Who gave me this? Well? The little golden key? Who? Say! What is the little golden key meant to open? Well?

The Sis.—You'll tell me all about it to-morrow morning. Then, after a good night's rest, you'll be strong and well.

Han.—But I am well. (She sits up and puts her feet to the ground.) You see, Sister, I'm quite, quite well!

The Sis.—Why, Hannele! No, you mustn't do that—you really mustn't!

Han.—(Rising and pushing the Sister away.) You must—let me. You must—let me. I must—go. (She starts in terror and gazes fixedly at a certain point.) Oh, heavenly Saviour!

(A black-robed and black-winged angel becomes visible.)

Who are you? Are you an angel? Is it to me you come? I am Hannele Mattern. Is it to me you come? Has God taken the gift of speech from your tongue? Do you come from God? Are you a friend to me? Do you come as an enemy? Have you a sword in the folds of your garment? B-r-r-r! I am cold. Piercing frost spreads from your wings; cold breathes around you. Who are you? (No answer. A sudden horror overcomes her. She turns, with a scream, as though some one stood behind her.) Mother! Little mother!

(A figure in the dress of the Sister of Mercy, but younger and more beautiful, with long white pinions, comes in.)

Han.—(Shrinking close up to the figure and seizing her hand.) Mother! Little mother! There is some one here.

The Sis.—Where?

Han.—There, there!

The Sis.—Why are you trembling so?

Han.—I'm frightened!

The Sis.—Fear nothing, I am with you.

Han.—My teeth are chattering with terror. I can't help it. He makes me shudder!

The Sis.—Do not be frightened, he is your friend.

Han.—Who is he, mother?

The Sis.—Do you not know him?

Han.—Who is he?

The Sis.—Death.

Han.—Death! Must it be, then?

The Sis.—It is the entrance, Hannele.

Han.—Must every one pass through the entrance?

The Sis.—Every one.

Han.—Will you grasp me hard, Death?—He is silent. He makes no answer, mother, to anything I say.

The Sis.—The words of God are loud within you.

Han.—I have often longed for you from the depths of my heart; but now I am afraid.

The Sis.—Make you ready.

Han.—To die?

The Sis.—Yes.

Han.—(After a pause, timidly.) Must I lie in the coffin in these rags and tatters?

The Sis.—God will clothe you.

(She produces a small silver bell and rings it. Immediately there appears a little hump-backed village tailor.)

The Tailor.—Mistress Johanna Katharina Mattern—his Serene Highness, your most gracious father, has condescended to order your bridal dress of me.

The Sis.—Come, I will put it on for you.

Han.—(In joyful excitement.) Oh, how it rustles!

The Sis.—White silk, Hannele.

Han.—Won't people be astonished to see me so beautifully dressed in my coffin?

The Tai.—Mistress Johanna Katharina Mattern, the whole village is talking of nothing but what good fortune death is bringing you, Mistress Hanna. His Serene Highness, your most gracious father, has been to the overseer—

The Sis.—(Placing a wreath on Hannele's head.) Now bend thy head, thou bride of heaven.

Han.—Do you know, Sister Martha, I'm looking forward so to death. (She looks dubiously at the Sister.) It is you, isn't it?

The Sis.—Yes.

Han.—You are really Sister Martha? Oh, no! You are my mother?

The Sis.—Yes.

Han.—Are you both?

The Sis.—The children of heaven are as one in God.

The Tai.—If I might be permitted, Princess Hannele! These are the tiniest little slippers in the land. They have all too

large feet—Hedwig, and Agnes, and Lisa, and Martha, and Minna, and Anna, and Kate, and Greta. They fit, they fit! The bride is found. Mistress Hannele has the smallest feet. If you should have any further orders— Your servant, your servant!

Han.—I can scarcely bear to wait, little mother.

The Sis.—Now you need not take any more medicine.

Han.—No.

The Sis.—Now you'll soon be as fresh and sound as a mountain trout, Hannele!

Han.—Yes.

The Sis.—Come, now, and lay you down on your deathbed.

Han.—At last I shall know what it is to die.

The Sis.—Yes, you will, Hannele.

Han.—I have a pledge.

The Sis.—Press it close to your breast.

Han.—(Looking toward the angel.) Must it be, then?

The Sis.—It must.

Han.—Now they're playing for the burial—Meister Seyfried and the musicians. (The angel rises.) Now he stands up. (The angel moves slowly and solemnly toward Hannele.) Now he is coming to me. Oh, Sister! mother! I can't see you! Where are you? Quick, quick, thou dumb black spirit! (As though groaning under an insupportable weight.) It is crushing me, crushing me—like a—like a stone. (The angel slowly raises his great sword.) He's going to—going to—destroy me utterly. Help! help, Sister!

The Sis.—(Interposing.) He dare not! I lay my consecrated hands upon thy heart!

(The Black Angel disappears. Silence. The strains of the funeral march have continued without interruption. Presently the figure of the schoolmaster, Gottwald, appears in the middle doorway. The funeral march ceases. Gottwald is dressed in black, as though for a funeral, and carries in his hand a bunch of beautiful lilies-of-the-valley. Behind him appear his school children—boys and girls in their best clothes.)

Gottwald.—(In a low voice.) Good day, Sister Martha!

The Sis.—Mr. Gottwald, God's greeting to you!

Got.—(Looking at Hannele.) Poor little thing!

The Sis.—Why are you so sad, Mr. Gottwald?

Got.—Because she is dead.

The Sis.—We will not grieve for that; she has found peace, and for her sake I am glad.

Got.—(Sighing.) Yes, it is well with her. Now she is free from all trouble and sorrow.

The Sis.—(Sunk in contemplation.) How beautiful she looks as she lies there.

Got.—Yes, beautiful. Now that you are dead, you bloom forth in all your loveliness!

The Sis.—God has made her so beautiful because she had faith in Him.

Got.—Yes, she had faith and she was good.

The Sis.—We must not mourn. We must be still and patient.

Got.—Ah, my heart is heavy.

The Sis.—Because she is set free?

Got.—Because my two flowers are withered.

The Sis.—What flowers?

Got.—Two violets here in my book. They are the dead eyes of my dear Hannele.

The Sis.—In God's heaven they will bloom again far more sweetly.

Got.—Oh, God! how much longer will our pilgrimage last through this vale of darkness and of tears? What do you think? I thought we might begin, here in the house, by singing the hymn: "Jesus, Oh, I Trust in Thee."

The Sis.—Yes, that is a beautiful hymn; and Hannele Mattern's heart was full of faith.

Got.—And then out in the churchyard we will sing "Set Me Free." (He turns, goes to the school children and says:) Number 62, "Set Me Free."

(He intones softly, beating time:)

"Set me free, oh, set me free,
That I may my Jesus see."

(The children have joined in softly.)

Children, are you all warmly dressed? It will be very cold out in the churchyard. Come in for a moment. Look at poor little Hannele once more. Just see how beautiful death has made the poor little girl! She was huddled in rags; now she wears silken raiment. She ran about barefoot; now she has glass slippers on her feet. Soon she will dwell in a golden palace and eat roast meat every day. Here she lived on cold potatoes, and often she had not enough of them. Here you always called her the Beggar Princess; now she will soon be a princess in very deed. So if any of you have anything that you want to beg her pardon for, do it now, or she will tell the dear God all about it, and then it will go ill with you.

A Little Boy.—Dear Princess Hannele, don't be angry with me, and don't tell the dear God that I always called you the Beggar Princess.

All the Children.—We are all so very, very sorry!

Got.—So! Now poor Hannele has already forgiven you. Now go into the other room and wait for me there.

The Sis.—Come, I'll take you into the back room, and there I'll tell you what you must do if you want to become beautiful angels, as beautiful as Hannele will soon be.

Got.—(Now alone with Hannele.) Hannele, dear, here I've brought you another bunch of beautiful lilies-of-the-valley. (Kneeling by her bed, with trembling voice.) Don't quite, quite forget me in your glory! It breaks my heart to part from you.

(Voices are heard; Gottwald rises and covers Hannele with a sheet. Two old women, dressed for a funeral, with handkerchiefs and gilt-edged hymn-books in their hands, enter softly.)

First Woman.—(Looking round.) I suppose we're the first.

Second Woman.—No, the schoolmaster is here already, Good day, Mr. Gottwald.

Got.—Good day.

First W.—Ah, this'll be a sore trouble to you, Mr. Gott-

wald! She was such a good pupil to you—always industrious, always busy.

Second W.—Is it true what people are saying? Surely it can't be true? They say she took her own life?

A Third Woman.—That would be a sin against the Holy Spirit.

Second W.—A sin against the Holy Ghost.

Third W.—And the pastor says such a sin can never be forgiven.

Got.—Have you forgotten what the Saviour said?—"Suffer the little children to come unto me."

A Fourth Woman.—Oh, good people, good people, what weather! It's enough to freeze the feet off you. I only hope the pastor won't be too long about it! The snow is lying a yard deep in the churchyard.

A Fifth Woman.—The pastor is not going to bury her, good people! He's going to refuse her consecrated ground.

Pleschke.—(Also appearing.) Have you heard? have you heard? A grand gentleman has been to see the pastor—has been to see the pastor—and has told him—yes, told him—that Hannla Mattern is a blessed saint.

Hanke.—(Entering hastily.) Do you know what they're bringing?—A crystal coffin!

Several Voices.—A crystal coffin! A crystal coffin!

Hanke.—Oh, Lord! It must have cost a pretty penny!

Sev. Voi.—A crystal coffin! A crystal coffin!

Seidel.—(Who has appeared.) We're going to see fine things, that we are! An angel has passed right through the village, as tall as a poplar tree, if you'll believe me. And two others are sitting by the smithy pond; but they're small, like little children. The girl was more than a beggar-girl.

Sev. Voi.—“The girl was more than a beggar-girl.” “They're bringing a crystal coffin.” “An angel has passed through the village.”

(Four white-robed youths carry in a crystal coffin, which they set down near Hannele's bed. The mourners whisper to each other, full of curiosity and astonishment.)

Got.—(Raising the sheet from Hannele's face.) Look at the dead child, too.

First W.—Why, her hair is like gold.

Got.—And she has silken garments and glass slippers.

Sev. Voi.—“Ah, how beautiful she is!” “Who can it be?” “Who can it be?” “Little Hannla Mattern?” “Hannla Mattern?” “No, I don't believe it!”

Ples.—The girl—the girl—is a—a saint.

Hanke.—They say she isn't to be buried at all.

First W.—Her coffin is to be set up in the church.

Second W.—I believe the girl isn't really dead. She looks as alive as ever she can be.

Ples.—Just give me—just give me—a down feather. We'll try—we'll try. (Holding a down feather to her mouth.) Yes, and we'll see—and we'll see if she still—if she's still breathing, we will. It doesn't stir. The girl is dead! She hasn't a breath of life in her!

Third W.—I'll give her my bunch of rosemary.

Fourth W.—She can take my bit of lavender with her, too.

Fifth W.—But where is Mattern?

First W.—Yes, where is Mattern?

Second W.—Oh, he—he's sitting over there in the ale-house.

First W.—Most like he doesn't know a word of what has happened.

Second W.—He cares for nothing so long as he has his dram. He knows nothing about it.

Ples.—Haven't you—haven't you told him, then—told him—that there's a death—in his house?

Third W.—He might know that without any telling.

Fourth W.—I don't say anything, heaven forbid! But everyone knows who has killed the girl.

Sei.—You're right there! The whole village, as you might say, knows that. There's a lump on her as big as my fist.

Fifth W.—No grass grows where that fellow sets his feet.

Sei.—I was there when they changed her wet clothes, and I saw it as plain as I see you. She has a lump on her as big as my fist—and that's what has killed her.

First W.—It's Mattern must answer for her, and no one else.

All.—No one else, no one else.

Second W.—He's a murderer, he is.

All.—A murderer, a murderer!

(The harsh voice of the tipsy Mattern is heard.)

Mattern's Voice.—“A con—science from all trou—ouble free.
What so—after pil—low can there be?”

Hannele! Hannele! You brat! Where are you hiding? I'll count up to five—and I'll wait not a moment longer. One, two—three and one are—I tell you, my girl, you'd better not make me wild. If I have to search for you and find you, you hussy, I'll pound you to a jelly, I will! (Starts as he notices the others who are present, and who remain as still as death.) What do you want here? How do you come here? Was it the devil sent you, eh? Just clear out of this, now! Well, are you going to stop all night? Wait a minute, wait a minute—I know what it is. It's nothing but that. I have a little too much in my noddle—that's what brings 'em. (He sings.)

“A con—science from all trou—ouble free,
What so—after pil—low can there be?”

you still there? (Looking around for something to attack them with.) I'll take the first thing that comes handy——

(A man has entered, wearing a threadbare brown cloak. He is about thirty, has long black hair and a pale face with the features of the schoolmaster, Gottwald. He touches Mattern lightly on the arm, interrupting his speech. Mattern turns sharply round. The stranger looks him straight in the face, gravely and quietly.)

The Stranger.—(Humbly.) Mattern, God's greeting to you!

Mat.—How have you come here? What do you want?

The Str.—I have walked till my feet are bleeding—give me water to wash them. The hot sun has parched me—give me wine to drink and to refresh me. I have not broken bread since I set forth in the morning—I am hungry.

Mat.—What's that to me? What brings you tramping round here? Go and work. I have to work, too.

The Str.—I am a workman.

Mat.—You're a tramp, that's what you are. A workman need not go about begging.

The Str.—I am a workman without wages.

Mat.—You're a tramp, you are.

The Str.—I am a physician. It may be that you have need of me.

Mat.—I'm all right, I don't need any doctor.

The Str.—Mattern, bethink you! You need give me no water, and yet I will heal you. You may give me no bread to eat, and yet, God helping me, I will make you whole.

Mat.—You get out of this! Go about your business. I have sound bones in my body. I need no doctor. Do you understand?

The Str.—Mattern, bethink you! I will wash your feet for you. I will give you wine to drink. You shall eat white bread. Tread me under foot, and yet, God helping me, I will make you whole and sound.

Mat.—Now, will you go or will you not? If you won't get out of this, I tell you I'll—

The Str.—Mattern, do you know what you have in your house?

Mat.—All that belongs there. All that belongs there. You don't belong there. Just get out, now.

The Str.—Your daughter is ill.

Mat.—Her illness doesn't need any doctor. It's nothing but laziness, her illness isn't. I can knock that out of her without your help.

The Str.—Mattern, I come as a messenger to you.

Mat.—As a messenger, eh? Who from?

The Str.—I come from the Father—and I go to the Father. What have you done with His child?

Mat.—How am I to know what's become of her? What have I to do with his children? He's never troubled about her, he hasn't.

The Str.—You have death in your house.

Mat.--Where have you got the beautiful clothes? Who has bought you the crystal coffin? I've never ill-used you. I've clothed you. I've fed you. What do you want with me? What have I to do with all this?

The Str.--Mattern, have you anything to say to me? Have you nothing to reproach yourself with? Have you never torn her from her bed by night? Has she never fallen as though dead under your blows?

Mat.--Strike me dead if she has--here, on the spot! Heaven's lightning blast me if I've been to blame!

(A flash of pale blue lightning and distant thunder.)

All.--"There's a thunderstorm coming!" "Right in the middle of winter!" "He's perjured himself!" "The child-murderer has perjured himself!"

The Str.--Have you still nothing to say to me, Mattern?

Mat.--Who loves his child chastens it. I've done nothing but good to the girl. I've kept her as my own child. I've a right to punish her when she does wrong.

The Women.--Murderer! Murderer! Murderer!

Mat.--She's lied to me and cheated me. She has robbed me day by day.

The Str.--Are you speaking the truth?

Mat.--God strike me--

(At this moment a cowslip--"the key of heaven"--is seen in Hannele's folded hands, emitting a yellow-green radiance. Mattern stares at it as though out of his senses, trembling all over.)

The Str.--Mattern, you are lying!

All.--(In the greatest excitement.) A miracle! a miracle!

Ples.--The girl--the girl--is a--a saint. He has--he has--sworn away--body--body and soul.

Mat.--(Shrieks.) I'll go and hang myself. (Rushes off.)

The Str.--(Goes to Hannele's coffin, and turns so as to face the others, who all draw back reverently.) Fear nothing. (He bends down and takes hold of Hannele's hand.) The maiden is not dead, but sleepeth. Johanna Mattern, arise!

(A gold-green radiance fills the room. Hannele opens her eyes and raises herself by aid of the stranger's hand, but without daring to look in his face. She steps out of the coffin and at once sinks to the ground at the feet of the awakener. Terror seizes upon all the others and they flee. The stranger and Hannele remain alone. The brown mantle has slipped from his shoulders and he stands in a golden-white robe.)

The Str.—(Tenderly.) Hannele!

Hannele.—(In an ecstasy.) He is there.

The Str.—Who am I?

Han.—Thou!

The Str.—Name my name.

Han.—(Whispers, trembling with awe.) Holy! holy!

The Str.—I know all thy sorrows and thy sufferings.

Han.—Thou dear, dear—

The Str.—Arise.

Han.—Thy robe is spotless. I am full of stains.

The Str.—(Laying his right hand on Hannele's head.) Thus do I take away all baseness from thee. (Raising her face toward him, he touches her eyes.) Behold, I bestow on thine eyes eternal light. Let them be filled with the light of countless suns; with the light of endless day, from morning-glow to evening-glow, from evening-glow to morning-glow. Let them be filled with the brightness of all that shines: blue sea, blue sky and the green plains of eternity. (He touches her ear.) Behold, I give to thine ear to hear all the rejoicing of all the millions of angels in the million heavens of God. (He touches her lips.) Behold, I set free thy stammering tongue, and lay upon it thy soul, and my soul, and the soul of God in the Highest.

(Hannele attempts to rise. She cannot do so. In a storm of sobs and tears she buries her head on the stranger's breast.)

With these tears I wash from thy soul all the dust and anguish of the world. I will exalt thy feet above the stars of God.

(To soft music, and stroking Hannele's hair with his hand, the stranger speaks as follows. As he is speaking angelic forms appear in the doorway, swinging censers and decorating the chamber with hangings and wreaths:)

The City of the Blessed is marvellously fair,
And peace and utter happiness are never-ending there.

(Harps, at first played softly, gradually ring out loud
and clear.)

The houses are of marble, the roofs of gold so fine,
And down their silver channels bubble brooks of ruby
wine.

The streets that shine so white, so white, are all be-
strewn with flowers,
And endless peals of wedding bells ring out from all the
towers.

The pinnacles, as green as May, gleam in the morning
light,

Beset with flickering butterflies, with rose-wreaths
decked and dight.

Twelve milk-white swans fly round them in mazy circles
wide,

And preen themselves, and ruffle up their plumage in
their pride;

They soar aloft so bravely through the shining heavenly
air,

With fragrance all aquiver and with golden trumpet-
blare;

In circle-sweeps majestic forever they are winging,
And the pulsing of their pinions is like harp-strings
softly ringing.

They look abroad o'er Sion, on garden and on sea,
And green and filmy streamers behind them flutter free—
And underneath them wander, throughout the heavenly
land,

The people in their feast-array, for ever hand in hand;
And then into the wide, wide sea, filled with the red,
red wine,

Behold! they plunge their bodies with glory all ashine—
They plunge their shining bodies into the gleaming sea,

Till in the deep clear purple they're swallowed utterly;
And when again they leap aloft rejoicing from the flood,
Their sins have all been washed away in Jesus' blessed
blood.

(The stranger now turns to the angels, who have finished their work. They form a half-circle round Hannele and the stranger.)

Come heaven's children, come with linen fine!
Dear ones, come hither! come, my turtle-doves!
Softly enwrap the fragile outworn frame
That cold has racked and fever-glow has parched,
Heedful for fear ye hurt the tender flesh;
Then sail ye forth on pulseless, sleeping wings,
Brushing the dewy meadow-grass, and bear her
Through the cool moonshine, lovingly along. . . .
Through fragrant blossom-breath of paradise,
Till in the blissful temple-shade she rests.

(A short pause.)

There, while on silken bed she slumbers, mix
In the white marble bath the hill-brook's water
With purple wine and milk of antelopes,
Pure essences to lave her back to health.
Break from the bushes heavy sprays of bloom,
Jasmine and lilac, drenched with morning dews,
And let their sparkling charge of crystal drops,
Fragrant and quickening, rain down upon her.
Then, with the softest silk, dry limb by limb,
As tenderly as they were lily-leaves.
With wine refresh her, poured in golden goblets,
Wherein is pressed the flesh of mellow fruits—
Of strawberries, from their sun-steeped bed still **warm**,
Of ruby-red, sweet-blooded raspberries,
Of satin peaches, golden pineapples.
Bring yellow oranges, great glossy globes,
On silver chargers flashing mirror-like.
Stilled be her hunger; let her heart embrace
All the new morning's pomp and lavishness.
Let the proud palace-halls enchant her eyes,
While flame-winged butterflies around her flitting
Are mirrored in the floor's green malachite.

On outspread satin let her glide along
Through hyacinths and tulips—at her side
Let branching palm trees wave their broad green fans,
Reflected in the sheen of crystal walls.
O'er fields of scarlet poppies let her gaze,
Where heaven's children play with golden balls
In the first radiance of the new-born light,
While round her heart sweet harmonies entwine.

The Angels Sing in Chorus.—Bear we her tenderly, lapped in
our love,
Eia popeia, to heaven above.
Eia popeia, to heaven above.

In his *Hannele* Hauptmann produced a play differing essentially from anything he had before attempted, differing, it may be said, from anything that had hitherto been attempted on the German stage, the contrast between the Romantic dreams of the fever-stricken girl and the squalor of the almshouse jarring strongly on the spectators. But the drama showed at least that the author was too original a writer to allow himself to be circumscribed by the narrow confines of realism. His *Beaver-Fur*, brought out in the same year of 1893, is, however, entirely realistic—a piece of lighter texture, but with characters clearly drawn and a strong vein of humor. His *Florian Geyer* is an historical piece, dealing with the Peasant's war in the stormy times described in Goethe's *Götz von Berlichingen*. It was, indeed, an effort to break through the prejudices which prevented the modern dramatist from treating historical themes. But the subject was too unwieldy for the light touch of Gerhart Hauptmann; the characters were too numerous, and his minuteness of

method proved inadequate for scenes where boldness of touch and clearness of outline were needed. *The Sunken Bell* has lost none of the popularity which it enjoyed on its first appearance in 1897. Hardly less successful were *Fuhrmann Henschel*, published in 1898 as a tragedy of village life, and *Schluck und Jau*, in 1900, a comedy written on original lines, but whose subject was suggested by *The Taming of the Shrew*, the vagabond who poses as hero believing himself a prince. In the same year Hauptmann wrote, as a piece descriptive of artist-life, his *Michael Kramer*, in which lack of dramatic action is hardly compensated by vivid portrayal of character.

S T E L L A

BY

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

(*Translated by Benjamin Thompson.*)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MRS. SUMNER.

LUCY, her Daughter.

LANDLADY.

COUNT FERNANDO.

STELLA.

SERVANTS.

PRELUDE.

Goethe's *Stella* is a strange, wild play, full of extravagant passion, a comedy fitted only for lovers, but one that, though seldom acted, furnishes, in its title rôle, a strong character for a great actress. The hero, Fernando, a weak-minded nobleman, has married two wives, one after another, who, meeting together at an inn, recognize him and cause him the utmost misery, for he loves them both and they both love him. Finally his first wife, Stella, surrenders her rights, and they agree all to live together. The conclusion is improbable, not to say unnatural, and Goethe afterward altered it by causing Fernando to shoot himself and Stella to take poison.

ACT I.

Scene: A room in a small inn. A horn is heard at a distance.

Enter Landlady, in great haste.

Landlady.—Charles! Charles!

Enter Charles.

Charles.—Well! What now?

Land.—Where have you been hiding yourself again? Go to the door. The coach is coming. Show the passengers into

this room, and bring their luggage. Come—move, I say. What! are you making faces again? (Exit Charles.) I'll cure you of your idle tricks, I promise you. A lad who lives at an inn should always be brisk and active, or when he becomes a landlord he will be good for nothing. If anything could persuade me to marry again, it would be that I might have some one to keep these creatures in order. If falls too heavy on a woman alone.

Enter Charles, showing the way to Mrs. Sumner and Lucy, who are in travelling dresses.

Lucy.—(Carrying a portmanteau, to Charles.) Never mind this—it is not heavy—but take that box which my mother is carrying.

Land.—Your servants, ladies. You are come betimes. The coach very seldom arrives so soon.

Lucy.—We had a merry young coachman, with whom I should like to drive through the world. Besides, there were but two of us, and we have not much luggage.

Land.—If you mean to dine, ladies, I must beg you to wait a little, for dinner is not ready.

Mrs. Sumner.—May I request you only to let me have a little soup?

Lucy.—I am in no hurry. Be so good as to provide for my mother.

Land.—Immediately.

Lucy.—And pray let the soup be good.

Land.—The best I have. (Exit.)

Mrs. Sum.—Must you always be ordering something? I thought this journey would have taught you wisdom. We have always paid for more than we have eaten. And in our circumstances!

Lucy.—Why, dear mother, we have not yet been in distress—

Enter Coachman.

Ha! Friend, how do you do? You want to be paid, I suppose?

Coachman.—Didn't I drive an uncommon pace?

Lucy.—You mean by this, I suppose, that you have deserved an uncommon payment. Well, if I had a carriage I would hire you. There!

Coach.—I thank you, miss. You don't mean to go any farther, I suppose?

Lucy.—Not at present.

Coach.—Your servant, ladies.

(Exit.)

Mrs. Sum.—I see by his countenance that you have given him too much.

Lucy.—Ought I to have sent him away dissatisfied? I am sure he was very civil to us. You always say that I am too fond of my own opinion. At all events, I am not too fond of my money.

Mrs. Sum.—Do not, dear Lucy, misconstrue what I say. I like your good spirits and generosity; but they should be kept within proper bounds.

Lucy.—I really admire this little place, mother. The house above probably belongs to the lady whose companion I am to be.

Mrs. Sum.—I am glad you like the place at which you are destined to reside.

Lucy.—It seems quiet, to be sure—but in that respect it will only be like Sunday in a town. The lady has a pleasant garden, I understand, and is a good woman. I shall be very comfortable, I dare say. What are you looking at, dear mother?

Mrs. Sum.—Do not ask me, happy girl, whom no painful recollection tortures! Alas! At that time it was otherwise. Nothing is more distressing to me than to enter an inn.

Lucy.—Where is the place in which you would not be uneasy?

Mrs. Sum.—And where the place in which I should not find cause to be so? Oh, Lucy, how different were my sensations when I travelled with your father—when we enjoyed the happiest period of our lives, the first years of our union! At that time everything had to me the charms of novelty. At his side I passed a thousand objects, the minutest of which became interesting to me through his genius and affection.

Lucy.—I should like to travel, too.

Mrs. Sum.—And when, after sultry weather, or a cold frosty day, we found ourselves at eve in many a meaner place than this, how did we enjoy the humble accommodation, while sitting on a wooden bench and eating our frugal meal! Yes. Then it was otherwise!

Lucy.—Surely it is now time to forget him.

Mrs. Sum.—Do you know what it is to forget? Dear Lucy, you have (God be thanked!) sustained no loss which is irreparable. Since the moment that I was convinced he had forsaken me, life had no longer any charms. Despair took possession of my soul, and scarcely can I remember my situation.

Lucy.—I can only remember that I sat upon your bed and wept because you wept. It was in the green chamber, and I was more sorry to part with that chamber than any other, when we were obliged to sell the house.

Mrs. Sum.—You were only seven years old, and could not feel what you lost.

Enter Ann, with the soup, Landlady and Charles.

Ann.—Here is the soup, ma'am.

Mrs. Sum.—I thank you, my dear. Is this your daughter?

Land.—My step-daughter, ma'am; but as she is honest and industrious, I don't lament that I have no children of my own.

Mrs. Sum.—You are in mourning?

Land.—Yes, for my husband. I lost him about three months ago. We had not been married quite three years.

Mrs. Sum.—You seem to bear the loss very well.

Land.—To be sure I do, ma'am. I have very little time for weeping and lamentation. Charles, bring the lady a napkin.

Lucy.—Whose house is that on the hill?

Land.—It belongs to her ladyship—a very worthy, charming woman.

Mrs. Sum.—I rejoice to hear a neighbor confirm what has been reported to us at the distance of many miles. My daughter will in future reside here with her.

Land.—I wish you joy, young lady.

Lucy.—I wish she may please me.

Land.—You must have an odd taste if she does not.

Lucy.—I am glad to hear it, for when I try to accommodate myself to the disposition of another, I must feel a real regard for the person, or I shall never succeed.

Land.—Well! Well! We shall meet again, and you can then tell me whether I have spoken the truth. Every one who belongs to her ladyship's family is happy. When my daughter is a little older I intend her to spend a few years in her ladyship's service. It will be of use to the girl as long as she lives.

Ann.—Oh, when you see her, how you will like her! You don't know how anxiously she expects you. She is very kind to me, too. If you wish to go to the house, I'll show you the way.

Lucy.—Before I do that, I must change my dress and have something to eat.

Ann.—Suppose, then, mother, I run up and tell her ladyship that miss is arrived?

Land.—Very right.

Mrs. Sum.—And say that we will wait upon her immediately after dinner.

(Exit Ann.)

Land.—My daughter is very fond of her ladyship, and she deserves everybody's love, for she is the best soul in the world. She lets the villagers' daughters wait upon her till they understand the business of a servant, and then she finds them good places. This is the way in which she has passed her time since my lord has been away. It is amazing that, though she is so unhappy, she should be so good and kind.

Mrs. Sum.—Is she not a widow?

Land.—That God knows. His lordship went away about three years ago, and has never been heard of since—and she loved him beyond everything. My husband could never finish when he began to talk of them—and I say, into the bargain, that there never was such a kind-hearted soul in the world. Every year, on the day that she saw him for the last time, she shuts herself in her room, and won't admit anybody—nay, whenever she speaks of him, it makes one quite melancholy.

Mrs. Sum.—Unfortunate woman!

Land.—There's much to be said about it.

Mrs. Sum.—What mean you?

Land.—One does not wish to mention it.

Mrs. Sum.—I beseech you——

Land.—If you will not betray me, I'll tell you the whole history. About eight years since they came to this place and bought the estate. Nobody knew who they were. He was called my lord, and she my lady. It was said that he was an officer who had gained a fortune in foreign service, and chose now to live in a retired way. She was then very young—not above sixteen years old—and beautiful as an angel.

Lucy.—By this account she is now only four-and-twenty.

Land.—Exactly. But she has had more sorrow than commonly falls to the lot of such young people. She had a child, which died soon after it was born. She buried it in the garden, and since his lordship has been absent she has built a hermitage close to it, and fixed upon a place for her own grave. My late husband was rather in years, and not so soon moved as some folks, but he never was so happy as when he was telling us how happy my lord and lady were while they lived together.

Mrs. Sum.—My heart pants to meet her.

Land.—Hear the rest. People say that his lordship was a man of strange principles, for he never went to church—and they who have no religion have no God; consequently they never keep themselves in any order. All at once it was said that my lord was gone—and so he was, and he never returned.

Mrs. Sum.—(Aside.) An exact description of my fate!

Land.—Just at the time that I was married and came to this inn—it will be three years next Michaelmas—the story was in everybody's mouth. This man knew more than that, and that more than his neighbor. In short, it was even whispered that they had never been married—but you must not betray me. It was said that he was a great man—that he had seduced her—and I know not what. To be sure, when a girl does take such a rash step, she is certain to repent it as long as she lives.

Reénter Ann.

Ann.—Her ladyship begs you will step to the house immediately. She will not detain you a moment. She only wishes to see you.

Lucy.—It is not proper in this dress.

Land.—Go—pray go. She pays no regard to dress, I promise you.

Lucy.—(To Ann.) Will you accompany me?

Ann.—With all my heart!

Mrs. Sum.—Lucy, a word. (Leads her aside.) Remember my warning. Betray not our rank or misfortunes. Conduct yourself toward her with respect.

Lucy.—Leave all to me. My father was a merchant—went to America—died there—in consequence of which our circumstances— Leave all to me. I have learned my lesson, you know. (Aloud.) Would it not be better if you were to take a little rest? Our landlady will, I am sure, show you a bedroom.

Land.—I have a retired room that will exactly suit you, madame. (To Lucy.) I wish her ladyship may please you.

(*Exeunt Ann and Lucy.*)

Mrs. Sum.—My daughter has very great spirits.

Land.—Yes, ma'am—she is young. Her spirits will sink some day or other.

Mrs. Sum.—Alas! I fear you are right.

Land.—Come, ma'am. Let me show you the room.

(*Exeunt.*)

(The arrival of a carriage is heard soon after, and Fernando enters, in uniform, followed by his Servant.)

Servant.—Shall I order another chaise, and remove the luggage, sir?

Fernando.—No—bring it in. I shall go no farther.

Serv.—No farther! You told me, sir—

Fer.—I tell you now, that I shall go no farther. Engage a bedroom for me, and take my trunk into it. (Servant goes; Fernando walks to the window.) Do I again behold thee, heavenly scene—do I again behold thee? How quiet is the house! No window open! How desolate the balcony, where we so often sat! Ha! How does this cloister-like appearance of her dwelling flatter my hopes! Thinks she of Fernando in her solitude? Has he deserved that she should think of

him? Oh, I feel as if, after the long joyless sleep of death, I was reanimated—so new, so impressive is all around me. The trees—the fountain—everything! Thus flowed the water when I (oh, how many thousand times!) gazed at it with her till both were lost in meditation. Its noise is melody to me—melody recalling past delight. And she? She will be what she was. Yes, Stella, thou art not changed—my heart assures me that thou art not. How does it pant to sympathize with thine! But I will not—I dare not. I must first collect myself—I must convince myself that I am really here—that no dream deceives me. For often, awake and on my pillow, has fancy led me from far-distant countries to this spot. Stella! Stella! Feel'st thou not that I am near—that I come to forget all my cares in thy arms? And if thou hoverest over me, dear shade of my unhappy, luckless wife, forgive me and forsake me. Thou art dead. Let me, therefore, forget thee. In the arms of an angel let me forget my loss, my sorrow, my repentance. I am so near her that in a moment—I cannot! I cannot! I must prepare myself for the ecstatic interview—or I shall die at her feet.

Enter Landlady.

Landlady.—Do you wish for dinner, sir?

Fer.—Is there any ready?

Land.—Yes, sir. We only wait for a young lady, who is gone to see her ladyship.

Fer.—Her ladyship is well, I hope?

Land.—Do you know her, sir?

Fer.—Some years ago I used to be at the house. How fares her husband?

Land.—God knows. He is gone—no one knows where.

Fer.—Gone!

Land.—Yes. He left the good soul—God forgive him!

Fer.—She knows how to console herself, I suppose?

Land.—Console herself! You know very little of her if you think so. She lives as retired as a nun, and scarcely accepts a visit from any one in the neighborhood. She attends to her own family, instructs the children of the village, and, though everybody knows she is unhappy, she is always friendly and good-humored.

Fer.—I'll call upon her.

Land.—Do, sir. She sometimes invites the curate's wife—and the bailiff's wife—and me—and talks to us quite familiarly. To be sure, we take care not to remind her of his lordship; but once it did happen, and God knows how we felt when she began to speak of him and to praise him. Why, sir, we all cried like sucking babes.

Fer.—(Aside.) Have I deserved this? (Aloud.) Have you shown my servant a bedroom?

Land.—Yes, sir. Charles! Show the gentleman his room.

(Exit Fernando.)

Enter Lucy and Ann.

Well, what do you say now?

Lucy.—She is a charming woman, and I am sure I shall be happy with her. She would scarcely allow me to leave her, and made me promise that I would return immediately after dinner with my mother and our trunks.

Land.—I knew that would be the case. Are you ready for dinner, miss? A tall, handsome officer is arrived since you were here—if you are not afraid of him.

Lucy.—Not in the least. I like soldiers better than any other people. They are no disguise, and you know directly whether they are good or bad. Is my mother asleep?

Land.—I don't know.

Lucy.—Then I must see how she does.

(Exit.)

Enter Charles.

Land.—Charles! There! You have forgotten the salt-cellars again—and look at the glasses. I ought to break them against your head, if you were worth as much as they cost.

Enter Fernando.

The young lady is returned. She will come to dinner in a moment.

Fernando.—Who is she?

Land.—I don't know. She appears to be of a good family, but poor, and will in future be her ladyship's companion.

Fer.—Is she young?

Land.—Very young—and sharp as a needle. Her mother is above, too.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy.—Your servant, sir.

Fer.—I am happy in having so fair a companion at dinner. (Lucy acknowledges the compliment.) Landlady, shall we have the pleasure of your society, too?

Land.—If I sit down one minute, sir, not a soul will stir in the house. (Exit.)

Fer.—A tête-à-tête, then, it seems.

Lucy.—With a table between us.

Fer.—You are resolved to live in future with her ladyship?

Lucy.—I must.

Fer.—I should think that you would not find it difficult to meet with a companion who would be more entertaining than her ladyship.

Lucy.—I don't wish it.

Fer.—On your honor?

Lucy.—Sir, I perceive you are like all your sex.

Fer.—What do you mean?

Lucy.—That you are very arrogant. You men think we cannot exist but with you; yet I am grown thus old without man's assistance.

Fer.—You have no father, then?

Lucy.—I scarcely remember that I had one. I was young when he left his family and embarked for America. The vessel sank, and he perished.

Fer.—And are you so indifferent—

Lucy.—Why should I be otherwise? He did very little for me. And though I may pardon him for leaving us, I wish not to be my mother, whom sorrow is hurrying to the grave.

Fer.—And you are without assistance—without protection?

Lucy.—We are—what then? Our property has daily grown smaller, but I have daily grown greater—and I am not afraid of being able to provide for my mother.

Fer.—Your fortitude astonishes me.

Lucy.—Oh, sir, that is easily gained. Those who have often been upon the brink of ruin, and yet have always been preserved, feel confident.

Fer.—Can you not inspire your mother with a portion of this confidence?

Lucy.—Alas! It is she who has sustained a loss—not I. I thank my father for having given me life, because I am happy; but she—who had rested all her happiness on him, who had sacrificed to him everything—to be now forsaken, deserted—oh, it must be horrible! I have as yet lost nothing, and cannot therefore speak properly upon the subject. You seem thoughtful, sir.

Fer.—Yes. In this life every one must expect to lose. (Rising.) Yet every one may also hope to gain. God support your fortitude! (Takes her hand.) You have astonished me. Oh! How happy—I too have in this world—hopes—joys—and—

Lucy.—What do you mean, sir?

Fer.—Everything good. The warmest wishes for your happiness! (Exit.)

Lucy.—An odd man! But he seems to be of a kind disposition. (Exit.)

ACT II.

Scene: An apartment in Stella's house. She is discovered giving orders to a Servant.

Stella.—Yes, you will find her at the inn. Tell her I am waiting for her.

Servant.—My lady, she promised to come immediately.

Stel.—But you see she does not come. Go, and say that I expect her mother also. (Exit Servant.) The girl has gained my regard already. I can scarcely wait till she comes. What a silly love of novelty is this! I am a child. Yet why should I not love? Much, very much does it require to fill the vacuum in this heart! Alas! yes. Formerly, when he loved me, when he hung upon my neck, his looks filled my whole soul, and—

Oh, God of heaven! Inscrutable are thy decrees. Often, when he pressed his lips to mine, and with his kisses I inhaled the fire which animated him—often did I raise my tearful eyes to thee, and in the fullness of my heart beseech thee to continue the bliss which thou hadst bestowed. But such was not thy will. (Sinks for a moment into meditation, then suddenly starts and presses her hands to her heart.) No, Fernando, I meant not to reproach thee.

Enter Mrs. Sumner and Lucy.

There she is! Dear girl, you are now mine. I thank you, madame, for the confidence with which you entrust this treasure to my care. She is an open-hearted girl, I dare be sworn. I shall soon teach you freedom, Lucy.

Mrs. Sumner.—You feel what I entrust to you.

Stel.—(After a pause, in which she has surveyed Mrs. Sumner.) Pardon me, madame. I am not ignorant of your history, I know that I am speaking to persons of a good family; but your appearance has surprised me. Your look inspires me with respect and confidence.

Mrs. Sum.—My lady—

Stel.—Not a word! What my heart feels I willingly avow. I hear you are not well. Be seated, I beg.

Mrs. Sum.—I am much better than I have been. The journey, the pleasant weather, the variety of objects and the pure air of spring, which have often in former days reanimated me—all these have had of late such beneficial effects that even the remembrance of past happiness is become to me a pleasing sensation, and I perceive in my soul some faint reflection of those blissful days which youth and love gave birth to.

Stel.—Love! Ah! How blissful are the first days of love! No, golden age, thou art not past. Each heart acknowledges thy presence at the moment that it feels the power of love.

Mrs. Sum.—(Taking her hand.) How nobly thought! How true!

Stel.—Your countenance glows like the countenance of an angel. The color spreads upon your cheeks.

Mrs. Sum.—Oh! And my heart! How does it beat! How does it fly toward yours!

Stel.—You, too, have loved, then. Thank heaven I have at length found a being who can understand me—who will pity me. Till now, all have beheld my sorrows with indifference. You, I am sure, will not. Is it my fault that I possess a heart susceptible and constant? What have I not done? What have I not essayed? But in vain. My heart pants for that object—and for that object only—for nothing else in this wide world. Oh! The object of affection is a world.

Mrs. Sum.—They who love bear a heaven in their bosoms.

Stel.—True! True! You remind me of him again. I see him rising, when in company, to look for me. I see him running across the fields to throw himself into my arms at the garden door. I see him drive from the door, yet fancy him at my side. How well do I remember when I sat in the arbor, and felt sure that wherever he might be, visible or invisible, he watched with tenderness my every action! I felt that the waving of my feather had more attraction to him than all the eyes which sparkled in a ball-room, and that all the music he might hear was but an accompaniment to the everlasting song of his heart: “Stella! Stella! How do I love thee!”

Lucy.—Can one person love another so much?

Stel.—Yes, Lucy. But why have I at once entered on this subject? Perhaps because it is my favorite subject, and like a child I feel happy while dwelling on it—like a child which hides itself in a corner and calls to you that you may look for it. How completely is the heart filled when we think ourselves neglected, and positively determine to renounce the traitor! With what imagined strength of mind we enter again into his presence! How do our bosoms heave with the triumphant thought, and how completely is our resolution overcome by a single look—a single pressure of the hand!

Mrs. Sum.—How happy must you be in feeling thus the sweet delights of pure affection!

Stel.—I am. The distress and misery of a thousand years are not a sufficient compensation for the bliss which the first looks of love—the trembling frame—the faltering voice—the soft approach—the yielding sigh—the fiery kiss—the embrace of ecstasy—— But, madame, you are not well.

Mrs. Sum.—Men! Men!

Stel.—They make us happy and miserable. They fill our hearts with sweet presages of delight. What new unknown sensations swell our souls when their impetuous passion first assails our nerves! How often has my frame trembled, nay, almost been convulsed, when with an ungovernable flood of tears he poured the sorrows of a world upon my bosom! I entreated him, for heaven's sake, to spare himself and me, but in vain. The flames which raged within him spread to me, and found their way even to my very marrow. Thus I became from head to foot all heart, all sensibility. Where can I go? Point out to me a place where one who suits the description I have given can breathe freely.

Mrs. Sum.—We place confidence in man. When under the influence of passion he deceives himself. Is it wonderful, then, that he deceives our sex?

Stel.—Madame, a thought darts across my mind. We will be to each other what men ought to have been to us. We will live together, and share each other's fate. Your hand. From this moment I will not allow you to leave me.

Lucy.—That can never be.

Stel.—Why not, Lucy?

Mrs. Sum.—My daughter feels—

Stel.—Not that I confer any obligation, I hope. Hear me, and then feel what an obligation you confer on me by staying. Oh, I must not be left alone. I have done everything. I have bought poultry, deer and dogs. I teach the little girls of the village to knit and sew merely that I may not be left in solitude—that I may see some living creature near me. And when on a sweet, cheerful morning some deity seems kindly to remove the load of sorrow from my heart—when I awake at ease, behold my blooming garden enlivened by the sun, and feel myself ready for the occupations of the day—then, then am I blest indeed. I walk and inhale the wholesome breeze, I give orders and directions in my household, and in the freedom of my heart I loudly thank the Almighty for the happy hours he grants me.

Mrs. Sum.—Your ladyship is right. Employment and beneficence are the only compensation to a heart which feels the pangs of luckless love.

Stel.—Compensation! No. Some comfort they may be—something instead of what is lost, but not an equivalent. Where can she find a compensation who has lost the object of her affection? Often, when I walk in my garden, and wander from one idea to another, calling to mind the happy scenes of past delight, and anticipating future joy—suddenly it occurs to me that I am alone. In vain I stretch forth my arms, in vain pour forth the plaints of love, till I think that I must almost draw the moon from heaven. Still I remain alone—no voice replies to me—and the stars smile coldly on my woe. Then suddenly I see before me—the grave of my infant.

Mrs. Sum.—You have been a mother, then?

Stel.—I have. Oh, God, didst thou allow me, too, to feel this transport only that the bitter loss might make me still more wretched? When a barefooted child meets me in my walk, kisses its hand and rivets its large eyes upon me, the sight pierces to my heart. “So tall,” I think, “would my Amelia have been.” With mournful affection I clasp it in my arms, kiss it a hundred times. My heart is oppressed—the tears gush down my cheeks—and I fly.

Lucy.—But you surely have escaped much trouble.

Stel.—Trouble! (Smiles, and lays her hand on Lucy's shoulder.) A mother knows not the meaning of that word. My infant died. To describe my sensation is impossible. Wonderful it is that the shock did not at once destroy me. The rose-bud was broken—it lay at my feet—I stood petrified—my bosom was marble—I felt no pain—I knew not what had happened. My maid raised the child, pressed it to her heart, and suddenly exclaimed, “It lives!” I fell upon her neck, clasped her in my arms, and shed a flood of tears upon the child; but oh! she had deceived herself. It was dead. She laid it on the earth, and I fell near it in all the horrors of despair. (Throws herself upon a sofa.)

Mrs. Sum.—Withdraw your thoughts from the sad scene.

Stel.—No. It is well for me that my heart can unburden itself, that I can disclose to a sympathizing soul what has so long oppressed me. Let me continue to speak of him who was to me everything, who—you shall see his portrait. I have always thought the features an index of the mind.

Lucy.—I am curious to see the portrait.

Stel.—(Opens her cabinet, and leads them in.) There it is!

Mrs. Sum.—(Aside.) Gracious God!

Stel.—The likeness is strong, but his countenance was far, far more expressive. This forehead, these black eyes, this brown hair—— But oh, the painter could not express that look of kindness and affection which animated all his features! My heart alone can feel it.

Lucy.—My lady, I am astonished.

Stel.—At what?

Lucy.—I dined at the inn to-day with an officer who very much resembles this picture. Oh, I'll bet my life it is himself!

Stel.—To-day! You are mistaken, you are mistaken.

Lucy.—Indeed I am not. To be sure, the officer was older—browner—more sunburnt. It is he, it is he, I am sure.

Stel.—(Rings the bell.) Lucy, my heart will break. I must away this instant.

Lucy.—That will hardly be proper, I think.

Stel.—Proper! Oh, my heart!

Enter a Servant.

William, run to the inn. You will find an officer there who must—who is—Lucy, tell him—he must come thither.

Lucy.—Did you know his lordship?

Servant.—As well as I know myself.

Lucy.—Go, then, to the inn, where you will find an officer, who very much resembles this picture. See whether I am deceived. I could swear it is himself.

Stel.—Tell him to come hither instantly. (Exit Servant.) Oh that the meeting were over! Oh that I had him in these—— But no—you are mistaken—it is impossible. Allow me to retire, dear friends, allow me to retire. (Walks into her cabinet and shuts the door.)

Lucy.—What is the matter? You are quite pale, dear mother.

Mrs. Sum.—This is the last day of my life. My heart cannot bear the shock. All, all at once!

Lucy.—Merciful heavens!

Mrs. Sum.—The husband—the portrait—the expected much-loved husband is—my husband—and your father!

Lucy.—Mother! Best of mothers!

Mrs. Sum.—And he is arrived—will clasp her in his arms ere a few minutes have elapsed. Lucy, we must be gone.

Lucy.—Wherever and whenever you please.

Mrs. Sum.—Instantly.

Lucy.—Come, then, into the garden. I'll run, in the meantime, to see whether the coach is gone. If not, while they are lost in happiness we can depart unperceived.

Mrs. Sum.—Yes, while they are folded in each other's arms. Oh that I at the same moment should be obliged to fly—to fly forever—

Enter a Servant.

Servant.—This way, my lord. Have you forgotten your cabinet? Oh, how happy will my mistress be!

(Fernando walks across without perceiving Mrs. Summer and Lucy.)

Mrs. Sum.—'Tis he! 'Tis he! I am lost.

(Rushes out, followed by Lucy.)

ACT III.

Scene: As in the last. Enter Stella and Fernando.

Stella.—He is returned. Look at him, ye walls. He is returned. (Approaches the picture of a Venus.) Look at him, goddess. How often have I paced this apartment weeping and uttering my complaints to thee! He is returned. Scarcely can I give credit to my senses. Dearest! Dearest! You have been long absent—but you are returned. (Presses him to her bosom.) Nothing will I feel—nothing will I hear—nothing will I know, but that you are returned.

Fernando.—Stella! Much-loved Stella! (Falls on her neck.) God of heaven, thou dost allow me to shed tears again.

Stel.—Thou only comfort of my soul!

Fer.—Oh, Stella, let me again inhale thy breath—that breath more sweet and more refreshing than the zephyrs of the spring.

Stel.—Dear Fernando!

Fer.—Breathe into this longing, agitated bosom new love, new bliss, new ecstasy. (Presses his lips to hers with fervor.)

Stel.—Best of men!

Fer.—Heavenly banquet! Here, where thou breath'st, every object seems delighted and delighting. What villain could reflect upon thy firm affection and fidelity—and not feel bound to this spot forever?

Stel.—Dear enthusiast!

Fer.—Thou know'st not what the dew of heaven is to the thirsty pilgrim who returns from that sad, dreary wilderness, the world, to thy embrace.

Stel.—And do you know, Fernando, what the poor shepherd feels when he again beholds his strayed, his long-lost sheep?

Fer.—(Falls at her feet.) My Stella!

Stel.—Rise, dear Fernando. I cannot see you kneel.

Fer.—Why not? Why should I not bend the knee while my heart bows before thee, thou pattern of everything amiable and good?

Stel.—You are returned. This is all I can say—all I know—all I feel.

Fer.—I feel as if the first moments of our happiness were again present. I hold thee in my arms—I inhale from thy lips the certainty of thy affection—I am lost in ecstasy, and wonder whether I am asleep or awake.

Stel.—Dear Fernando, I perceive you are not become more sedate than you used to be.

Fer.—God forbid that on this occasion I should be more sedate! But believe me, Stella, these moments of delight make me what I ought to be—they inspire me with piety. I can pray, for I am happy.

Stel.—Heaven forgive you for being thus fickle, yet thus faithful! When I hear your voice, I think again that this is my Fernando, who loves no one in the world but me.

Fer.—And when I see thy mild blue eyes—when I gaze at them even till I lose myself, I think that, during all the time I have been absent, no other object has attracted their regard.

Stel.—You are not mistaken.

Fer.—Indeed!

Stel.—Had any one attracted my regard, I would confess it. Did I not, during the first days of our attachment, confess to you all the little impressions which had been made upon my heart? And was I not on that account more dear to you?

Fer.—Thou angel!

Stel.—Why do you gaze thus at me? Sorrow, I fear, has bleached my cheeks.

Fer.—My rose! My blooming flower! Stella! Why do you shake your head?

Stel.—How strange that we can love you thus—that we feel so unwilling to charge you with the sorrows which you cause!

Fer.—(Laying his hand upon her head.) Have they made your hair gray, Stella? No. The same auburn locks that I so often have admired. (Draws the comb from her hair; it falls, and flows gracefully over her shoulders.)

Stel.—Mischievous creature!

Fer.—(Entangling his fingers in her hair.) Rinaldo in his former chains!

Enter a Servant.

Servant.—My lady!

Stel.—What do you want? Why this cold, sullen look? You know such looks are death to me when I am pleased.

Serv.—And yet, my lady—the two strangers are determined to leave the house immediately.

Stel.—Leave the house! Why?

Serv.—That heaven knows. I saw the daughter run to the inn, return, and speak to her mother. I made further inquiries, and found they had ordered a post-chaise, in consequence of the coach having proceeded. I spoke to them; they begged that I would be kind enough to convey their trunks away secretly, and wished a thousand blessings might be showered upon your ladyship.

Fer.—Is that the lady who arrived to-day with her daughter?

Stel.—It is. I wished to take the daughter into my service, and likewise to have given her mother an asylum. How unfortunate that they should just now—

Fer.—What can be their reason for departing thus suddenly?

Stel.—Heaven knows. I cannot, will not think about it. I am sorry that they leave me—though I have you—though I have you again, my dear Fernando. Speak to them, dearest—speak to them immediately, and endeavor to detain them. Go, Henry—persuade them to come hither. (Exit Servant.) Tell her she shall be at liberty to live as she pleases in every respect. I will expect you in the arbor, dear Fernando. Come soon. The nightingales sing in our garden as in former times.

Fer.—Thou sweet enchantress!

Stel.—(Hanging on him.) You will come soon?

Fer.—Immediately. (Exit Stella.) Angels of Heaven! How her presence animates and cheers me! Scarcely do I know myself. Everything which oppressed my bosom is removed. Every care, every tormenting recollection, every sad anticipation—all, all are removed. But will they no more return? Never. While I behold my Stella, never; while I see her smile, never; while I clasp her in my arms, never, never, never!

Enter Steward.

Steward.—(Joyfully.) Are you really returned, dear master? Let me kiss your hand.

Fer.—(Withdrawing.) I am returned.

Stew.—Thank heaven, thank heaven!

Fer.—Art thou happy?

Stew.—My wife is still alive—I have two children—and my master is returned. Can I be otherwise than happy?

Fer.—How hast thou managed my affairs?

Stew.—I am ready to lay my accounts before you immediately, my lord. You will be astonished when you see how much the estate is improved. May I ask how you have fared?

Fer.—Peace! Shall I tell thee all? But yes, thou dost deserve it, gray-headed accomplice of my follies and my guilt.

Stew.—Happy is it for me that you are not the captain of a band of robbers; for were you to command, there is nothing which I would not do.

Fer.—Thou shalt know all.

Stew.—Your wife? Your daughter?

Fer.—I have not been able to find them. I dared not venture into the town, but I know from certain authority that my wife some time since placed confidence in a false friend, a merchant who obtained from her the whole property which I left, by promising a larger interest than it yielded, and then absconded with the amount. Under the pretense of retiring into the country, she has disappeared, and perhaps procures a scanty subsistence by her own and her daughter's labor. Thou know'st she had fortitude enough to undertake this.

Stew.—Well! Were I not so happy at home with my wife and children, I should envy you your travels. Do you mean to remain with us now, my lord?

Fer.—I do.

Stew.—You can never be so happy elsewhere.

Fer.—Oh that I could forget those days—those days forever past—

Stew.—Which were sometimes gay—and sometimes gloomy. I well remember when your lordship first beheld my former mistress. You loved her almost to adoration—courted her society—and were eager to be rid of liberty.

Fer.—Sweet, happy days!

Stew.—I remember, too, when she was brought to bed of a daughter, that she at the same time lost a considerable portion of her cheerfulness and beauty.

Fer.—No more, I prithee.

Stew.—I remember that your lordship then began to look around you—that you found the angel who is my present mistress—that you contended against the scruples of your conscience—and at length found yourself obliged to make the one or the other miserable. How convenient it was that an opportunity of selling your estates occurred! You left your home,

your wife, your child, and flew hither with a sweet being who was ignorant of the world and suspected no deceit.

Fer.—It seems thou art as talkative a moralist as ever.

Stew.—Your lordship taught me to be so. Did you not entrust me with all the secrets of your conscience? When you wished to leave this place (I know not whether prompted by a wish to find your wife and daughter or by the hope of banishing the melancholy which hung upon your spirits), I was the person that assisted you in the plan.

Fer.—Thus far I have been patient. No more!

Stew.—Stay with us now, and all will yet be well. (Exit.)

Enter a Servant.

Servant.—Mrs. Sumner!

Fer.—Show her the way. (Exit Servant.) This woman makes me sad before I see her. No happiness is in this world complete. The daughter's fortitude has disordered me. What will the mother's lamentations do?

Enter Mrs. Sumner.

(Aside.) Oh, God! And even her features must remind me of my guilt. Heart, heart! If it be in thy power to feel thus, why hast thou not power to pardon what is past? The shadow of Cecilia's form! But alas! where do I not behold that form? Inventive fancy brings it each moment to my view. (Aloud.) Madame—

Mrs. Sumner.—What are your commands, my lord?

Fer.—I wish you to remain with my Stella. Be seated.

Mrs. Sum.—The sight of the wretched is a burden to the happy; and to the wretched the sight of the happy is a still greater burden.

Fer.—I do not understand you. Can you have mistaken Stella? She is all goodness and affection.

Mrs. Sum.—My lord, it is my wish to depart—I must depart. Believe me, I have reasons for my conduct. I beseech you let me go.

Fer.—(Aside.) That voice! That form! (Aloud.) Madame. (Turns away.) By heavens, it is my wife! (Aloud.) I beg pardon—I—
(Exit.)

Mrs. Sum.—He recognized me. I thank thee, heaven, for arming me with strength at such a moment. Am I the forsaken, ruined Cecilia—I, who can bear a shock like this with calmness and with fortitude? Eternal Providence, how kind art thou! All that thou takest from us thou keepest in store till we shall most require it.

Re-enter Fernando.

Fernando.—(Aside.) She has not recognized me. (Aloud.) I beseech you, madame, I conjure you, to open your heart to me.

Mrs. Sum.—Then I should be obliged to tell the story of my woes, and how can you be prepared for sorrow on a day which restores to you all the joys of life? No, my lord. Allow me to go.

Fer.—I beseech you.

Mrs. Sum.—I would willingly spare myself as well as you; for the recollection of past happiness always enhances present grief.

Fer.—You have not always been unhappy, then?

Mrs. Sum.—No—or I should not now be so completely wretched. (After a pause, with more composure.) The days of my youth were jocund and delightful. I know not what it was in me which attracted the attention of your sex, but many were eager to obtain my affection. For some of them I felt friendship and regard; but there was not among them one with whom I thought I could pass through life. Amusements courted me on every side—one day seemed with a friendly air to greet another; and yet I felt the want of something. When I looked farther into life—when I thought of the joys and sorrows which await us mortals, I could not but wish for a husband who would accompany me through the vicissitudes of the world, who, in return for my unbounded love, would become in my age a friend and protector, a substitute for those parents whom I had left for him.

Fer.—Proceed, madame.

Mrs. Sum.—And I saw this man—I saw him on whom during the first days of our acquaintance I founded all my hopes. The liveliness of his disposition seemed to be united with such goodness of heart, that mine lay open to him. I bestowed on him my friendship, and oh! in how short a time, my love. God of heaven! When he rested his head upon my bosom, how did he seem to thank thee for the bliss which he enjoyed in his Cecilia! How often did he fly from the bustle of the world to me, and vow I was his only comfort and delight!

Fer.—What could disturb so sweet a union?

Mrs. Sum.—Nothing is durable in this world. He loved me, I am certain, as sincerely as I loved him. There was a time when he studied nothing but my happiness. Oh! The first years of our union were most blissful. If, now and then, anything disagreeable occurred, it was but transitory. I knew not what a real evil was. Alas! My husband led me on this flowery path that he might at last leave me in a dreadful desert, alone and unprotected.

Fer.—(Who gradually becomes more embarrassed.) How! Were not his sentiments what you had expected them to be?

Mrs. Sum.—Can we know what dwells in the heart of man? I observed not that he grew—what name shall I give it? Indifference it was not. He loved me still; but my affection was not a sufficient recompense. I at length discovered this. I found that I perhaps was only sharing his regard with some rival. It was not in my nature to suppress this. I reproached him with it.

Fer.—What could he urge against the accusation?

Mrs. Sum.—Nothing—but he forsook me. To describe my sensations is impossible. All my hopes at once destroyed—all, at the very moment that I thought to reap my harvest. Forsaken! Abandoned! All the supports of the human mind, affection, confidence, rank, daily increasing fortune, the prospect of a numerous, well-provided family—all fell together, and I was left to weep with the unfortunate pledge of our affection. Mournful dejection succeeded this raging agony. I could no longer shed a tear. My heart was transfixed with despair, and sank into torpid despondency. The misfortunes which swallowed the remnant of my fortune I heeded not—till I at last—

Fer.—The villain!

Mrs. Sum.—(Suppressing her tears.) No. He is not a villain. I pity the man, who is the slave of a female.

Fer.—Madame!

Mrs. Sum.—(Assuming a tone of raillery, in order to conceal her emotion.) I look upon him as a prisoner. He says “Yes” and “It is so” whenever we are pleased to make an observation. He is drawn from his own sphere into ours, with which he has nothing in common. He deceives himself for some time, and woe be to us if he ever open his eyes. I could, unfortunately, be no more than an honest housewife, who attended to all his wishes, and endeavored in every respect to please him—who devoted all her time to her child and household—and whose mind was often so much occupied by these that she could not be an entertaining companion. With his lively genius he must, of course, have found my society dull and insipid. I acquit him. He is not guilty.

Fer.—(Falls at her feet.) He is! He is!

Mrs. Sum.—(Sinks with a flood of tears into his arms.) My Fernando!

Fer.—Cecilia! My wife!

Cecilia.—(Turning away.) No. Not your wife. My heart fails me. (Again falling on his neck.) Fernando! Be thou what thou mayst—allow a wretched woman to shed these tears upon thy bosom. Support me for this single moment—then leave me forever. I am not your wife. Do not spurn me from you.

Fer.—Oh, God! Cecilia! Do I feel thy tears upon my cheek? Do I feel thy heart beat against my bosom? Spare me, spare me!

Cec.—I require no more than this one moment. Allow me to relieve my heart—I shall then be stronger, and will leave you forever.

Fer.—Sooner will I lose my life than thee.

Cec.—I shall see you again, but not in this world. You belong to another. I cannot deprive her of you. Open, open to my view, oh, heaven, that I may catch a glimpse of that which can alone console me at this dreadful moment!

Fer.—(Seizes her hand, gazes at her, and clasps her again in his arms.) I have found thee again. Nothing, nothing in the world shall part us.

Cec.—Yes. You have found what you never sought.

Fer.—Say not that, Cecilia. I have sought thee, thou forsaken angel. Even in the arms of Stella, peace was a stranger to my bosom. Everything reminded me of thee and of my daughter. Gracious heaven! What bliss awaits me! Was that lovely creature whom I saw to-day my Lucy? I have sought you in every quarter, Cecilia. Three years have I been thus employed. When I reached our former abode I found it, alas! altered, and in the possession of a stranger. The way in which you lost your property is known to me. Your departure from our former home was a dagger to my heart. Finding all search ineffectual, and being weary of my life, I entered into the service of a foreign power, and lent my aid to crush the dying freedom of the noble Corsicans. After a long and wondrous pilgrimage, I determined to come hither—and here thou seest me on thy bosom, dearest, best of wives.

Enter Lucy.

Oh, my daughter!

Lucy.—Dear, good father—if you be again my father.

Fer.—Forever!

Cec.—And Stella?

Fer.—Dispatch is necessary. Unfortunate woman! Why, Lucy, why did we not this morning recognize each other? My heart beats—you know how much I was agitated when I left you. Oh, had we known each other then, what unbounded misery had Stella escaped! But we will be gone. I'll tell her you are resolved on departure, and will not distress her by taking leave. Go to the inn, Lucy, and let a chaise be instantly prepared. The servant shall bring my portmanteau after you. Be at hand, my dear Cecilia. And you, my daughter—when you have given the necessary orders, come back and wait for me in the salon. I will escape by saying that I mean to accompany you as far as the inn, see you safely begin your journey, and pay for the chaise. Poor soul! In spite of all thy goodness, I am about to deceive thee.

Cec.—Go! Hear me, Fernando.

Fer.—No more! Do as I have directed. We will go as soon as possible. (*Exeunt Cecilia and Lucy.*) Go! And whither shall we go? A dagger would end this complicated agony, and plunge me into that torpor for which I now would give everything. Ha! Let me call to mind the day when with self-sufficient strength I stood before the wretch who wanted to cast off the burden of existence. How happy was I then—how miserable now! Oh, had I made this discovery but one hour sooner, I had been saved. I should never have again beheld my Stella—I should have convinced myself that in four years she had forgotten me, and mourned her loss no longer. But now! How shall I appear before her? What shall I say to her? Oh! How heavy does my guilt fall on me! Both the dear angels have I forsaken, and when I find them both again—I am forsaken by myself. Horrible! Oh, my heart, my heart!

(*Exit.*)

ACT IV.

Scene: A hermitage in Stella's garden. Stella is seated in it.

Stella.—Thy appearance is inviting, more inviting than usual, dear spot in which I hoped so soon to be interred. Yet to me thou no longer hast attractions. I wish to live, and shudder at the sight of thee. Alas! How often when fancy has been busy, have I buried my head and bosom in the mantle of death, and cheerfully stepped into the grave which I had prepared within thy moss-clad walls. How often have I wished that here corruption, like a darling child, might suck my overflowing tortured breast, and end my being in a happy dream. Yet now—the sun shines on me again; everything around is happy, gay and animated. And why? He is returned. At his approach, creation seems to me a world of ecstasy. I feel another being. Oh, I will drink life from his lips! Transports indescribable await me in his arms! Fernando! He comes. Hark! No. Not yet. Here shall he find me—close to my rose-tree, and before my altar. This bud I'll pluck for him—and then I'll lead him to this arbor. It was well that I made it, narrow as it is, large enough for two persons. Here my book was wont to lie—here stood my writing-desk. Away! Away!

I have no room but for Fernando. Would that he were here! Ha! my wish is gratified. He comes.

Enter Fernando.

Where have you loitered, dearest? I have been long alone. (Anxiously.) Why so grave?

Fernando.—The women have disordered me. The mother pleases me, but she will not stay, nor will she give a reason for departing. Let her go, Stella.

Stel.—If she cannot be prevailed upon, I will not attempt to detain her against her inclination. I do not now want society, for (hanging upon his neck) you are returned, Fernando—I hold you in my arms.

Fer.—Compose yourself, dear Stella.

Stel.—Let me weep. Oh that this day were over! All my limbs tremble. Such joy—such transport! So unexpected—all at once! My Fernando returned! Even yet I dare not trust my senses.

Fer.—(Aside.) Wretch that I am—to leave this angel! (Aloud.) My dearest Stella—

Stel.—That is my beloved Fernando's well-known voice. Stella! Stella! You know how much I always liked to hear you speak my name. Stella! No one can utter it like you. The very soul of love is in the tone. How lively in my mind is the recollection of the day when I first heard you call me Stella—when I first felt that all my happiness depended upon you.

Fer.—Happiness!

Stel.—Yes. Surely you would not take into account the melancholy hours which have been my lot during your absence. Think not of them, Fernando. From the moment that I first beheld you, every sensation of my soul was altered. Do you remember the afternoon that you came into my uncle's garden, as he and I were sitting under the tree behind the summer-house?

Fer.—(Aside.) She will break my heart. (Aloud.) I well remember it, my Stella.

Stel.—I know not whether you observed that you had caught my attention instantly. I, however, perceived that your eyes were in search of me. Oh, Fernando! Then my uncle proposed music. You took a violin, and while you played I gazed intently at you. I examined every feature of this face, and during an unexpected pause you raised your eyes. They met mine. How I blushed as I turned aside! You noticed it, Fernando; for from that time I felt your looks. I observed that, to my uncle's great surprise, you often made mistakes. Each of them pierced to my heart. It was the sweetest confusion which I ever felt. For all the wealth of the Indies I could not again have looked at you. To relieve my palpitating bosom I withdrew.

Fer.—Your description is exact, even to the minutest circumstance. (Aside.) Unfortunate memory!

Stel.—I myself am often astonished that my recollection of everything respecting you should be so lively and correct. I well remember when you were wandering in search of me through the serpentine walk. My friend, whom you knew before I ever saw you, leaned on your arm. She called Stella! You repeated it. Scarcely had you spoken ere I recognized your voice. You soon found me. You took me by the hand. I know not which of us was most confused. We saw into each other's hearts; and from that moment—my dear Charlotte discovered it, and told me on the very evening that I had gained the affection of Fernando. What bliss have I since felt in my Fernando's arms! Oh that Charlotte could be a witness of my ecstasy! She was a good girl, and shed many a tear when I was ill—when I was love-sick. How I wished that she might have accompanied me, when for your sake I bade adieu to everything which had been dear to me.

Fer.—Everything which had been dear to you?

Stel.—Does that expression surprise you? Is it not true? Can you imagine, when it proceeds from Stella's lips, that it is a reproach? For your sake I have done little—not enough. I can never do enough for you.

Fer.—Indeed! Was it, then, a trifle to forsake the uncle who loved you as a father loves his only child—who had so often held you in his arms—whose will had ever been your

will? Was it a trifle to renounce his fortune and estates—to quit forever the place of your nativity, the companions of—

Stel.—No more, I beseech you. What were all these compared to your affection? What enjoyment could I have derived from them if my Fernando had been absent? I own that when alone I often wondered why I might not retain the comforts to which I was accustomed without losing you. For what reason, I was wont to think, are we obliged to fly? Has my uncle refused to bestow my hand upon him? No. For what reason, then, must we fly? But I soon found excuses enough for you. For you! Oh, I could never be in want of an excuse! Suppose it were a whim, I used to say—suppose it were gratifying to him thus secretly to snatch the prize—or suppose it were his pride to possess the girl without a dowry? You may imagine that my pride was not a little interested in forming the best conclusion so you were acquitted.

Fer.—(Aside.) I can bear no more.

Enter Ann.

Ann.—I beg pardon, my lord—but I am sent in search of you. All the luggage is fastened to the chaise, and after ordering us to be as quick as possible, you make it wait.

Stel.—Go, Fernando—pay for the chaise—see them drive from the inn—and return.

Ann.—Don't you go with the ladies, my lord? Your servant brought your portmanteau.

Stel.—This is some mistake.

Fer.—Of course. Listen not to the girl.

Ann.—To be sure it seems curious that your lordship should leave my lady, to go with a person whom you never saw till to-day at dinner. But I must own your lordship squeezed her hand rather tenderly when you left her.

Stel.—(Embarrassed.) Fernando!

Fer.—Why attend to this child?

Ann.—I assure you, my lady, that all I say is true. His portmanteau is fastened to the chaise, and he means to go with the ladies. I was determined that your ladyship should know he was going.

er.—Going! Whither?

Stel.—Leave us, Ann. (Exit Ann.) Believe me from this horrible uncertainty. I have no fears—yet this girl distressed me. Fernando! You are agitated. I am your Stella.

Fer.—(Turns and seizes her hand.) Thou art my Stella.

Stel.—You alarm me, Fernando. How wild are your looks!

Fer.—Stella, I am a villain—a cowardly villain. The sight of thee unmans me. I am resolved to fly. I have not sufficient resolution to plunge the steel into thy heart, but I am base enough to poison thee.

Stel.—For heaven's sake—

Fer.—(Trembling, and in a tone of desperation.) That I may not see thy agonies—that I may not hear thy groans—I will fly.

Stel.—I can no more— (Is sinking, and leans on him.)

Fer.—Stella—my beloved Stella, whom I hold in my arms—thou who art to me everything. (With cold determination.) I will forsake thee.

Stel.—(Smiling, and almost lifeless.) Me!

Fer.—(Gnashing his teeth.) Thee—with the woman and the girl who were here.

Stel.—It grows—dark—

Fer.—And this woman is my wife. (Stella starts, gazes at him, and lets her arms sink.) And this girl is my daughter. Stella! (Perceives that she has swooned.) Stella! (Conveys her to a seat.) Help! Help!

Enter Cecilia and Lucy.

Behold—behold this angel. She is no more. Help! (They endeavor to awake her.)

Lucy.—She revives.

Fer.—(Looking keenly at them.) Through thee! Through thee! (Rushes out.)

Stel.—Who? Who? (Rising.) Where is he? (Sinks back and gazes at Cecilia and Lucy.) I thank—I thank you. Who are you?

Cecilia.—Compose yourself.

Stel.—Ha! You! Are you not gone? Heavens! Who told me—who are you? Who are you? (Seizing Cecilia's hand.) Oh! I can bear no more.

Cec.—Angel! Let me press you to my heart.

Stel.—Tell me—for deeply it lies buried in my soul—tell me—are you—

Cec.—I am—I am Fernando's wife.

Stel.—(Starts up.) And I! (Walks to and fro with a disordered mien.)

Cec.—Come to your chamber.

Stel.—My chamber! Of what do you remind me? Horrible! Horrible! Are these the trees which I planted and reared? Why is everything become at once thus strange to me? Abandoned! Lost! Lost forever! Oh, Fernando, Fernando!

Cec.—Go, Lucy, seek your father.

Stel.—For heaven's sake, no! Have compassion on me. Let him not come. Withdraw, I beg. Father! Husband!

Cec.—Dearest lady!

Stel.—Ha! Do you pity me? Can you thus clasp me in your arms? No, no, no. Leave me. Spurn me. (Falls on Cecilia's neck.) Yet grant me a single moment. I shall not long trouble you. My heart! My heart!

Lucy.—She needs repose.

Stel.—I cannot look at you. I have embittered your existence—I have robbed you of everything—I have made you most wretched, while I was most happy—in his arms, oh, how happy! (Sinks on her knees.) Can you forgive me?

Cec.—Rise! Rise! (She and Lucy endeavor to raise her.)

Stel.—No. Here will I kneel, weep and implore forgiveness of you and the All-Merciful. Forgive me—forgive me. (Springs from the ground.) Oh, forgive and console me! I am not guilty. Thou didst give him to me, holy God of heaven. I kept him as thy choicest gift. Oh, leave me! My heart will break!

Cec.—Unhappy innocent!

Stel.—I read in your eyes and on your lips the words of heaven. Support me. You forgive me—you feel how wretched I am!

Cec.—Sister, revive—revive, I do beseech you. Believe me, Stella, he who implanted in our hearts feelings which often make us wretched, can also assist us with consolation.

Stel.—Oh! let me die in your arms.

Cec.—Come with me, I beseech you.

Stel.—(After a pause, starts wildly from her.) Leave me, all of you—all of you—leave me, I say. A world of horror and confusion rushes into my soul, and fills it with unutterable pangs. It is impossible—it is impossible! Thus at once! It cannot be borne. (Stands a while with downcast eyes, then looks around, espies Cecilia and Lucy, utters a loud shriek, and rushes out of the hermitage.)

Cec.—Follow her, Lucy, and attend to her. (Exit Lucy.) Almighty God! look down upon thy children, surrounded by distress and horror. My sufferings have taught me much. Grant me strength, and if the knot cannot be loosed, do not, oh! do not tear it asunder.

ACT V.

Scene: Stella's cabinet, into which the moon shines. She is discovered with Fernando's portrait before her, and is on the point of cutting it from the frame.

Stella.—Surround me, pitchy darkness—shroud me and guide me, for I know not which way I direct my steps. I must be gone—into the wide world. But whither—alas! whither? I feel as if I were banished from creation. No more shall I wander where the silver moonbeams tip the waving summits of my pines. No more shall I wander where the awe-inspiring shade surrounds the tomb of my beloved Amelia. No: I must away, far from the place which contains all the treasures of my life—every transporting recollection. And thou, my hermitage, in which I have so often prayed, so often wept, in which I hoped my spirit after death would have enjoyed the past—from thee, too, am I banished. Banished! Thank heaven, I am become callous—my brain is seared—I cannot comprehend the dread idea, banishment—or surely I should be distracted. Alas! What dizziness is this! Farewell! Farewell! Never, never to be seen again! The sensation inspired

by this thought is as if death were creeping through my veins. Never to be seen again! Let me be gone. (Seizes the portrait.) And shall I leave thee behind me? (Takes a knife and begins to cut the picture from the frame.) Oh that I were capable of reflection—that in torpid slumber I could resign my being—but it may not be. I am doomed to feel all the horrors of an outcast. Oh, Fernando! (Turns the portrait toward the moon.) When first thou didst behold me, and my heart sprang forth to meet thee, didst thou not feel confident of thy affection and fidelity? Didst thou not feel what a sanctuary unclosed itself when my heart was opened to thee? And yet thou didst not start with horror—thou didst not fall—thou didst not fly. Thou couldst for pastime pluck those flowers, my innocence, my happiness, my life; tear them with heedless hand, and scatter them upon the earth. Oh, Fernando, Fernando, couldst thou do this? Could such rank villainy dwell in thy heart? Thou hadst a wife and daughter—I was free—my soul was pure as is the morning in the month of May. All, all my hopes were centered in Fernando. (Gazing at the portrait.) How grand, yet how complacent! That was the look which hurried me into the abyss of misery. I hate thee. Away! Villain! Seducer! This to thy heart! (She is about to push the knife through the picture.) Fernando! (Turns away.) Fernando! (The knife drops from her hand, and she sinks into a chair with a flood of tears.) Beloved of my soul! Never, never!

Enter a Servant.

Servant.—My lady, the horses are at the garden door, according to your orders. The clothes are packed, and everything is ready.

Stel..—The portrait! (Servant takes the knife, cuts the picture from the frame, and rolls it.) Here is money.

Serr..—But why?

Stel..—(Pauses a while, then looks wildly round.) Away! Away! (Exeunt.)

Scene changes to another apartment. Enter Fernando.

Fernando.—Leave me, leave me. Again these horrors overpower my weak attempts at meditation and reflection. I cannot think. Everything around me wears a cold and dreary

aspect. Ha! What want you? Am I not more wretched than you? What do you require of me? (Breathes with difficulty.) Horrors increase on every side. (Strikes his forehead.) How will this end? No hope, no consolation! The three best creatures on this earth—miserable through me—miserable without me—alas! still more miserable with me. Could I complain—could I despair—could I implore forgiveness—could I enjoy one hour of hope, lie at their feet, and taste the bliss of sympathy— Where are they? Thou, Stella, art stretched upon the cold earth; thy eyes are raised toward heaven, and, in a feeble voice, I hear thee say: "What sin, oh, God, had I committed, that thy arm is thus stretched forth against me? How had I offended thee, that thou didst guide this villain to my arms!" Cecilia! my wife! my unhappy, much-wronged wife! My daughter, too! All, all destroyed by my base conduct. Each has a claim upon me, and I—in vain! Deep, unfathomable is the abyss. Stella, of what have I robbed thee; or rather, of what have I robbed thee not, thou angel? There's madness in the recollection! Why, then, am I thus cool? 'Tis well. (Takes a pistol from the table.) I'll be prepared for everything. (Loads it.)

Enter Cecilia.

Cecilia.—My dear husband, what have you resolved upon? (Sees the pistols.) You seem to be ready for the journey. (Fernando lays the loaded pistols again on the table.) You seem, too, more composed, Fernando. May we have a little conversation?

Fer.—What want you, my dear wife?

Cec.—Call me not by that name till you have heard me. We are all at present lost in confusion. I have suffered much, and have learned to be determined. Do you understand me, Fernando?

Fer.—I hear you.

Cec.—Mark me, then. I am but a woman—an unfortunate woman—but resolution dwells within my breast. Fernando, I am resolved. I will leave you.

Fer.—Cecilia!

Cec.—Be not surprised that I come hither to declare this. Think you that no one can take leave, when determined to forsake the object of affection?

Fer.—Cecilia!

Cec.—I make no accusation, and think not that I sacrifice too much. Hitherto I have lamented the loss of my husband—a loss which I could not repair. I have found him again; his presence reanimates me and inspires me with new vigor. Fernando, I feel that my affection for you is not selfish. It is not the passion of a lover who would sacrifice everything to gain the object of her wishes. Fernando, my heart beats for you alone—it beats with the sensation of a wife who from affection is able to sacrifice her affection.

Fer.—Never! Never!

Cec.—Why thus agitated?

Fer.—Thy words are daggers to my heart.

Cec.—You shall be happy. I have a daughter, and in you—a friend. We will separate, yet not be parted. I will live at a distance from you, and yet be a witness of your comforts. I will be your confidante, into whose bosom you shall pour all your joys and sorrows. Your letters shall be my very life, and mine shall be to you a pleasing visit. Thus shall you remain mine without being separated from Stella. We will love each other, and ever feel an interest in each other's welfare. Give me your hand on this, Fernando.

Fer.—If this be a jest, it is too cruel; if the reverse, it is inconceivable. But be it as it may, I will suppose you serious. What you say is grateful to your feelings, but you are not aware, Cecilia, that you deceive yourself when you think you can allay the torments of your heart by this dazzling fancied consolation. No, my wife, thou art mine, and mine thou shalt remain. Why say any more? Why need I state the reasons? I will be faithful to thee, or may I——

Cec.—And Stella? (Fernando starts, and walks to and fro with frantic looks.) Who deceives himself now? Who attempts to deaden his pain by fancied consolation? Yes, you men know yourselves.

Fer.—Cecilia, talk not thus. Stella is unfortunate, and is doomed to lead a wretched life far from you and me. Let her go—and spare me.

Cec.—Retirement, I must own, would well suit her heart, and it would be some consolation to her, when she reflected

that we were restored to each other; for she now reproaches herself as the cause of our separation. Were I to leave you, I know she would always think me more unhappy than I really should be; for she would judge of my sensations by her own. She never would enjoy peace while she reflected that she had robbed me of every comfort. I therefore almost agree with you that—

Fer.—Right! Let her fly to some convent.

Cec.—Yet, when I reflect, why should she be buried in a convent? What has she done that she should be doomed to waste the jocund years of youth in solitude, far from the world—far from the man whom she so ardently loves—from the man who—confess, Fernando—you love her.

Fer.—Ha! What means this? Art thou an evil spirit in the form of my Cecilia? Why rend my heart thus? Why lacerate what is already lacerated? Am I not sufficiently distracted? Begone! Leave me to my fate, and God have mercy on you! (Throws himself into a chair.)

Cec.—(Approaches him, and takes his hand.) There was once a nobleman (Fernando attempts to rise, but is prevented by her)—a count of the empire. A sensation of pious duty drove him from his wife and home to the Holy Land.

Fer.—Ha!

Cec.—He was a worthy man—he loved his wife—took leave of her—recommended his household to her care—embraced her—and departed. He traveled far, fought many a battle, and at length was made a prisoner. His master's daughter pitied the poor slave—she released him from bondage—fled with him—and accompanied him through all the succeeding dangers of war. What a sweet armor-bearer! Crowned with his well-earned laurels, the count resolved on a return to his loved wife. But the girl? He felt he was but a human being—he had confidence in human nature—he took her with him. And see—his worthy wife flies to embrace her husband—in his arms feels all her love, all her hopes, all her fidelity rewarded. Here see his knights spring with proud triumph from their steeds upon their native soil—there behold his attendants unloading the booty and laying it at her feet. Already in idea has she locked the treasure in her chests, decorated her castle, enriched her friends with it. Dear, noble woman, the greatest treasure is

not yet produced. Who is the veiled female approaching with her suite? Gently she dismounts from her horse. "Here," cried the count, taking her by the hand and leading her to his wife, "receive these treasures from this fair one's hand—receive me from her hands. She released me from slavery—contrived my escape—fought with me—served me—waited on me. What do I owe her? There! Take her and reward her." (Fernando lies sobbing with his arms stretched over the table.) The noble countess fell upon her neck, and with a thousand tears exclaimed: "Take all that I can give you. Take half of that which is entirely yours. Take him entirely—let me, too, possess him entirely. Each shall have him without robbing the other." She threw herself into his arms, sank on her knee, and cried, "We are thine." They seized his hands and hung upon his neck. God rejoiced in their affection, his vicegerent blessed them—and they were happy. One dwelling, one bed, and one grave contained them.

Fer.—Oh, God of heaven, who sendest thy angels to us in the hour of need, grant us strength to bear the supernatural appearance! My wife! (Falls into his former attitude.)

Cec.—(Opens a door and calls.) Stella!

Stella rushes in and falls into Cecilia's arms.

Stella.—Support me. Oh, heavens! (Fernando springs from his seat and attempts to rush out of the room.)

Cec.—(Holds him.) Stella, take half of that which is entirely yours. You have saved him—you have saved him from himself—you have restored him to me.

Fer.—Stella! (Turns toward her.)

Stel.—I cannot comprehend it.

Cec.—You feel it.

Stel.—(Falls into his arms.) Dare I?

Cec.—Are you not grateful to me for detaining you, dear fugitive?

Stel.—(Presses Cecilia to her heart.) Angel!

Fer.—(Embracing both.) Mine! Mine!

Stel.—(Holding his hand and hanging on his neck.) I am thine.

Cec.—(Holding the other hand and hanging on his neck.) We are thine.

QUESTIONING THE IRREVOCABLE
(DIE FRAGE AN DAS SCHICKSAL)
OF
ARTHUR SCHNITZLER.

(*Translated by W. H. H. Chambers.*)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ANATOL, the Poet.

CORA, the Lady-love.

MAX, the Friend.

Questioning the Irrevocable

ARGUMENT.

The poet Anatol is deeply smitten by his lady-love, Cora, but is tormented by doubts as to her fidelity. Now, as he has, shortly before our little play opens, given his friend Max an astonishing exhibition of his power over women by means of hypnotism, Max suggests that he utilize it to resolve his doubts. Anatol receives the suggestion joyfully, and upon Cora's arrival hypnotizes her. At first he induces merely the ordinary illusions and asks her age, thereby learning that she is older than she has hitherto acknowledged. This convinces him that woman's lips can be conjured to speak the truth, and he proceeds to ask if he is loved, receiving an affirmative answer. But when it comes to asking if she has been ever faithful to him, he raises so many objections that his friend Max accuses him of fearing to learn that his sweetheart is what, according to his own ideas, all women must be, and of cherishing his illusions more than truth. Anatol assures Max that if he will leave the room, the question will be asked, and that eventually he will know its answer, since Cora will never be seen there again

if she has been faithless. Max leaves; but either Anatol's courage fails him at the critical moment, or he is wise beyond most men; at any rate, the question remains unasked. When Max reënters he finds them in each other's arms, which leads him to exclaim, in an aside, that it is clear women lie even when hypnotized. And in this lady-or-tiger-like fashion the play ends.

Max.—Truly, Anatol, I envy you—

Anatol.—(Laughs.)

Max.—Well, I must admit I was astonished. I have always, until now, regarded the whole affair purely as a fairy-tale. However, as I actually saw it—saw her go to sleep before my own eyes—saw her dance when you told her she was a ballet-girl—saw her cry when you said her lover was dead—saw her graciously pardon a criminal when you created her a queen—

Anatol.—Yes, yes.

Max.—I realized you've got something of the sorcerer in you.

Anatol.—We all have.

Max.—Uncanny!

Anatol.—I don't see it that way. Not more uncanny than life itself. Not more uncanny than many things we have first learned during the centuries. How do you think our ancestors must have felt when they suddenly learned, one fine day, that our earth went spinning round? They must have all grown dizzy.

Max.—Yes—but they were all in the same boat.

Anatol.—And how, when man newly discovered the spring-time?—He wouldn't believe in its reality in spite of green foliage, blooming flowers and love itself.

Max.—You're wandering—that's all drivel. With magnetism—

Anatol.—Hypnotism—

Max.—Oh, no; that's quite another thing. Never—at any time or place—will I permit myself to be hypnotized.

Anatol.—That's childish. What would it matter were I to command you to sleep, and you were to lie down peacefully—

Max.—Yes, and then perhaps you'd say to me: “You're a chimney-sweep,” and up the chimney I'd go and cover myself with soot.

Anatol.—Well, that would be merely a good joke.—But the really important thing about the whole matter is its benefit to science.—Yet, alas! we've made all too little progress along this line.

Max.—What do you mean?

Anatol.—I mean that I, who to-day could transport that girl into a hundred different worlds, how shall I succeed in conveying myself into one other?

Max.—Isn't that possible?

Anatol.—I have, indeed, to confess the truth, tried it before now. I've stared for many minutes at a time into the brilliance of this solitaire and suggested, nay, commanded: “Anatol, go to sleep, and when you awaken, all thoughts of that woman who has bereft you of reason shall be swept from your heart.”

Max.—Well, when you awakened?

Anatol.—Oh, I never slept a wink.

Max.—That woman—that woman? Then it's still the same?

Anatol.—Yes, my friend, still the same—I'm still unhappy—frantic.

Max.—Still the same—doubt?

Anatol.—No; no doubt. I know she deceives me. When she is glued to my lips—when she tenderly strokes my hair—yes, even when our love has reached its psychological moment I know she deceives me.

Max.—What folly!

Anatol.—No.

Max.—And your proof?

Anatol.—Presentiment—I feel it intuitively—that's how I know.

Max.—Strange reasoning!

Anatol.—These women are ever faithless. It's so much a part of their being that they don't, indeed, even know it.—Just as I must have two or three books to read at the same time, so must they have two or three love affairs.

Max.—Yet she loves you?

Anatol.—Immensely—but that makes no difference, she's faithless just the same.

Max.—And with whom?

Anatol.—How can I tell, perhaps with some princely fellow who has dogged her footsteps on the street, perhaps with some poet or other who has gaily smiled from the window of a suburban villa, as she passed in the early morning.

Max.—You're a fool.

Anatol.—And what grounds would she have not to be faithless to me? She is like the others, in love of life and heedlessness of consequences. When I ask her: "Do you really love me?" she answers "yes," and speaks truth, too. And when I ask: "Are you faithful to me?" again she answers "yes," and again speaks truth; simply because at that moment, at least, she hasn't the slightest recollection of the other. Besides, did ever one answer you: "My dear, I've been faithless to you?" Where, then, can certainty be found? And should she, indeed, be faithful to me—

Max.—Then?

Anatol.—'Tis due purely to chance.—By no means does she formulate: "Oh, I must be faithful to my darling Anatol."—By no means—

Max.—But if she really loves you?

Anatol.—Oh, my unsophisticated friend! Were that a reason!

Max.—Well?

Anatol.—Why, then, were I not faithful to her? I certainly love her well.

Max.—Of course—a man—

Anatol.—That old senseless phrase! Ever are we trying to delude ourselves into the belief that women are different from

us.—Well, perhaps many are—those whose mothers keep them under lock and key, or those destitute of feelings.—Otherwise, we're all quite alike. When I say to one: "I love you, and only you"—I'm not conscious of the lie even if I reposed but the previous night upon the bosom of another.

Max.—Yes—you.

Anatol.—I—yes. And not you, perhaps? And not her, my adorable Cora, perhaps?—Oh, it drives me to distraction! Were I to go down on my knees and say to her: "My precious darling, all your past is entirely forgiven—but tell me the truth"—what would it avail? She would lie as before, and I would be just as far on the road to truth. Have none, indeed, entreated me: "For Heaven's sake, tell me, are you really faithful to me? Not the slightest word of reproach if you are not—only the truth, I beg—I must know it." What, then, did I do? Lied, calmly, peacefully lied—lied with an innocent smile and an easy conscience. Why should I disturb you, I thought? And so I answered: "Yes, my angel, faithful unto death." And she believed me and was happy.

Max.—Well, then?

Anatol.—But I don't believe, and I'm not happy. Yet I would be, were there some infallible method to be found whereby I could force truth from the lips of this foolish, sweet creature, or learn the truth in any other way—but there is none, save chance.

Max.—And hypnotism?

Anatol.—What?

Max.—Hypnotism. I mean that you should put her to sleep and then command: "You must tell me the truth."

Anatol.—Ahem.

Max.—You must.—Now listen.

Anatol.—How strange!

Max.—It must work well—and then you continue: "Do you love me?"—"Any one else?"—"Where did you come from?"—"Where are you going?"—"What is the other's name?"—etc.

Anatol.—Max! Max!

Max.—Well—

Anatol.—You're right.—One can be a sorcerer. One can bewitch from a woman's mouth a word of truth——

Max.—Well, then—you're saved, I see. Cora is certainly a very susceptible mediumistic subject, and you can yet learn this very night if you are deceived——

Anatol.—Or a god!—Max, let me embrace you.—What a weight has been removed!—I feel like another being.—I have her in my power.

Max.—I'm really curious——

Anatol.—Why, do you doubt?

Max.—Ah, just so! others dare not doubt; only you——

Anatol.—Certainly.—Were a husband leaving a house in which he had just discovered his wife with a lover, and a friend were to step up and greet him with: "I believe that your wife deceives you," he would assuredly not answer: "I have just had ample proof," but rather: "You're a scoundrel"——

Max.—Yes, I had almost forgotten that the first duty of friendship is—to permit the friend to retain his illusions.

Anatol.—Hush!

Max.—What's the matter?

Anatol.—Don't you hear her? I recognize her step, even while she is still in the vestibule.

Max.—I hear none.

Anatol.—She's almost here now—in the corridor. (Opens the door.) Cora.

Cora.—(Outside.) Good evening. Oh, you're not alone.

Anatol.—Our old friend, Max.

Enter Cora.

Cora.—Good evening. What, in the dark?

Anatol.—Oh, it's yet twilight: you know, I'm very fond of twilight.

Cora.—(Stroking his hair.) My dear little poet.

Anatol.—My dearest Cora.

Cora.—But still I must light up.—You'll permit? (She lights the candles in the candelabra.)

Anatol.—(To Max.) Isn't she charming?

Max.—Oh!

Cora.—Well, how are you, dearest Anatol, and you, Max?—Been chatting long?

Anatol.—Half an hour.

Cora.—So. (She takes off her hat and cloak.) And about what?

Anatol.—Oh, about this and that.

Max.—About hypnotism.

Cora.—What, hypnotism again? That's becoming very tiresome.

Anatol.—Well—

Cora.—Say, Anatol, I wish you'd hypnotize me.

Anatol.—I—you?

Cora.—Yes, I think that would be delightful. I mean, of course, if done by you.

Anatol.—Thanks.

Cora.—By a stranger—no, no; I shouldn't like that.

Anatol.—Well, my darling, since you wish it, I'll hypnotize you.

Cora.—When?

Anatol.—Now, immediately; right on the spot.

Cora.—Really? good! What must I do?

Anatol.—Nothing, my dear, but remain quietly seated in the armchair and kindly consent to sleep.

Cora.—Oh, I'll consent to anything you ask.

Anatol.—I place myself in front of you, so; and you look right at me—now look straight into my eyes—I stroke your forehead, your eyelids, and make passes before your eyes—so—

Cora.—Yes, and then what?

Anatol.—Nothing—you must only desire to sleep.

Cora.—Say, when you stroke my eyelids that way I feel such a funny sensation—

Anatol.—Hush—don't talk—sleep. You're very tired now.

Cora.—No.

Anatol.—Yes—a little tired.

Cora.—A little, yes—

Anatol.—Your eyelids are becoming heavy, very heavy. You can scarcely lift your hands.

Cora.—(Softly.) That's right.

Anatol.—(Making more passes before her eyes: in a monotonous tone.) Tired.—You're very tired.—Now, go to sleep, my dear—sleep. (He turns triumphantly to Max, who is looking at him in admiration and wonder.) Sleep.—Now your eyes are tightly closed.—You cannot open them any more—

Cora.—(Tries to open her eyes.)

Anatol.—You can't do it—you're sleeping—just go on sleeping quietly—so.

Max.—(Wishing to ask something.) You—

Anatol.—Be quiet. (To Cora.) Sleep—sound, deep sleep. (Stands awhile before Cora, who breathes regularly in sleep.) Well.—Now you can ask.

Max.—I only wished to inquire if she was really asleep.

Anatol.—Well, you can see.—We'll wait, however, a few seconds. (Stands in the same position, looking steadily at her. Silence for a time.) Cora—you're to answer me now—answer. What's your name?

Cora.—Cora.

Anatol.—Cora, we're in the woods.

Cora.—Oh—in the woods—how beautiful. The green trees—and the nightingales.

Anatol.—Cora, you're now to tell me the exact truth in everything.—What are you to do, Cora?

Cora.—I'm to tell the exact truth.

Anatol.—You're to answer every question according to the exact truth, and when you awaken you're to forget both questions and answers. Did you understand me?

Cora.—Yes.

Anatol.—Now sleep.—Sleep calmly. (To Max.) Now, then, I'll ask her—

Max.—How old is she, Anatol?

Anatol.—Nineteen.—“Cora, how old are you?”

Cora.—Twenty-one.

Max.—Ha! ha!

Anatol.—Pst! that's indeed extraordinary. You see from this—

Max.—Oh, had she known that she is such a good medium!

Anatol.—The suggestion has worked. I'll question her further.—“Cora, do you love me?—Cora, do you love me?”

Cora.—Yes.

Anatol.—(Triumphantly.) Did you hear that?

Max.—Well, now, ask the all-important question, is she faithful.

Anatol.—Cora. (Turning round.) The question is stupid.

Max.—Why so?

Anatol.—I can't ask it in that form. I must phrase it differently.

Max.—It strikes me, however, that it's precise enough.

Anatol.—No, that's just the difficulty, it isn't precise enough.

Max.—Why not?

Anatol.—Should I ask: “Are you faithful?” she may, perhaps, take the question in its broadest sense.

Max.—Well?

Anatol.—She may, perhaps, include the entire—past. It is quite possible that she might be thinking of a time when she loved another—and so would answer no.

Max.—That would be quite interesting, also.

Anatol.—No, thanks—I know that Cora met another before me.—Indeed, she once said to me: “Ah, had I but known that I should meet you, then”—

Max.—But she didn't know it.

Anatol.—No—

Max.—And what your question relates to—

Anatol.—Yes.—This question, it strikes me, is rather blunt; in the manner of its phrasing, at least.

Max.—Well, then, put it somewhat in this style: “Cora, have you been ever faithful since you have known me?”

Anatol.—Ahem.—That’s a little more like—— (To Cora.) “Cora, have you been ever”—— That’s absurd, also.

Max.—Absurd?

Anatol.—Beg pardon—but you have only to conceive how we learned to know each other. We little dreamed, ourselves, that we should ever fall so deeply in love. Why, toward the end of the very first day we both regarded the whole affair as something just about ended. Who knows——

Max.—Who knows——

Anatol.—Who knows if she did not only first begin to love me as she was ceasing to love another? What might have occurred to this girl on that very day before she met me, before the first word passed between us? Was it, indeed, possible that she could so abruptly and without any further consequences tear herself loose from an old association? Must she not, perhaps, for days and weeks drag after her a chain? Must, I say——

Max.—Ahem.

Anatol.—I’ll even go farther; the first time was due merely to a whim on her part—as on mine. Both saw in it, each desired of the other only a sweet but fleeting happiness. Should it so happen that at that time she was guilty of a passing fancy, could I reproach her with it? No, assuredly not.

Max.—You’re unusually lenient.

Anatol.—No, I’m not; but I deem it ignoble thus to meanly use the advantage given by a momentary situation.

Max.—Well, that’s certainly a noble way of looking at it; but I’ll help you out of your embarrassment. Just ask her: “Cora, since you have loved me, have you been ever faithful?”

Anatol.—I admit, that sounds clear.

Max.—Well?

Anatol.—But it positively isn’t.

Max.—Oh!

Anatol.—Faithful! What does that mean specifically: faithful? Just think—yesterday she may have entered a rail-

way car and a gentleman sitting opposite may have gently pressed her foot with his. Now, with this almost limitless increased grasp of the intellect induced by hypnotic sleep, with this wonderfully refined perceptivity which a medium unquestionably possesses, in this peculiar condition, it is not at all unlikely that she would regard this pressure of the foot as a distinct breach of faith.

Max.—Hear! hear!

Anatol.—And the more likely, since in our talks on this subject—a topic we were wont frequently to touch upon—she had, of course, come to know my perhaps somewhat exaggerated views on the matter. I have said to her myself: “Cora, even when you merely look at another man you have become faithless to me.”

Max.—And she?

Anatol.—And she laughed at me and asked how I could possibly believe that she looked at another.

Max.—And you believed her?

Anatol.—Then there are casualties.—Just think—an obtrusive fellow slips up behind her some evening and presses a kiss upon her neck.

Max.—Well—that—

Anatol.—Well, that isn't at all impossible.

Max.—Then you won't ask her.

Anatol.—Oh, surely—but—

Max.—Everything that you have mentioned as a reason is pure nonsense. Believe me, women don't misunderstand us when we inquire regarding their faithfulness. Should you now whisper to her in a tender, well-beloved tone: “Are you faithful?” you may rest assured she'll not recall the tips of any gentleman's boots nor an obtrusive kiss on the nape of her neck, but only that which is commonly understood as faithlessness. Besides, should her answer prove unsatisfactory or insufficient, you have the inestimable advantage of being able to propose further questions until everything must be made manifest.

Anatol.—Then you are still determined that I shall ask her?

Max.—I?—I thought you were determined.

Anatol.—Something else, also, has occurred to my mind.

Max.—And that is?

Anatol.—The unconscious.

Max.—The unconscious?

Anatol.—That is to say, I believe in unconscious conditions.

Max.—Indeed!

Anatol.—Such conditions may happen without our knowledge or volition, or they may be artificially produced by bewildering or intoxicating means.

Max.—Won't you kindly be more explicit?

Anatol.—Picture to yourself a crepuscular room filled with intoxicating harmonies.

Max.—Crepuscular—intoxicating harmonies—I have it pictured.

Anatol.—In this room she and someone else.

Max.—Yes, but how did she get into the room?

Anatol.—That preliminary I leave an open question.—There are subterfuges—are there not? That's sufficient. Such things may happen. Well, a couple of glasses of Rhine wine—a peculiar sultry air that hangs heavily over all—the fragrance of cigarettes, of perfumed hangings—the soft glow of shaded lamps and red curtains—solitude—silence, only the faint whispering of sweet words—

Max.—Proceed.

Anatol.—Others likewise have been laid low by such circumstances.—Others better and more calm than she.

Max.—Yet, nevertheless, I cannot somehow make her presence in that room with someone else compatible with my conception of faithfulness.

Anatol.—There are such enigmatical things—

Max.—Well, my friend, you have within your power the opportunity to solve that enigma which has caused so many, many clever men to rack their brains. You need but to speak and you may know all that you desire to know. But one query and you shall learn if you belong to the very few that are loved alone, or you may know who your rival is and where the secret of his triumph over you—yet this query does

not leave your lips.—You are free to question destiny—yet you ask it not. You have moaned and sighed whole days and nights; you would gladly have given half your life to know the truth, and now that it lies free to your hand, you will not stoop to pick it up. And why? Because it may so happen that a woman whom you love is really what, according to your ideas, all women must be—and because your illusions are a thousandfold more precious to you than truth.—The jest has gone far enough, awaken the girl and rest satisfied in the proud consciousness that you might have performed a miracle.

Anatol.—Max!

Max.—Well, am I unjust? Don't you know yourself that everything you have brought forward to this moment are mere evasions, empty phrases, with which you can neither deceive yourself nor me?

Anatol.—(Quickly.) Max—I can only reply, I will; indeed, I will ask her.

Max.—Ah!

Anatol.—But—don't be vexed—not before you.

Max.—Not before me?

Anatol.—If I must hear that frightful answer: "No, I have not been faithful to you," I would be the only one that hears it. To be unhappy is but the half of misfortune; to be pitied, the whole. I've no desire for that. You are my best friend, but 'tis precisely on this account that I do not wish your eyes to rest on mine with that pitiable expression that first makes known to the miserable the extent of his misfortune. Eventually you shall learn the truth, for you have seen that girl here for the last time if she has deceived me. But you're not to hear it with me: that is what I cannot endure. Can you appreciate—

Max.—Yes, my dear fellow. (Presses his hand.) And so I'll leave you alone with her.

Anatol.—Thanks, friend Max. (Accompanies him to the door.) In less than a minute I'll call you in. (Max leaves.)

Anatol.—(Stands before Cora and gazes at her awhile.) Cora— (Shakes his head and walks to and fro.) Cora— (Gets down on his knees.) Cora. My darling Cora— (Rises briskly.) Wake up, Cora—and kiss me.

Cora.—(Gets up, rubs her eyes and throws her arms about Anatol's neck.) Anatol! Have I been asleep long? Why, where is Max?

Anatol.—(Calls.) Max.

Enter Max.

Max.—Here I am.

Anatol.—(To Cora.) Yes, you've been sleeping quite a while—and been talking in your sleep, too.

Cora.—For Heaven's sake! Nothing improper, I hope?

Max.—You've simply been answering his questions.

Cora.—Why, what did he ask?

Anatol.—Oh, many things.

Cora.—And I always replied? Every time?

Anatol.—Every time.

Cora.—And I may not know what you asked?

Anatol.—You're not to know. And to-morrow I'll hypnotize you again.

Cora.—Oh, no! Never again; that is really witchcraft, to be asked questions and, upon awakening, know nothing about the matter.—I must certainly have uttered a lot of arrant nonsense.

Anatol.—Yes—for example, that you love me—

Cora.—Truly?

Max.—She does not believe it! That's very good!

Cora.—But, see—I might, indeed, have said that awake.

Anatol.—My angel. (They embrace.)

Max.—Well, my friends—good-bye.

Anatol.—You're going so soon?

Max.—I must.

Anatol.—Pray, don't take it in bad part if I do not accompany you—

Cora.—Till we meet again.

Max.—(To Anatol.) No, certainly not. (Aside, at the door.) One thing is clear: women even lie when they're hypnotized.—But they're both happy—and that's the main point. (Aloud.) Good-bye, friends.

DATE DUE

CAYLGRD

PRINTED IN U.S.A.



AA 000 322 447 4

